

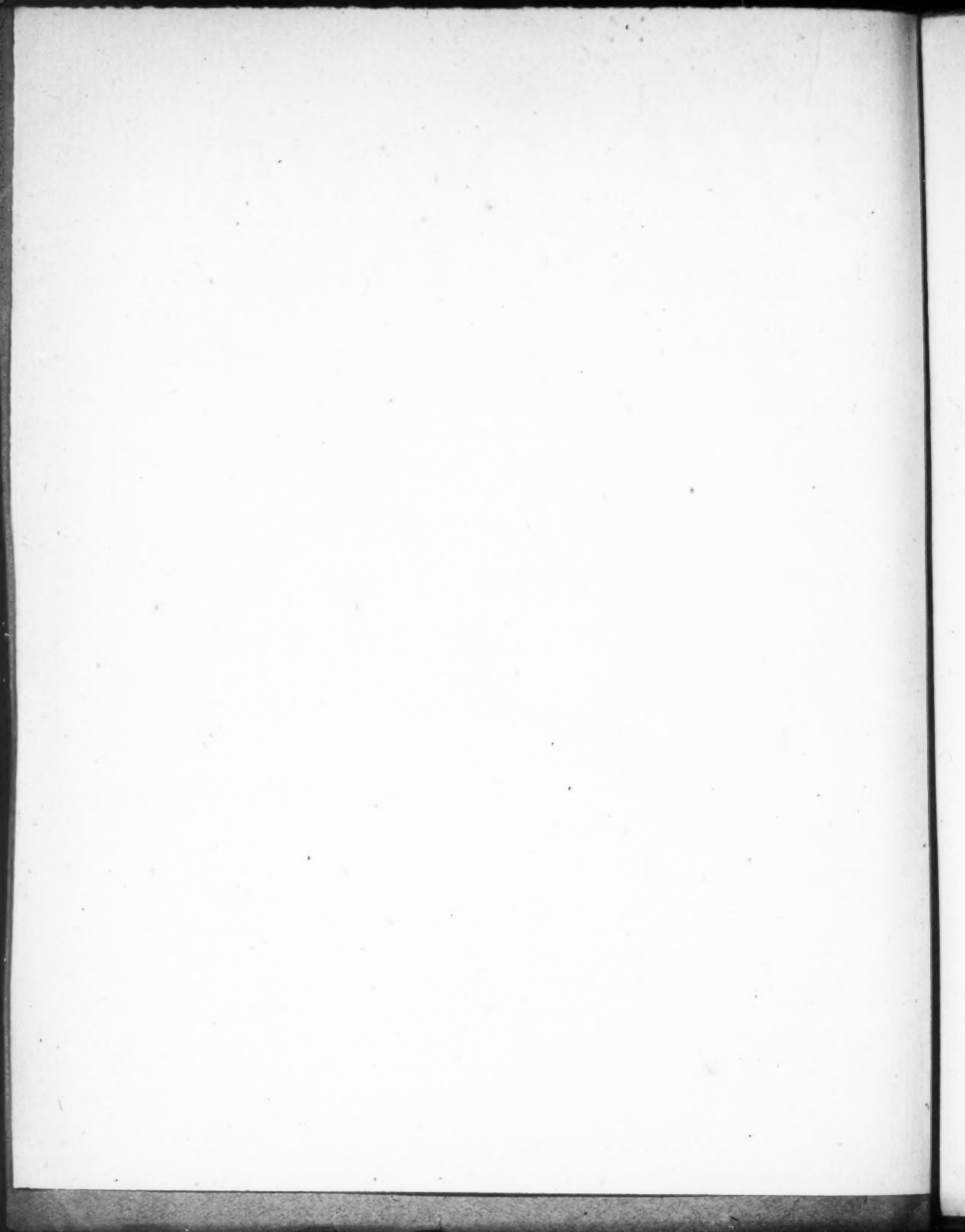
# THE DOME

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*Volume Six . .*

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# THE DOME

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## THE DRYAD

WHAT hath the ilex heard,  
What hath the laurel seen,  
That the pale edges of their leaves are stirred?  
What spirit stole between?  
O trees upon your circle of smooth green,  
You stir as youths when beauty paces by,  
Moving heart and eye  
To unuttered praise.  
Was it the wind that parted your light boughs,  
Some odour to recapture as he strays,  
Or some fair virgin shape of human brows  
Yet lost to human gaze?

O for that morning of the simple world,  
When hollow oak and fount and flowering reed  
Were storied each with glimpses of a face  
By dropping hair dew-pearled!  
Strange eyes that had no heed  
Of men, and bodies shy with the firm grace  
Of young fawns flying, yet of human kin,  
Whose hand might lead us, could we only spare  
Doubt and suspicious pride, a world to win  
Where all that lives would speak with us, now dumb  
For fear of us. O might I yet win there!  
Wave, boughs, aside! to your fresh glooms I come.

But all is lonely here!  
Yet lonelier is the glade  
Than the wood's entrance, and more dark appear  
The hollows of still shade.

Ah, yet the nymph's white feet have surely stayed  
Beside the spring; how solitary fair  
Shines and trembles there  
White narcissus bloom!  
By lichen'd gray stones, where the slender stream  
Sprays over into green wet mossy gloom,  
Their snowy frail flames on the ripple gleam  
And all the place illumine.

Surely her feet a moment rested here!  
Nerving her hand upon a pliant branch,  
She paused, she listened, and then glided on  
Half-turned in lovely fear;  
And her young shoulder shone  
Like moonbeams that wet sands, foam-bordered, blanch,  
A sight to stay the beating of the breast!  
Alas, but mortal eyes may never know  
That beauty. Hark, what bird upon his nest  
So rapturously sings? Ah, thou wilt tell,  
Thou perfect flower, whither her footsteps go,  
And all her thoughts, pure flower, for thou know'st well.

White sweetness, richest odours round thee cling;  
Purely thou breathe'st of voluptuous Spring!  
Thou art so white, because thou dost enclose  
All the advancing splendours of the year;  
And thou hast burned beyond the reddest rose,  
To shine so keenly clear.  
Shadowed within thy radiance I divine  
Frail coral tinges of the anemone,  
Dim blue that clouds upon the columbine,  
And wallflower's glow as of old, fragrant wine,  
And the first tulip's sanguine clarity,  
And midnight-purple pansy of sole star!  
All these that wander far  
From thee, and wilder glories would assume,  
Even the proud peony of drooping plume,

Robed like a queen in Tyre,  
All to thy lost intensity aspire ;  
Toward thee they yearn out of encroaching gloom ;  
They are all faltering beams of thy most perfect fire !

And she, that only haunts remote green ways,  
Is it an empty freedom she doth praise ?  
Doth she, distrustfully averse, despise  
The common sweet of passion, apt to fault ?  
And turns she from the hunger in love's eyes  
Pale famine to exalt ?  
Oh no, her bosom's maiden hope is still  
A morning dewdrop, imaging complete  
All life, full-stored with every generous thrill ;  
No hope less perfect could her body fill,  
Nor she be false to her own heart's rich beat.  
But she is pure because she hath not soiled  
Hope with endeavour foiled ;  
She not condemns glad love, but with the best  
Enshrines it, lovelier because unpossessed.  
Where is the joy we meant  
In our first love, the joy so swiftly spent ?  
It glows for ever in her sacred breast  
Untamed to languor's ebb, nor by hot passion rent.

O pure abstaining Priestess of delight,  
That treasurest apart love's sanctity,  
Art thou but vision of an antique dream,  
Mated with a song's flight,  
With beckoning western gleam  
Or first rose fading from an early sky ?  
Yet we, that are of earth, must seek on earth  
Our bodied bliss. Nay, thou hast still thine hour ;  
And in a girl's life-trusting April mirth,  
Or noble boy's clear and victorious eyes,  
Thou shinest with the charm and with the power  
Of all that wisdom loses to be wise.

Laurence Binyon.

## THE GERMAN THEATRE

FITTINGLY, it was Mr. Yeats who, in last month's issue of *The Dome*, outlined the further progress of that dramatic movement in Ireland, to which he himself gave the first notable impulse. "The Countess Cathleen" has led to "The Heather Field," to "Maeve," and now to plays by Miss Milligan and Mr. George Moore. The Irish Theatre or Irish Literary Theatre—though why the adjective is tacked on I fail to see—has opened to an audience that has escaped, first, the "Victorian Era," and now that Harmsworthian Cycle wherein we Londoners are at present enmeshed. But to me the main fact of this advance is that every play here enumerated is written in English, and, let it be acted where it may, it must yet take its chance—sink, or enrich the common fund of the two islands. Such is the old, everlasting law. This generation of Londoners, whose Theatres are in a peculiarly afflicted state, may see nothing of "The Countess Cathleen" save the printed word, but the next—I will not answer for the next! As in our wars, we will bungle through at the end—even here—and it shall be written at last that the awakening which produced an Ibsen in Norway, a Maeterlinck and a Brieux in the French-speaking countries, a Hauptmann and a Sudermann in Germany, and these others nearer home, has found such ultimate representation in England as erstwhile in an older and a greater Renaissance.

But it is not only in Dublin that one may witness plays that have the throb of inmost life in them, for here in London, at St. George's Hall, is dispensed similar food. A German company of players has landed there, and, beside the time-honoured favourites that date from the days of Tom Robertson, and are similar in intent and area to "Caste," "School," "Our Boys,"



or Albery's "Two Roses," is enacted drama more searching. There you may drop in on a piece by Hauptmann, or one of those pitiful unravelments wherein Sudermann matches the old order against the new.

Mr. Heinemann has already published English renderings of much that Gerhart Hauptmann has written. There is "Hannele: A Dream Poem," the two dramas, "Lonely Lives" and "The Weavers," and, latest of all, "The Sunken Bell: A Fairy Play." The first and last of these are especially well translated, one by Mr. Archer, the other by Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer, an American writer no less distinguished. Add to this body of work "Der Biberpelz" ("The Fur Coat"), the comedy that is so excellently interpreted at St. George's Hall, "Florian Geyer," an historic play, and you will know sufficient of Hauptmann to feel that his is an equipment that outranges talent, and might well be worn by some commanding figure overtopping the rank and file of a memorable literary period.

It is Ibsen who, more than any other, has freed and given direction to the endowment of the younger generation of playwright. Hauptmann early capitulated to this master. Reading his first three plays, "Before Sunrise," "The Family Festival," and "Lonely Lives," it is often difficult to believe that we are not listening to the voice of the old Norwegian. The atmosphere and characters are German, entirely so; but it is only there that difference lies, if we except a certain Germanic bluntness, an occasional dip into lower strata of society than Ibsen permits himself. "Lonely Lives," to take the most accessible example, "suggests," I quote Mr. Archer, "a transcript of Ibsen's 'Romersholm' with the poetry omitted, and with Beata's hysteria transferred to Rebecca and Rosmer." Heredity, the *leit motif* of the two earlier plays, here makes way for the man of ideas mated to the ordinary housewife, who bears him children but fails to understand either his work or his aspirations. A "modern" highly-educated woman appears on the scene, when begins tragedy. Husband and guest, followers of Haeckel and Darwin, are matched against the simpler faith that upholds their less advanced companions. In the battle that ensues the young wife loses her happiness, the husband his life. There is no special moral attached to this drama, for if the Neo-Paganism of the man fails to see him through, it is all-sufficient

for the other woman; and side by side we see how the simpler beliefs of father and mother are all-sufficient for *their* needs. So, after all, if one must philosophise, it is the spirit that counts and not the letter. A certain barrenness there is about the whole thing, and were not the characters so excellently well drawn, the dialogue so unerring and life-like, we had passed on at once to the real Hauptmann, who emerges from this chrysalis in the next piece. He too has doubtless recognised the futility of the "problem play," of that strange yet fascinating concentration on the abnormal, which stands half-way down the road to great art.

Hauptmann's next play is "The Weavers." Thus the dedication: "You, dear Father, know what feelings lead me to dedicate this work to you, and I am not called upon to analyse them here. Your stories of my grandfather, who in his young days sat at the loom, a poor weaver like those here depicted, contained the germ of my drama." We open the pages and discover a new thing. The very soul of Labour is here laid bare. Gaunt figures travail in the overshadowing gloom; the old dramatic conventions are set aside, there are no leading parts, but motion, everywhere motion, uninterrupted and continuous. We close the book, feeling not as though we have been in contact with a given number of men and women, but as though we had been admitted into the secrets of a *community* set in a certain environment, and stirred by a certain crisis. There is an atmosphere about this play, the figures are subordinated to their natural background. They are great, but the eternities that hem them in are greater. Millet's "Man with the Hoe" or "Angelus" produces much the same effect. "The Weavers," according to Mr. Archer, "consists of vividly realised scenes from the mid-century labour troubles in Silesia." But, in truth, it is realism grown epic; the common speech turned to new uses, made dignified with suffering and tragic by despair. "Willing, willing would I be to say good-bye to this weary world," says old weaver Hilse, that lesser Hamlet, who was once a soldier, and has but the one arm to earn his bread with, "Death would be welcome—welcomer to me to-day than to-morrow. For what is it we leave behind? That old bundle of aches an' pains we call our body, the care and the oppression we call by the name of life. We may be glad to get away from it. But there's something to come after,



Gottlieb! an' if we've done ourselves out of that too—why, then, it's all over with us." And to Gottlieb's rough answer, "Who knows what's to come after? Nobody's seen it," returns the old weaver, "Gottlieb! don't you be throwing doubts on the one comfort us poor people have. Why have I sat here and worked my treadle like a slave this forty year an' more?—sat still an' looked at the master over yonder living in pride and wastefulness—why? Because I have a better hope, something as supports me in all my troubles. (*Points out at the window.*) You have your good things in this world—I'll have mine in the next. That's been my thought. An' I'm that certain of it, I'd let myself be torn in pieces." The translation is none too good; but it at least shows us, as has never before been shown, why thousands endure the slow torture that is suffered by the "living-wage" earner.

It is to the people that Hauptmann devotes his genius. Accused of pessimism, of shunning the light and dwelling with the shadows, he answers:

"Ich bin ein Sänger jenes düstern Tales,  
Wo alles Edle beim Ergreifen schwindet."

And when they say that he is casting mud on these workmen and peasants of his, he writes:

"Du armes Volk, zu dem ich selbst mich zähle,  
Das sei mir ferne, dass ich deiner fluche!  
Durch deiner Reihen gehen tausend Würger  
Und dass ich dich, ein neuer Würger, quäle,  
Verhüt es Gott, den ich noch immer suche!"

In "Hannele," the most original as it is the most remarkable product of his genius, he shows us the soul of a poor village child. Hannele Mattern, living alone with a drunken and brutal step-father, at last seeks refuge in death. She is rescued from drowning, and brought delirious to the Pauper Refuge. Here amid the tramps and beggars she expires. But before the doctor pronounces the fatal word we follow her through a dream, antecedent to death and crowded with the strange and wonderful figures that are known to the child-mind. Hers is a pathetic enough mythology, a mingling of fairy-tale and the Christianity she has learnt at school. Now and again she is interrupted by the apparition of

her brutal stepfather, or again her dead mother appears and tells her of the life elsewhere. Subtly enough the whole philosophy of the child emerges during this vision, and when she falls back, we know all that has been in her brain from early childhood to this last hour. Nothing more beautiful, more true, and more solemn than this vision has been written; the daring of it and the purity of it will make it offensive to the materialist, but to those who still retain some of the wonder and wistfulness of early youth, "Hannele" will come as a new masterpiece.

In "The Sunken Bell," again, Hauptmann is as much poet as dramatist. The elemental figures of the old German mythology share the stage with the Vicar, Schoolmaster, and Barber of a modern German village. Between these two forces, the natural ones and those that stand for conventional society, Heinrich, the artist, is broken—so that he may rise anew.

And now let us break off and glance at the philosophy that underlays all that Hauptmann, all that Sudermann has written. Swinburne has summed it up in his "Hertha":

"A creed is a rod  
And a crown is of night;  
But this thing is God,  
To be man with thy might,

To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light,"

he sings, and these Germans make the same appeal. In "The Weavers" we see humanity degraded and laid waste by undignified labour. The curse falls on the swollen rich as much as on the sweated. Dreissiger the manufacturer is as much divorced from the true riches of this earth as the meanest of his workmen.

In "Hannele" we are shown the poor starved soul that yet has some shred of divinity working through it, a divinity that neither hunger, cruelty, nor the Devil can disarray. In "The Sunken Bell" Hauptmann unfolds the one panacea. Return, says he, to Nature, to the fountain-head from which alone wells forth all that is beautiful and true. Seek the sun—"Open the windows—Light and God stream in." It is not over the loom or even in the selling of cloth, it is not in worldly prosperity or even in honest penury, that you will find your true selves, true happiness; seek rather that oneness with Nature, with her freedom and sincerity without which all life is but a makeshift. It is the union

of a pure, primitive Christianity with a serene and happy Paganism, a welding of the two great moral impulses, that Hauptmann teaches. He is not violent or noisy, he is no Carlyle or Ruskin, but an artist content to let the beauty and example of his masterpieces speak in his favour.

More of a controversialist is Sudermann, that playwright and novelist whose work has in it a passion and a relentless insistence such as few other writers have dared. Here is no compromise, but the nakedness of logic pitilessly applied to society's most cherished regulations. Sudermann moves rarely among the working-classes, prefers rather to take society at its centre, and wage war on the conventions that are calmly accepted as iron creeds. You have taken too little account of the individual, he says, and I will not let him or her be crushed without a fight. "Magda," the best known of his works, is aimed at "parental authority," and exhibits incidentally the petty life and aims of the select few who take the lead in a provincial city. Throughout all that Sudermann has written the frailty of the blood tie is dramatically exposed. He has had the courage to declare that the mere words father, mother, brother, sister, stand for nothing unless they are informed by a something beyond their literal meaning. In "Der Katzensteg" we see a son hounded to death because his father was a traitor in the Napoleonic wars; in "Frau Sorge" we see a brother laughed at for an interfering meddler by the very sister whose honour he is defending. And so convincingly and truthfully is each of these incidents set out,—so intimate is its appeal, so vivid and real is every one of Sudermann's characters,—that the spectator does not hesitate, but accepts the exposure as part of Nature's inexorable law.

Perhaps, having come so far, you will fancy these modern Germans to be gloomy and depressing beyond measure. But they are saved not only by the beauty and pathos that everywhere animates what they have written, but also by a vivid sense of the comic that heaps with ridicule the object of their attack. Hauptmann, indeed, has written one play, "Der Biberpelz," that goes to laughter from beginning to end. Sudermann everywhere exercises the same genial faculty, and though we are enraged with, let us say, the seducer of Magdor, we yet laugh over his entire disability to view his offence in any other than a material light.

I have come to the end of this survey of work that has, more than anything, made the theatre take a foremost place in the art-life of the German nations. Not only have these writings made men and women find in the acted drama the most satisfactory expression of their own inmost thoughts, ideals, longings, and aspirations, but among the players themselves there has been a remarkable change. For actor and actress the ordinary academic training is no longer sufficient. They are now forced to take an interest in life, to study the passions and psychology of characters hitherto excluded from the stock repertoires. The writings of Hauptmann and Sudermann have once more let them see that acting is not merely a profession but an art.

Albert Kinross.

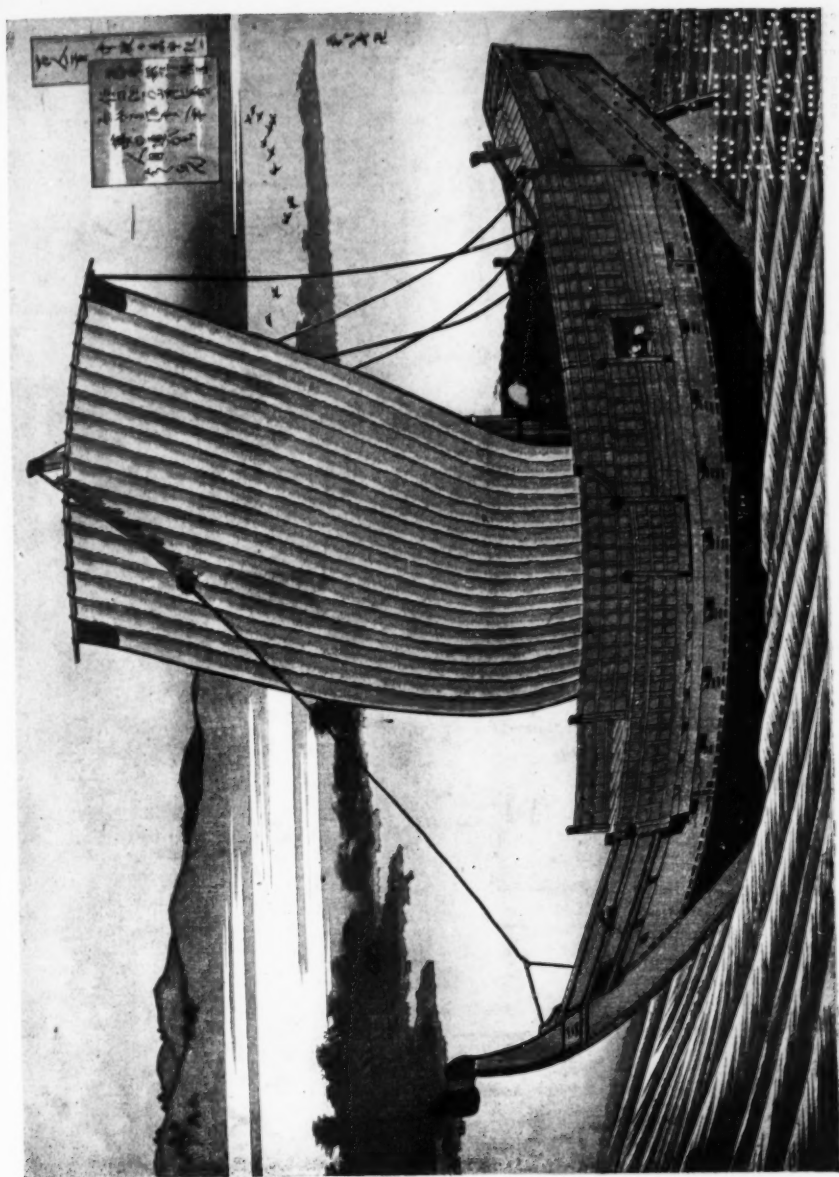
TWO JAPANESE PRINTS

A JUNK. By HOKUSAI.

THE BATHERS. By UTAMARO.











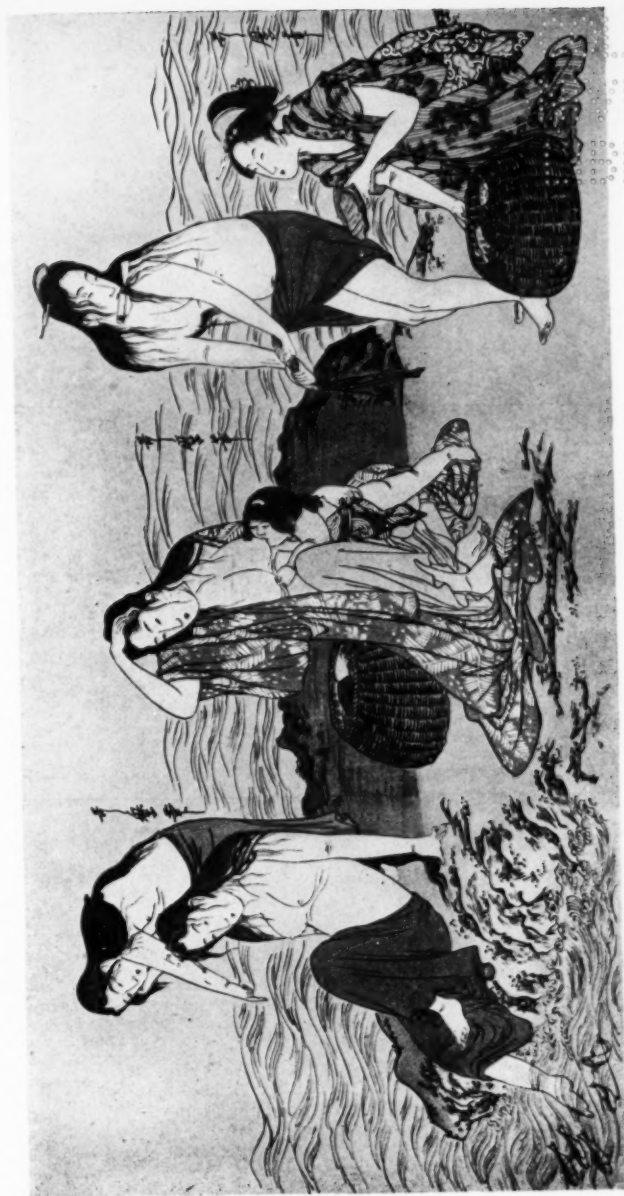


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## SILKWORMS AND TIGERS

WHILE we were staying with Aunt Kitty for the year and a half that mamma and papa were away in India, we had a night-nursery which looked out upon a yard that belonged to someone else's house. Round two sides of this yard ran some little low sheds, the doors of which were so narrow, and the insides so dark, that even in the brightest daylight it was impossible to look far enough in to be able to say what the animals that lived inside them were. At night they used often to make the most awful noises; but the worst sound of all was one which we heard the very first night we were at Ledsham. It woke me up quite suddenly, and I felt certain at once that there were two tigers in the room. For a moment I listened,—to make quite sure,—and then I screamed with all my might. Nurse said it was the cats having a quarrel outside; but somehow, though I know she really thought it was, I never could believe it was cats myself. Till that night I had never been particularly frightened of tigers, but when I heard their yell I knew it was them, and that if they weren't actually in the room already, they were only just outside, and hoping to get in at the window and eat us all up, and live in Aunt Kitty's house themselves.

Although that sound never came again, I knew that the tigers must be somewhere in the sheds; for there was no way of their getting out of the yard, except by being killed like the pigs, and killings we could hear quite plainly both in the day and night nursery. But as we never heard tiger-squeals, nor saw them being carried out dead on the pig-stretcher, I absolutely *had* to get out of bed every night after nurse had left us, to see if the shutters were both quite safely closed. Fanny, our nursery-maid, had a way of "just putting them to," as she called it, and that meant that she neither fastened the great iron bar that went across them, nor

slipped the little hook into its hole. Now mamma had told us, before she went to India, how tremendously far tigers can jump, and how strong they are, and I know that even people can quite easily walk through a pane of glass if only they don't step back in the middle, so I felt that the only security against the tigers was in having the shutters very tightly done up.

It used to take a good while to pull the bar up and fit it over its notch, and then to turn the screw and fasten the hook,—all in the dark too, and without making the slightest bit of noise. There was one place where, if you went slowly, the bar squeaked against the shutters; so of course you were obliged to run it quickly past that, and then there was the danger of knocking it against a ridge in the panel above. In fact, you had to be very careful indeed, or you would have been sure to be heard.

I couldn't see about the fastening up while the candle was still alight and nurse bustling about, because she would have been certain to tell me to leave the shutters alone, or that they were Fanny's business and not mine. So every night I waited till I heard nurse settle herself down to her sewing in the next room, and then I used to scramble over the crib-side and rush to each of the windows in turn. It would have been fearful to have been found, so as soon as ever my toes touched the floor, I prayed: "Please, dear God, don't let anyone come in while I'm out, or if they are coming, please let me hear them in time to get back without their finding me." The prayer had always answered so far, for, regularly as I got out of bed, I had never yet been caught.

On this particular night I had had to wait a long time before nurse stopped moving about in the passage outside, and I wasn't really positive that I had heard her draw up her chair to the table, when, almost before I had made up my mind to do it, I found myself inside the farthest curtain, and fumbling at the screws (I always began with that one so as to get the worst over soonest).

Lettie's voice made me jump, and bang the bar and pinch my thumb.

"Tib, I do wish you'd be quick back into bed. I'm certain someone's coming."

Lettie's whispers are so loud and "hissy" that I'm sure it was that that brought nurse in. However, I had just time to fly

back into bed—the wrong side of the sheet, but that didn't matter—before nurse stole through the door. She had no light with her, and by the slow way she moved I knew she was trying not to make a noise lest she should wake us. I held my breath—for it seemed to make such a commotion I was afraid she wouldn't think I was asleep—till I was obliged to go under the pillow to let it out.

But in spite of all her care, nurse did make a lot of noise,—all the more, I think, because she crept about so, and when she went out she shut the door with a slam.

"I wish to goodness you wouldn't leave the things all in such a litter in there, Fanny," she called across the landing. "It was as much as ever I could do to find that stocking of Lettie's I have to darn to-night. The face-towel on the floor, and the soap-dish on the table, where I've told you twenty times it's not to go;—and the towel gave me such a trip, that I as near as possible cracked my head open on the fender. I do wish you'd think to look round and see things straight before you hurry off downstairs like that. You know I daren't take a light in with me for fear of rousing the children."

The moment *after* nurse had been in was, of course, the very safest of any for expeditions. She scarcely could come back at once. It was hardly even necessary to pray. As soon as possible, therefore, I hopped out of bed, fastened the near shutter, and quite leisurely climbed back and began rearranging the confusion of blankets and sheets, which is not altogether an easy matter when you yourself are kneeling on the very clothes you are trying to tug into their proper places.

"Do you know, Lettie," I whispered, "kneeling on my knee does hurt so."

"Well, why do you do it then?"

"It's not that I mean. I mean it'd hurt anyway, only kneeling just shows how bad it is. I knocked it against something as I was getting into bed just now, but it didn't feel so bad at first. Now, d'you know, it's got stuck to the sheet. I'm sure it's bleeding. What shall I do?"

On the whole I think it's rather a good thing that other people always think your sore places much less bad than you do, for unless Lettie had been quite sure that my knee would be almost

all right in the morning, and that putting it under the bedclothes would prevent it's hurting so badly, and had argued very clearly that even if we got nurse to come in, and it was the very most awful wound you could possibly have, nobody could do more than make me lie in bed, I should have begun to cry, and the whole story of my doing the shutters would have been bound to come out. Of course she was perfectly right, and at last I managed to squeeze down the great lump in my throat, which was struggling to get up and set me off crying, and then from inside the bedclothes I began to talk again.

"I do hope there won't be 'noises outside' in heaven! Do you think, Lettie, there'd be anything at all like shutters? Because if there aren't shutters and there *are* noises, I know I *can't* be happy."

Of course everyone knows that heaven's going to be quite different from earth, only there must be some sort of place for us to live in there, and it must either have shutters or not. A "Mansion in the Sky" certainly sounds very unlike our houses, yet I knew I should be certain to get frightened if there were no way of making sure you were safe inside them. I don't think most people care so much about having shutters as I do, so I couldn't help being afraid that God might not have made any, and of course He wouldn't make a special mansion for me quite different from everybody else's.

"I'm sure there won't be 'outside noises' in heaven. Do finish your tucking in and lie down quietly. If nurse *should* come in again she'd be so fearfully cross."

Of course it didn't really matter to Lettie, as it would be I who should get scolded if anyone was, but she always disliked anything that could possibly lead to what nurse called "having a fine set out," even if she wasn't the one to have it. She always began to cry,—just as she did when there was thunder,—not because she was hurt or frightened, but simply because it made her miserable. That was why she was in such a fidget now.

By this time, however, I was grown quite heedless. It would be most unlikely that twice in one evening the same thing should happen, and as I had successfully escaped once, there was no reason why I should not the second time.

"Another thing is," said Lettie triumphantly, after a moment's



thought,—“‘There shall be no night there.’ Don’t you remember, that was our text the last Sunday before mamma went away?”

This certainly seemed as though it ought to settle it, and I couldn’t expect Lettie to stay awake after that, yet, for myself, I could not feel really satisfied. The “mansions,” and “no night” and “no tears” sounded all very well, and perhaps were just what most people would enjoy, but I couldn’t imagine what else there would be to fill up the rest, and I thought it very doubtful whether whatever it was would exactly suit me. Grown-ups enjoyed lots of things that I couldn’t bear.

The next day was the most unhappy one I have ever spent in all my life, but I shall have to go back a good way to make you understand its dreadfulness. The worst thing about it was that it ruined all our great “manufactory” plans, which we just hoped were going to come to something grand.

A few weeks before this, Harry, Aunt Kitty’s gardener’s son, whom we all liked very much, had asked us if we should care to have some silkworms’ eggs. Neither Dick nor I quite knew what they were, but when a thing’s offered you, you can’t ask what it is. I fancied they would be good to eat,—perhaps something like goats’ eggs,—but Dick had more idea, and he accepted at once.

“All right,” said Harry; “you be on the garden wall to-morrow as I come back from school, and I’ll give you some. I’ve got lots at home. Father says I’m to get rid of the half of what I have, else he’ll burn ’em.”

It wasn’t till we found out from Aunt Kitty all about what silkworms’ eggs were, that I quite felt how very kind it was of Harry to promise them to us. For till now I had always dimly believed that silkworms and silk had nothing to do with one another. I knew, of course, what the Little Philosopher replies when Interrogator asks him, “How is silk obtained?” He says, —and it’s one of the hardest answers in the book, because it’s so long,—“Silk is a manufactured product, originally derived from the cocoon of the silkworm. The insect flourishes in the sub-tropical regions of the earth’s surface. Its original habitat is China, and the first individual to enter Europe was concealed in the hollow of a walking-stick.” I could always remember the three lines which begin at “to enter Europe,” because walking-

sticks are easy things to think of, but even what it said about those I couldn't understand, because walking-sticks haven't hollows, and I don't see how any insect could ever enter Europe or anywhere else in one of papa's. There'd be no room.

That was just like all the Little Philosopher's answers,—they leave you as much in the dark at the end as you were at the beginning, and he doesn't make you able to imagine what the things he describes look like in the least. My only idea of silkworms was that they were biggish things without any particular shape, who went about in China wrapped up in lovely bits of coloured silk, like the scraps which mamma often had over from her bonnet-trimming, and which she allowed us to pick up off the floor and keep. But that real silk, like you buy in shops, came from these creatures,—this had never occurred to me till now.

"And shall we be able to make real silk with our silkworms when they're old enough, Aunt Kitty?" I asked excitedly.

"Oh yes; if you only have a sufficient quantity. Then with patience and perseverance you can reel off the silk and send it to a place to be spun. I think I must have got my old silk-winder upstairs somewhere, and when the proper time comes you shall have it."

"Patience and perseverance and a sufficient quantity"—there was no difficulty about any of them. I saw myself doing *something* tremendously hard, from before breakfast till—well, till the whole great work was over; and as to the "sufficient quantity," I could not but hope that the half of Harry's store would be enough for our requirements. At any rate we would make what we had go the furthest possible.

Aunt Kitty seemed quite pleased at the idea of our keeping silkworms, but somehow she made *me* almost afraid of having them after all. She said it would be a "real little responsibility" for us, and she was glad we should have it. Their feeding must never be forgotten, as it would mean a great deal of pain and distress to the poor creatures; and if we had the pleasure of keeping them we mustn't shirk the trouble,—and ever so much more of the same kind of thing.

Neither Dick nor I had fancied that "having silkworms' eggs" would mean anything of this kind, and though we were



quite willing to do whatever people had to do who kept them, yet, as Aunt Kitty never said exactly what that was, I felt alarmed lest it might be something quite beyond us. However, Harry made it plain enough the next day.

It seemed as though half-past twelve would never come, when at last it would be really he (and not someone else) who would shuffle round the corner by the vicarage gate under the shade of the great holly-tree, and come out into the main-road which ran beneath Aunt Kitty's garden wall. But at last, when we were getting used to its always being someone else, Harry actually appeared.

"Well, I've brought them for you right enough," he said, and wriggled himself halfway up the wall to reach us, catching hold of my foot as he did so to steady himself. He had no basket with him; where were the eggs?

I didn't want silkworms' eggs a bit at that moment somehow. They couldn't be much of things, I felt sure.

"Here they are; catch hold, quick; I'm slipping."

Dick grabbed at the two crumply bits of paper that Harry held out to him, as he slid back on to the ground.

"Where are they?" I said, as I looked at the little black spots. "These aren't the eggs?"

"Of course they are. Why, what else would you have them?"

I didn't know, but they weren't nearly as nice as I had expected, and I almost wished we were back at yesterday, before I knew what they were like. It was funny, but it was certainly nicer being offered silkworms' eggs than getting them.

"We're going to make real silk with our worms," I remarked. The truth was that those little black things made me afraid that our plan was impossible, and I wanted to see what Harry would say. If he laughed at us, I should know that it was a thing that could only be done in books, or by proper silk-people, and that all we could do was to keep "play" silkworms.

"Well, you'll have to mind what you feed 'em with, then," said Harry, in a voice that seemed to imply that we ought to ask him ever so many more questions.

"Why, how do you mean?" said Dick, a little helplessly.

"Well, lettuce won't do if you want to get your silk a good colour."

"What *will* do?" asked Dick, very humbly now.

"It'll have to be mulberry leaves. Lettuce turns the silk white. I don't know where you'll get mulberries from, *I'm* sure. I gets mine from Mr. Parker, but he wouldn't hear of me getting them for anyone else, I know. He says he don't half like me having them for myself. He always declares I'm stripping his tree bare."

"What sort of colours do you get if you do feed them on mulberry leaves?" I inquired. Lettuce would be much easiest to provide them with, and I was inclined to think white silk was rather nice.

"*Colours!*" said Harry scornfully,—"*why, what colours do you want?*"

I had made a mistake somehow, but I didn't know how to explain that I hadn't wanted anything except the proper thing. Harry seemed to think I was finding fault with his present.

"Oh, I didn't want any colours particularly, but I thought you said we should have to be very careful about them, and I didn't know quite how."

"Well, I suppose you want to have your silk gold, the same as everyone else. They won't take anything else at the shops at any rate. I got a splendid gold skein last year,—someone gave me sixpence for it, too. Tell you *what*,"—and Harry jerked a stone out of the wall, at which he had been picking all the time,—"*Tell you where you might get your mulberry leaves from—Mrs. Herbert's,—next door to your place,—she's got a tree. I climbed over there once for some leaves before Mr. Parker gave me permission to go into his orchard for them. It's an old tree, and you can walk along it as easy as a ladder; but it's a dreadful late one for coming out. You'll have to begin 'em on lettuce, I expect; but don't you keep 'em on it a day longer than you can help. It'll be the ruin of the colour if you do.*"

I was longing for the dinner-bell to ring, so that we might have an excuse for getting down from the wall. It was certainly odd that till now I had always thought Harry Cheshunt a very nice boy, and yet when he was just being particularly kind to us I felt frightened and annoyed by him. I didn't like being told what we were to do, and where we were to go, by him; and yet, now that we had accepted his eggs, we must follow his direc-

tions. There was Aunt Kitty to be thought of too; for her saying how delighted she was that we should keep silkworms had somehow sounded, I thought, as if she would really like it best if we didn't manage them properly. That made me quite determined that we should succeed. Besides, during the last few minutes I had made up my mind that Dick was to have a lovely gold chain made of the silk to wear with his new watch, whose hands turned so that you could set them to the right time. (It was quite enough like a real watch to have a gold chain to it.) And so, though the eggs themselves looked horrid, and Harry since he had presented them to us had grown decidedly domineering, there was a great deal that was exciting in our new possession.

Our eggs began to "come out" on Sunday morning, just when we had got our things on ready to start for church.

"Mayn't we stay and take care of them, Aunt Kitty?" I implored. The church bells were ringing fierce and cruelly.

"Oh no, dear! certainly not. They don't want taking care of. They'll come out just as well without you to watch them."

Aunt Kitty stood fiddling at her gloves, which she was trying to button. The kid smelt stuffy and hot, and her gloves were so tight that she had to try again and again before she could get the buttons into their holes. Why did she have such ugly, tight gloves? Why would she make us go to church, when it would have been so easy for her to say we might stop at home?

"Well, Dick might perhaps just run out and get a lettuce leaf for them to go on upon, but then we *must* start," she said, looking rather uncomfortable at giving in even so much.

But by the time Dick came back, the little black things had fortunately begun straggling over the edge of the paper, and nurse declared she wouldn't on any account have the nasty creatures getting all over the place while she was out; so after all Aunt Kitty had to give us leave to take off our hats and stay in to make paper trays for them.

Lettie preferred going to church. I think she was a tiny bit afraid of the silkworms, and besides, at that time, they didn't belong to her. When they began to get white she asked if she might go shares with us, and in return she undertook to clear away all the dead leaves from the trays in the morning while we

were out gathering fresh ones. Of course we let her join. There were so many by that time that there were really plenty for all three of us, but I don't think she ever cared about them quite so much as we did.

By a quarter to one, when Auntie and she came back from church, all our trays were finished, and the silkworms were coming out at a terrible rate. In one way, of course, it was nice that they came out so fast, but they seemed to like the lettuce so dreadfully, and with each little nip that each one of them gave I felt so certain that our gold silk was vanishing away from before us, that I entreated to be allowed to get the proper food for them at once.

"Mayn't we go in to Mrs. Herbert's before dinner and ask her to let us have some of her leaves?"

"Oh dear, no! I shouldn't think of letting you go and worry Mrs. Herbert on a Sunday about a thing like that. Your silkworms are all right with their lettuce for the present."

"Harry Cheshunt said our silk would be ruined if they didn't have mulberry leaves," said Dick, almost in tears; and our great silk-manufactory, the gold watch-chain, and the sixpences we were going to have made so easily seemed to be ending disastrously just as they ought to have been beginning.

"Oh, that's nonsense," said Aunt Kitty calmly. "I shall have to write a note to Mrs. Herbert before I can let you go and ask for her leaves; and another thing is, it's still much too early for them to be out. When I go up to take off my things, I'll look over and see whether they're even shooting. I don't much think they are yet."

From Aunt Kitty's room you could see the tops of most of Mrs. Herbert's trees, and so you could from the roof of the hen-house. When we went up there to survey for ourselves, we found that the one tree which still stood bare and leafless was the very one which we most longed to see green. Aunt Kitty's verdict was the same.

"No, it's as I thought. Mrs. Herbert's tree won't be out for some time yet. When I see her at the working-party on Thursday I'll ask her whether you may gather a few, now and then, when they are properly out."

No one who is grown up ever understands what a fearful hurry you are in when things like caterpillars are hatched too soon,

and keep eating the wrong food hour after hour, and your silk is getting whiter and whiter and more and more ruined with every mouthful.

However, after all Thursday was quite time enough for asking, for the tree was only just budding on the working-party day, and when Aunt Kitty came home she said that Mrs. Herbert had given permission for us to go in next Monday morning, when she thought the leaves might be just big enough to pick.

"I do wish Mrs. Herbert had thought this evening would do for the leaves," said Dick sadly, as we cleared away the clammy lettuce from the trays on Saturday morning. "It'll be so horrid to have them eating these all Sunday afternoon. I forget about it sometimes on week-days, 'cause we've more to do, but to-morrow there's nothing to do but watch them, except going to church."

It was certainly very difficult to wait through Sunday, but at last bedtime came, and the very next thing was Monday morning.

"We needn't wear gloves or ties?" I petitioned, as I slipped down from my chair after swallowing my porridge with difficulty.

"Oh, gloves, of course, dear," said Aunt Kitty. "What *would* Mrs. Herbert think of your appearing without them, I wonder."

"*And* ties?"

"Yes, for the present at any rate. Later, perhaps, I'll see."

Of course "later" never came, and we had to wear ties till our morning expeditions were put a stop to; and as Mrs. Herbert's gate was exactly twenty-nine steps from our door (I measured it once) there was no time on the way for getting your things on. You had to do everything before you set out,—which is very troublesome when you are longing to start,—and use the walk down her garden path for taking your gloves off again, so as to waste no time when you got to the tree.

"Don't pick too many; and go very quietly through Mrs. Herbert's garden."

We were already anxious and frightened at our errand, and these last injunctions made it seem awful. Other people's houses are generally very strange, and though Mrs. Herbert was our next-door neighbour, and her yard came against our yard, and our wall was actually her wall too, yet her side of it looked utterly different.



In several ways her side was more interesting than ours was. *We* had no dog, for instance, whereas she had Peter, who spent most of his time lying outside the kitchen door, and sometimes could be coaxed into walking part of the way down the garden behind us, so that it felt almost as if he was ours. There was a well too, and a weathercock in the shape of a fish, and a lot of other things which would have been delightful if they had only been our own, but which, as we had to be so very quiet and well-behaved, we did not dare touch lest we should be doing wrong. You never know what is wrong or right in other people's places.

One great protector we had. It was Anne, Mrs. Herbert's parlour-maid.

"You come round to the yard-gate next time, and I'll let you in that way," she said the first morning, as we appeared at the front door. "You won't feel so shy like that; and if you can't reach the handle, you just throw a pebble or two at the gate itself and I shall hear you right enough."

So to our great relief we ran in by the back way after that, and as soon as our little patter of gravel told her we were waiting, Anne came out with her beaming smile, unlatched the gate for us, asked just the right questions about how the silkworms were getting on, and sped us on our way down the dangerous garden; for though Dick and I had looked forward tremendously to our mulberry-leaf gatherings, we found the going in for them very terrifying. It seemed so likely—seeing how many leaves we needed and how very few there were altogether—that Mrs. Herbert would one day come out and say that we were stripping her tree bare, as Harry Cheshunt's man did, and if she had said so, we should never have dared to go in again. As a precaution against this happening, I always gathered my store from a branch that hung over the ash-heap. It was well hidden from the path, and as grown-ups always seem to dislike climbing about over heaps of anything, I didn't fancy they would look round there much. But Dick wouldn't be careful, and picked his from all sorts of places, which showed fearfully. He said no one ever noticed how many leaves there were on trees.

At first when we began to pick them, the leaves were scarcely green, and still quite crumply. There was a strange smell at the stalk too as you broke them off, and they seemed so juicy and

fresh that I thought they must be delicious things to live upon. No wonder the silkworms spun the proper coloured threads when they had these!

There were other smells about, besides, on those summer mornings: the bitter breath that rose as I stamped about in the ash-heap (the cinders climbing in over my shoes and hurting, oh, so badly!); the whiff of sweet air from the raspberry canes, the straw round the strawberry plants just heating in the morning sun, while best of all was the rich scent that drifted over from the row of balsam-poplars that stood at the end of the garden.

Just when our silkworms were getting on splendidly, came the dreadful day that I began telling you about at first. They had all changed their skins lots of times, and there was not one that did not look pink and fat and satiny. Their legs were so firm now that as they walked across your hand they felt quite prickly and hard.

"Tib," said Aunt Kitty the next morning, "I am very much shocked to hear what you were doing last night."

"Me! What?" I asked, dismayed. There was nothing grown-ups might not discover, but this time I couldn't even remember what there was to be found out.

"You haven't only been disobeying nurse, but you've spoilt something of mine that I particularly value,—something that your mother gave me when I was quite a little girl."

What had I done? I could think of nothing the least like what Aunt Kitty described.

"How was it you came to be dancing about out of bed last night after nurse had put out the candle?"

I was discovered! and what I had hoped wasn't so *very* naughty was going to turn out to be very, very wrong indeed. What could I do to save myself? The world grew as black and terrible as it ever does in the worst possible make-up story; only here there was no make-up. It was all just simply real. It was I, my very own self, who was found out, and in a moment Aunt Kitty would have given that terrible order, which I simply couldn't obey. If she said,—and I knew she would,—"You're never to get out of bed at nights again," I should just be absolutely obliged to disobey her, and then, on some awful night when I was doing the shutters, I should be found, and then,—well, I didn't dare face

out to the end the sort of things which would happen, but I saw in that instant that they would be utterly unbearable.

"I wasn't dancing about," I flung out in my despair, and a fire seemed to rush through my whole body and blaze in my ears.

"What *was* it you were doing, then? and how was it that nurse found the jug upset right over the floor when she went to bed, and that water was dropping through my ceiling, and my dear little book was all soaked through on the table underneath?"

"I don't know," I said hopelessly.

"You know, nurse came in in the dark," said Lettie. *She* was taking my part now, at least, but of course it would do no good.

"My dear, nurse doesn't fling over water-jugs in that way without ever noticing what she's doing."

Lettie was silenced.

"What *were* you doing, Tib?"

Somehow the worst seemed over, or at least I had got out on the farther side of it. When you make up your mind that you really are going to be killed, I've often noticed it doesn't seem nearly so bad as it did when you were still trying to save yourself.

"I had to get out of bed 'cause I didn't think the shutters were quite properly fastened, and I wanted to see."

"You should leave the shutters to nurse or Fanny. They're not *your* business, dear, and you had no need to be fidgeting about them."

"One of them *wasn't* right," I put in eagerly.

"My dear child,"—Aunt Kitty seemed rather at a loss for anything to say, but of course she made it come out to what she wanted,—“you really mustn't interfere with things like that, which are for nurse to look after. Now just see what has come of your naughtiness. I shall have to have my ceiling all white-washed afresh, and your nursery jug will have to be mended, and I'm afraid my poor little book will never recover from its wetting. Look, its binding's quite spoilt, and all the pages are cockled right through. I don't expect they'll ever come straight again. I really must punish you, Tib, for all this."

"How?" asked Dick.

"Don't interrupt me like that, Dick."



We were all three against her. Aunt Kitty saw that, and though really Dick had waited till she had quite finished what she was going to say, she wanted somehow to make him feel that he had no right to join in; though, of course, if I was going to be punished he would have to know sooner or later, and there was nothing naughty in asking what it was to be. Dick never imagined that he would have to share my punishment.

"I shall tell you presently;" and Aunt Kitty held up her cup without drinking, and looked over it and out of the window in a puzzled sort of way.

"Could Mrs. Herbert speak to you a moment, out in the garden, she says, please, ma'am?" said Susan, putting in her head at that moment.

Aunt Kitty ran out. Dick held up his cup as she had been doing, and curled his little finger out in the air in exactly her way.

"Ai shell tell yeu present-ly!" he mimicked, in what he always pretended was her tone of voice; but just as he was lolling his head upon one shoulder to imitate her still more exactly, he splashed half his hot milk down on to his knickerbockers and then on to the floor.

"Don't, Dick," said Lettie miserably; but it was too late to say "don't."

"It needn't show. Give me your hankies, quick! I can keep my knees under the cloth till I've finished, and then I'll go out straight. I shall be dry by lesson-time. It's only the floor that matters;" and before Aunt Kitty came back we were all sitting quietly finishing our breakfasts at the table, just as she had left us.

"I am going to punish you by not letting you go into Mrs. Herbert's this morning."

"Only *me* not," I said anxiously, for somehow Aunt Kitty looked as if she meant us all; and Dick remarked savagely to himself, "Well, Lettie'll have to come instead, that's all, and Tib do the clearing away."

"No," said Aunt Kitty, and she twisted her fingers in and out of each other, so that they looked red in some places and white in others,— "No, I must make it part of Tib's punishment that you none of you go in there to-day."

Of *course* we were miserable. Who wouldn't have been? The silkworms crawling listlessly over lettuces, and longing for their old

rich leaves ; that silk, that was to be, turning hourly paler, when we were already counting upon its being the most golden of golds ; and worst of all, Dick and Lettie punished for what I had done,—the greater part of which, too, I couldn't help feeling was pure accident, and not naughtiness at all.

In the afternoon one of the fattest of the silkworms died. He was in the middle of casting his skin, and it must have been too much for him, or else the change backwards in his food didn't suit him. Neither Lettie nor I could bear the sight of his squashy, shrivelled body. *I* cried because I thought his dying might be my fault ; and Lettie cried as she always used to do when she saw anything dead. It was raining, so we couldn't put him out of doors, and Dick insisted on depositing him in my Valéry teacup that stood on the top of the bookcase.

"Oh, *not* in my teacup, *please*, Dick !" I sobbed.

"It's the only safe place," he said, and I could see that he'd quite made up his mind.

"But *must* it have a safe place ?"

"Of course it must. We can't leave it about anywhere,—you wouldn't like it lying about ?"

"No, *I* shouldn't, indeed," said Lettie eagerly ; and Dick dropped it in.

A few minutes before tea-time, Lettie standing on tiptoe, so that her nose just reached over the edge of the paper trays, announced in a terrified voice that she was sure "Monster" was going to die too. "He's waving his head about here, in the corner, in the most dreadful way. He's very ill, at least,—I'm certain."

Dick and I rushed to the shelf to see for ourselves.

"He does look bad," said Dick.

I peered into the corner. Tears had come so easily all day, that already they were on the edge of my eyelids again.

"No, look, there's something gold. He's spinning, I'm sure. That's his silk ;"—and I was so excited that the two tears spilt over and tumbled into the tray.

It was wonderful that the silky part of the silkworms should really be beginning at last, and that in spite of all those lettuce-meals it should be really yellow as "proper" silk was.

The rest of that evening we spent in making paper cornucopias,

—according to nurse's directions,—pinning them up to the night-nursery curtains, and then searching for a caterpillar that looked old enough to put in. A good many got popped in, in this way, too soon, and, finding nothing to do in their paper houses, they began climbing up the curtain folds in search of food. Of course, these had to be carried back to the trays until they should begin to spin in real earnest, but the little white horns hung all ready to receive them, whenever that should be.

Aunt Kitty came up to say "Good-night" to us.

"Nurse," she said, "Mrs. Herbert sends me in word that poor Anne has pronounced scarlatina. So we shall have to be very much on the watch. These next few days will be a very anxious time."

"I wonder why it's an anxious time now that Anne can pronounce 'concertina'?" said Lettie next morning, as we were putting on our stockings. "I should have thought she'd have been able to pronounce that ever so long ago. Wouldn't you?"

"It wasn't 'concertina' she pronounced, was it? It was 'scarlatina,' I think, or something like that," I said. It was perhaps almost rash to talk about it, if the very mention of the word was so dangerous; but so far, at any rate, no harm seemed to have come of it.

"Oh, I don't remember exactly. I thought Auntie said 'concertina'; and I don't know what 'scarlatina' is; do you?"

"Perhaps it's something not nice," I suggested; and we left the question unanswered.

Before long, however, it was explained. To-day again Aunt Kitty forbade us to go to fetch mulberry leaves. But this time it was not called a punishment, though as far as Aunt Kitty was concerned it was just the same as yesterday. To us, as a matter of fact, it was not the same, for now that the silkworms were beginning to spin, and that their threads were of an unmistakable yellow, we didn't much mind if the thinner ones did have a day or two more on lettuces. So we took it quietly, though it certainly seemed a very unfair way of being treated; first to be punished for a thing you didn't know was naughty till the next morning, and then to have the same punishment, only not called a punishment, the day after when we had none of us done anything at all!

That afternoon we all had sore throats and headaches, and

before tea we were put to bed, where I at once began dreaming of a world which was full of nothing at all but gigantic silkworms. Sometimes I seemed to wake up, and in the still room all I heard was their faint tick-tack as they fastened their silk round the inside of the cornucopias. Sometimes I cried and begged nurse to take away all the horrid caterpillars, and did my best to explain that they were crawling all over me, and were looking for mulberry leaves inside my bed because they had only lettuces in their trays. Aunt Kitty and nurse both declared that they were all taken away, but they climbed up and down me and into my hair, and spun golden threads all over my mouth just as they did before. And when I was thirsty and asked for water to drink, they always seemed to bring me the little Valéry cup, which was full—quite full now—of dead worms.

"I want water,—not those," I screamed; and Aunt Kitty said there was only a little milk in the water, and that I must be good and drink it up; but I *couldn't*,—not all those worms,—it was impossible.

The dreaming went on until I felt that I was living in a world of creepy-crawly things, and that I should never get out of it into anything different. But then, gradually, the nursery seemed to reappear. A sort of quiet weariness came over me that was delicious after the worry of the worm-world. My legs felt very weak, but pleasant to rub against the sheets, and there was a sort of dim happiness in coming back to a life which I knew, in which nurse and Aunt Kitty stole about gently and spoke to you very kindly, as though you were an important sort of person and never needed scolding. It was nice, too, to lay my hands out on the sheet and move my fingers slowly about; and one day,—the first day when I was allowed to get out of bed,—it was amusing to peep down into the road. Everybody looked so tiny and far off,—I don't know why,—as if they were little people in a camera obscura. They've never looked quite so tiny since. Then it was nice to be allowed to choose whether you'd have the light left in or put out when you were going to sleep, and lots of things like that, that someone else had always settled before.

But there were plenty of unpleasant things too: medicines that tasted so disgusting that you held the glass in your hand for ages before you could make up your mind to take the dreadful

gulp; nights when the silkworms tried to scramble back into bed again; and—worst of all—the knowing that whatever you had to play with now you could never have again when you got well. That made Lettie cry a good deal. She wanted her knitted Punch so dreadfully to keep her company in bed, and yet she wouldn't have him, because she knew if she did, he'd have to be burnt afterwards.

There was nothing I specially wanted, but you get dreadfully tired of drawing pictures and cutting out paper mouse-traps when there's nothing else besides to do.

When we were all getting better, however, Dick's bed was brought into the day-nursery, and we were allowed to be together for a few hours every day. It was on the first day of this new arrangement that nurse brought in a parcel directed to us all, and beneath our names was written: "Some stray leaves to amuse the little patients, and to compensate them for the other leaves they were prevented from having. With Mrs. Herbert's love."

It seemed to me strange to find that Mrs. Herbert was still alive. I felt as if everyone I knew must have vanished from the earth while I was being tormented with my dreams, and as if nothing in the world I had come back to could ever be quite the same as it had been. But the parcel was worth opening. Inside was an old picture-book. One cover was off, the other loose, and some of the pages, as we found out later, were missing; but the pictures and rhymes that were left were perfectly delightful. Lettie, however, began to cry, as she usually did now whenever anything happened.

"Oh, I do wish Mrs. Herbert hadn't sent this lovely book to us just yet. It'll have to be burnt, of course. Couldn't you take it away at once, nurse, and then let us have it afterwards?"

Nurse said it was too late, and Dick tried his best to comfort her. "You see Mrs. Herbert would never have sent it to us if we weren't ill, so if we hadn't had it now we should never have had it at all. It's just an illness-present, you see."

Lettie seemed to understand this, but neither she nor I could in the least understand what the words on the outside meant.

"It's to make up for the mulberry leaves," said Dick.

"But these aren't mulberry leaves," I said, still puzzled.



"No, but they're *instead*."

"But they've nothing to do with mulberries. This is a picture-book."

After all, that was the best kind of leaves it could possibly be, and for the next few weeks we pored over all the exciting Struwpeter stories, till they seemed to us the regular—but the nice—part of having scarlatina. Then, when at last it was over, Struwpeter vanished, and I have never seen him since.

"You must go in and see Mrs. Herbert, now you're disinfected, and thank her for the picture-book," said Aunt Kitty, when at last we were through all our "endings-up" of being ill.

"Oh, where are our silkworms?" I said, the thought of them suddenly darting into my mind.

"They've all laid their eggs and died by now, but I've saved the eggs for you to have next year."

"Died!" we all exclaimed, aghast.

"Why, yes, dears. Silkworms always die when they've laid their eggs."

"And shall we have to wait till next year?" and "Where's the silk gone to?" we asked all together.

"I'm afraid this year's silk got spoilt while you were all so ill. I'm very sorry."

It was as I had thought. You can't have a real, proper silk-manufactory unless you're a regular silk-person. Ours were only "play" silkworms after all.

So we ran into Mrs. Herbert's.

"How do you do? We've come to thank you for the lovely Struwpeter book you sent us when we were ill,—but where's Anne?"

We had missed her face at the door, which had been opened to us by someone quite strange.

"Poor Anne!" said Mrs. Herbert, and she sat down before she answered, drew me up to her knee, and stroked my close-cropped head. "Poor Anne has died of the same illness that you've been having."

"What, — 'concertina'?" said Lettie. (She never could remember which was the right word of those two.)

Mrs. Herbert didn't answer, but she kissed us, and said something about our being spared, which I didn't quite understand,



only it gave me a feeling that Anne and we had been somehow very near each other while we were ill, and it seemed very solemn to find that she had gone altogether, while we still lived on as we used to do, in the world of pinafores, rainy days, silkworms' eggs and tigers.

Isabel Fry.

## FOR ST. HUBERT'S DAY

*(From an inedited "Christian Year.")*

ONE day in Nuremberg I bought  
That lordly print old Durer wrought,  
Penitent Hubert, low in prayer,  
Before the stag, strange crucifer.

With yelping dogs in cry behind,  
With tears and terror nearly blind,  
I too the hunted stag have seen,  
And Lord Christ's cross his eyes between.

TWO DRAWINGS BY ALICE MUNSELL

A GIRL WITH A DOG.

A GIRL READING.



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## PORTRAIT PAINTING, OLD AND NEW

MOST forms of art set the artist an apparently simple task—the making of something graceful, beautiful, or grand. The task of the modern portrait painter is more complex, for he has not only to produce a work of art, but to satisfy the vanity of his sitter. This was not always the case. Up to the end of the sixteenth century the painter of portraits was expected to produce an exact likeness, but not a flattering one. For reputation and patronage he depended on the excellence and accuracy of his painting, and not upon any skill in rounding off unpleasant angles, or in making his subjects look wiser or better than they really were. Durer and Holbein, Raphael and Titian, were no flatterers. They made no attempt to disguise the peculiarities of their sitters, but rather emphasised them as indicating character or personality. Durer does not attempt to soften the hard features of his master, Michael Wohlgemuth; Holbein's *Henry VIII.* is the incarnation of selfish grossness; Raphael's greasy *Cardinal Bembo*, or Titian's *Ippolito de' Medici* in the Pitti, do not seem to have offended their originals. Even the amazing vanity of our own Queen Elizabeth did not attempt to shun the dry, precise, relentless art of the time, which spared no hard angle of her imperious face. Rubens and Velasquez seem to have found it as easy to remain honest among courtiers and princes, as did Rembrandt and Hals among the merchants of Amsterdam or Haarlem.

The real change was introduced by Van Dyck. His relation to Titian is that of Lawrence to Reynolds. In the wonderful collection of his works now on view at Burlington House, one can see how cleverly he has caught all the devices of his predecessors—the harmonious golden tone, the flash of light on

linen opposed to a dark dress, the sweep of rustling drapery, the delicacy of lace, the favourite dog in front, the pillar, the curtain, and a glimpse of stormy sky behind. He can guarantee you all the proper paraphernalia of portrait painting, while (as was indicated in a previous number of *The Dome*<sup>1</sup>) his taste in design and colour, his technical resource, and his skill of hand are undeniably beyond criticism. You know, if you ordered him to paint your portrait, you would get a good picture, but perhaps you are not so sure about yourself. You may have a red face, dull eyes, a long nose, lank sandy hair, and coarse stubby hands. Suppose, too, that you are ill-built, uncouth, and that your clothes are made by your village tailor. You stammer your doubts to the painter. "Not at all, my dear sir,—not at all!" smiles courteous Sir Anthony;—"leave that to me." Forthwith you stand on the canvas a younger man by a good five years, with the proud bearing of a soldier-prince, dressed a week ahead of the Court fashion. Your eyes gleam, your skin is fair, your nose becomes commanding, your hair takes a glint of gold in the light where it curls, your hand is white and delicate. Painter and patron alike are satisfied, for no sooner do your friends set eyes on the picture than they are off post-haste to get themselves transformed likewise into perfect gentlemen.

What was a trick with Van Dyck became a mannerism with Lely and Kneller. In their hands the beauties of the Courts of Charles II. and William III. all come to look exactly alike, since each is made to conform absolutely to the current fashion in good looks. On the Continent, Rigaud and Battoni did not take such liberties with the faces of their sitters, but they endowed them all with an air of pompous grandeur which was almost equally absurd, and, like so many other shams, was only killed by the French Revolution.

In England things mended sooner. Before the close of the first half of the eighteenth century the traditions of the Old Masters had sunk into a convention, so empty and hopeless that the ambitious mind of Reynolds had no alternative but the making of an entirely fresh start. Being thus driven to the study of Titian and the great portrait painters of the sixteenth century, he was enabled to form a definite standard of taste, by which

<sup>1</sup> No. 11, New Series, September 1899.

the paltry products of his own age could be estimated at their proper value.

With Reynolds portraiture once more became a living art, representing people as they really were, and not as they would like to appear. This literalness is specially notable in the case of his portraits of well-known men, such as the *Lord Heathfield* or the *Doctor Johnson*. With ladies, or with men of no importance or character, he is apt to flavour insipidity with a pleasant sauce of good-breeding, just as Gainsborough would infuse a tinge of pensive grace. Romney, except in his early work, descended to less pardonable flattery; but the honesty of Reynolds was really put out of fashion by Lawrence, whose smiles and sparkles and postures made him naturally the idol of the society and the artists of his day.

It is unnecessary either to indicate the ill effects of his specious example upon the painters of the Continent, and upon men like Hoppner, Raeburn, and Jackson, or to deal with the realism of Ingres or Goya. It is also needless to follow the ramifications of subsequent portrait painting in France and Germany, for there are certain general tendencies in the work of our own time that can be traced fairly well in all collections of modern pictures.

It was outside the original purpose of this article to give a detailed notice of any particular exhibition, but the show recently opened at the Grafton Gallery by the Society of Portrait Painters seems to illustrate so admirably our contemporary fashions in portrait painting, that no apology is needed for mentioning certain works on view there. There is another reason why the exhibition at the Grafton Gallery deserves especial notice. Whether intentionally or by accident, the Council have supplemented contemporary work with pictures painted twenty or thirty years ago, that make the collection almost entirely representative of the development of modern portrait painting. Mr. Whistler, Mr. Orchardson, and Mr. Sargent, it is true, are not among the exhibitors, and Mr. Watts and Professor Legros do not contribute their most striking work; but, nevertheless, the show, for all practical purposes, is complete enough if the spectator has the pluck to disregard two-thirds of it, and pay attention only to the finest things.

The point of view of the Old Masters is that taken by Pro-



fessor Lenbach, whose picture-surface is flooded with a general golden tone from which only the significant matter is allowed to emerge—the sparkle of an eye, the modelling of a brow, or a few graceful locks of hair. The modern may sneer at the obviousness of the warm glaze, yet there is no portrait in the exhibition more powerful and full of character than the *Dr. Döllinger*, more airy and graceful than the *Lady Savile*; while both are undeniably skilfully handled and harmonious in effect. Similar traditions govern the three admirable pictures of Mr. C. H. Shannon, but are there allied to more deliberately planned brushwork, more varied schemes of spacing and colour, and a less obtrusive system of glazing. As they need a stronger lighting than the Grafton Gallery and a London winter can produce, their unusual power and merit may easily be overlooked by the casual visitor. Those who take the trouble to find them out will notice that, like the works of Professor Lenbach and the little head by Millais, their first aim is to be good pictures, then to be good likenesses; whereas the modern work is often ugly in appearance, and only too clearly flatters the sitter into pinkness and roundness and fluffiness. If you compare the charming natural merriment of *Hon. Mrs. Chaloner Dowdall*, or the quiet dignity of the older lady with the simpering insipidities of Mr. Solomon, A.R.A., and Mr. Ellis Roberts, you will understand to what absurd lengths the process of improving on nature may be carried. The substitute for fingers inserted by the last-named into his *Lady Evelyn Mason* will be evidence enough to those who know how beautiful the shape and colour and texture of a human hand may be.

The little head by Millais, while it is itself ultra-realistic, indicates how the sound tradition of Titian and Reynolds came to be set aside. Instead of the shapely liquid brush stroke of the ancients, we get a conglomerate of fumbling touches of crude colour, and the degeneration is accentuated by the lesser men who had not Millais's strength or skill, and were content to produce the average Academy portrait—a thing untrue to nature, and, of course, unconnected with art.

Though Courbet and Manet are not represented at the Grafton Gallery, the portrait of Lady Alma Tadema by Bastien Lepage their popular follower, shows how France, in rebelling



against traditional technique, tried to restore traditional respect for nature. The nature Millais saw was something hard and positive, full of minute detail which had to be rendered, and could be rendered, only by an infinite number of small touches. Thus an early portrait by Millais is always interesting by reason of its accuracy to every little fact in a sitter's appearance. For Manet and his stanchest followers, portraits, landscapes,—everything, in fact—existed only as phenomena of light, and space, and air. Nature was seen as a mosaic of flat tones that, in making a picture, were to be exactly matched, but could be adjusted to convey accurately enough by the touch of a big brush some impression of the things represented. It was soon found that an absolute adherence to this view of Nature was not always possible, and was often unpleasant. Carolus Duran's *Lady Craven* will serve as a specimen of the sort of compromise with academic solidity that was the fashion twenty years ago, and of which the painting of Mr. Sargent is a development.

The *Lady Craven* cannot be said to compare favourably with the work of the chiefs of the Glasgow school, who, as Mr. Whistler's most definite followers, may claim to derive their inspiration, however remotely, from Velasquez. As was pointed out in a previous article, the Glasgow painters make an effort towards definite schemes of line and colour that is worthy of all praise. One may criticise their taste, and their rather slapdash method of work, yet the results produced even by the rank and file, who descend to coarseness, extravagance, and even to prettiness, is invariably better than the ill-colour stippled rubbish turned out by the feeble imitators of Millais. They are saved by their recognition of the element of pattern in painting, by feeling that a picture is primarily a design and not a casual aggregate.

In portrait painting there is a limit beyond which this deliberate arrangement should not be carried, and I think Mr. Lavery transgresses it in his creditable full length *Mrs. Hoare*, where he has painted the dress carefully and strongly, while the head is a mere patch of heavy colour. Design is, of course, a good thing, but few will maintain that the great portrait painters of the past were wrong in not reducing the character and likeness of their sitters to an entirely subordinate place. Nevertheless, when one contemplates many of the other feminine portraits, it is possible to find

some gratification for Mr. Lavery's attitude. The spectacle of so many fashionable ladies stippled and rounded into youth, with pink lips, dazzling chalky skins, and ribbony dresses, set in an ideal landscape made up of aimless daubs and spots of ultramarine and burnt umber, might well drive a painter to the opposite extreme.

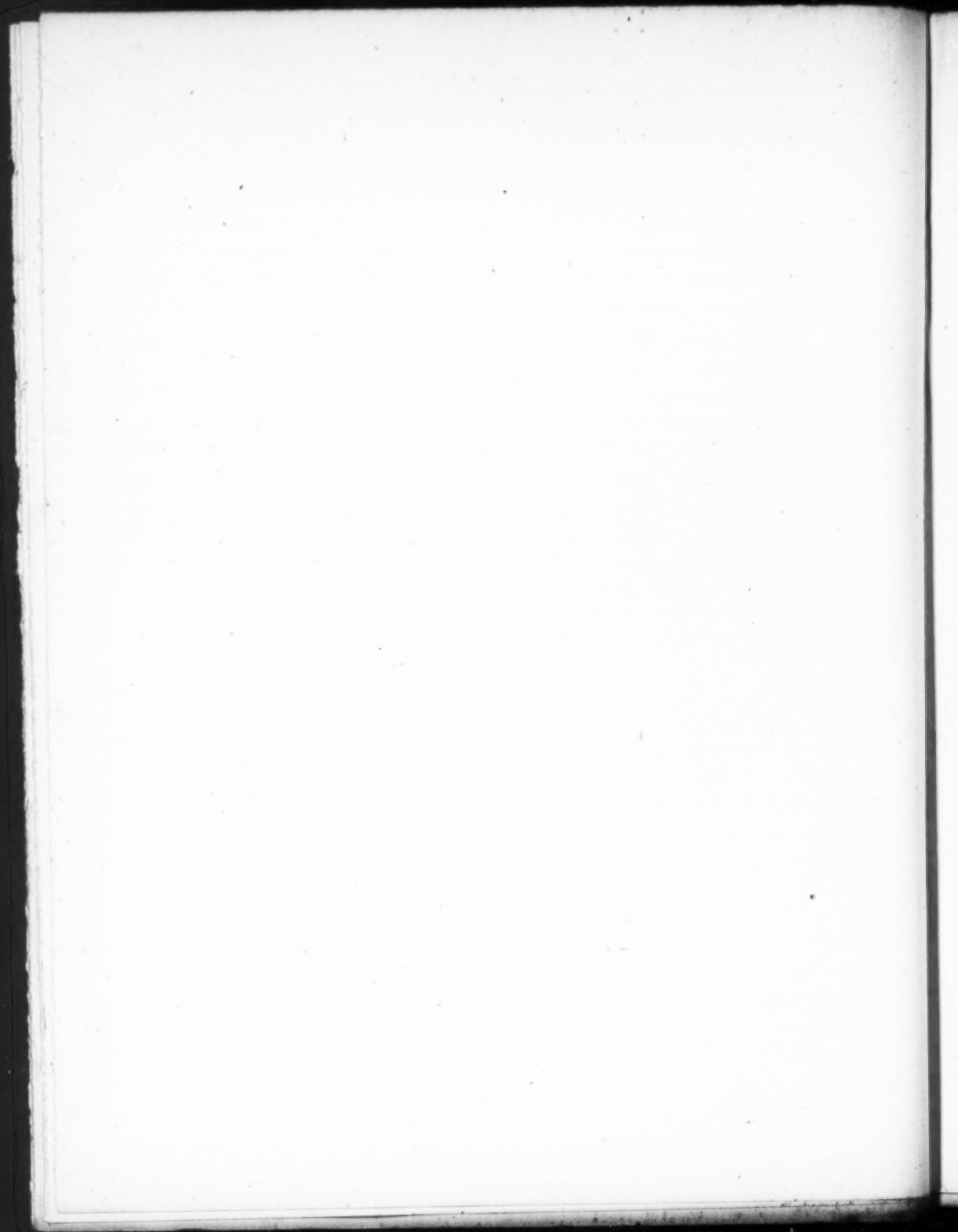
On the whole, such a modern exhibition is quite interesting, though, as one might perhaps expect, there may be no abnormal proportion of first-class work, and one is too frequently disgusted by the obvious flattery to which certain fashionable portrait painters degrade themselves. After all, many of them are only men of business, to whom painting in itself is nothing but a means of making money. No surprise, then, need be felt when the advertisement of the show announces "Portraits of General Roberts, Buller, White, etc., and the only authentic portrait of General Joubert." This latter work, by the way, is not only interesting from the point of view of the visitor to Madame Tussaud, but is really a striking picture. Though hard in colour and rather coarsely handled, it is a most vigorous piece of character-painting, and gives an excellent idea of the burly body, solid sense, sharp eyes, and stubborn will of the Boer Commander-in-Chief. The version of General Roberts looks tame and uninspired by comparison,—indeed, none of the famous British generals collected at the Grafton Gallery are a fair match for this "simple farmer"; that is, if we are to judge them by their portraits. One can understand why a commercial portrait painter represents women as the pink and fluffy dolls they like to think themselves, but why a soldier should allow himself to be trimmed and polished into a similar inanity is not so clear. Still more inconceivable is it that the society painter should not delight in a strong rugged face when he gets the chance of painting it. Possibly he has never strayed into the National Gallery, and so has missed seeing Reynolds's *Lord Heathfield*. Had he done so he would recognise that the idealising of the great Masters is a matter of emphasis,—emphasis of character, intellect, or wit,—and not a matter of elegant effacement. That is the business of the milliner, the hairdresser, and the retailer of ladies' complexions.

C. J. Holmes.

## A DRAWING AND A WOODCUT

THATCHING. By A. HUGH FISHER.

PLOUGHING. By WILLIAM STRANG (*Greatly reduced*).











Published and Sold by ART FOR SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION, 79, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.



## ART FOR SCHOOLS

It is an unimaginative child that has never found pictures in the stains on a ceiling or the unequal fading of a wall. I remember how I used to lie in my warm bed, perceiving the early riser's loss, and careless who grew healthy, wealthy, and wise, as the growing wintry light turned a patch of damp plaster into a wild wood with horses and big guns half hidden in rolling battle-smoke. On the wall at school, too, stretched a row of dark caves, their mouths fanged with soiled stalactites ; but the most mysterious of them all, haunt of many a wrecker and pirate, was half hidden by the map of Asia, and I never knew what marvels lurked behind the varnished expanse of "The World on Mercator's Projection." To each his own ; and no doubt other young eyes saw furious seas, or peaceful clouds, or the wings of great white birds, where mine saw trees and a battle ; and found lace or reflected ice-peaks where I found the jaws of caverns.

The unhappier child of to-day sits, I suppose, in schoolrooms where every suggestive stain is "inspected" away from the ceiling and every curious discoloration from the wall, before the fancy has had time to work them up into a picture. But, no doubt, the modern child feels the pangs of eye-hunger as much as we did, and lifts the gaze from slate or book longing to encounter some sight of faerie or of the strange real world outside the walls of school. The most indefatigable teacher or crammer, be he never so set on grants and glory, cannot entirely rob his pupil of those seemingly fallow but truly most fruitful minutes when mind and eye play truant, while the next boy is being convinced that three times fourteen are not fifty-two, or that he has done ill in putting Moscow in his map of Wales. It is probable that the eyes of most of the children will never again, when their school-days are over, be so long and intently

engaged with a particular painted or printed surface. Not even the memorial brass in church, during the most tiresome sermon, will be so searched and got by heart; for the adult has inward distractions enough to prevent even a sermon that is not tiresome. Beyond dispute, therefore, it follows that good food should be provided for the eyes that will be filled with seeing; and to do this is the object of "The Art for Schools Association."

This Association—I am quoting at this point from its Report and Catalogue, published at 29 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C., "was founded in 1883, with the object of supplying an educational basis for the good work already being done by Loan Exhibitions of Pictures in poor districts of London and other large towns. Such Exhibitions, and the teaching of which they become centres, impart much pleasure of a refining and elevating kind; but they appeal for the most part to persons who have passed the years especially given up to education, and many who might benefit by them, had their artistic instincts been awakened at school, miss their influence because they have never been taught to find pleasure in pictorial art, and have therefore no motive for visiting an Exhibition of pictures. The idea of the founders of the Art for Schools Association was that much might be done to educate and feed the taste of children by simply placing in the classrooms of Elementary Schools, a few good prints and photographs of beautiful and interesting works of art, such as most people of taste take care to have in their own houses. With this view, they put themselves in correspondence with the principal art publishers of London, and obtained permission to sell to Elementary Schools such of their publications as seemed most likely to interest the young, at rates much below the market prices. The catalogue of the works supplied in this way through the agency of the Art for Schools Association comprises upwards of four hundred photographs, engravings, etchings, and chromolithographs, from the works of old masters and living artists, as well as studies from nature, of birds and beasts and flowers." I understand that about four thousand pictures were sold last year. Not all of these were for exhibition on school walls; for, at the scholars' own request, a picture has often replaced the usual book as a prize, and in many a cottage the grocer's flaunting almanac has already strange wall-

fellows. Such a result would be notable and most gratifying even if the Association had followed the easier path, and merely effected the cheapening and wider circulation of reproductions already obtainable through other channels. Incidentally, however, a great service has been rendered to the student and the collector by the publication of many fine things hitherto inaccessible; and though the schools would be as well served by reproductions of more familiar works, it is a question whether they would thereby be served any better, while the connoisseur's gain is indisputable. The wonderful Japanese drawing in the British Museum of *The Thousand Carp*, and Lord Windsor's Luini (*The Nativity*) are two among many publications of the Society which are both unfamiliar in the original and unhackneyed in reproduction.

As the subscriber of one guinea a year receives annually four large prints, some of them, as stated above, being unpurchaseable elsewhere, and all of them admirably executed, it is plain that the man who becomes a subscriber does not ill-treat himself; for he has not only the satisfaction of having helped a good work, but more than his money's worth of pictures as well. Indeed, it is hard to be sure, when one opens the annual parcel, that the finest and most exquisitely spiritual bloom abides on one's self-sacrifice—harder, for instance, than when one takes from the postman a subscriber's copy of the Annual Report of the S.P.G. But the Art for Schools Association does not inquire into the motives of intending members. It is well known that it is almost as expensive to produce fifty as five hundred copies of a given work of art, and if the membership and revenue of the Association were doubled, its usefulness would be more than trebled. Purely selfish subscribers may therefore send in their cheques without fear of exclusion, even if they care no more about schools and scholars than the famous cynic who would do nothing for posterity on the ground that posterity had done nothing for him.

Last year the publications included Luini's *Nativity* (Lord Windsor), the wonderful Titian at Madrid, *Charles V. on Horseback*, and the huge woodcut *Ploughing*, by William Strang, of which a very greatly reduced copy accompanies this note. Mr. Strang (who was assisted in the cutting by Mr. Bryden) has executed this piece on a scale rivalling that of the grand woodcut after Titian, *The Destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea*. It

measures six feet by five. The Association gave Mr. Strang the commission with the vast spaces of Board-school walls before their eyes, and although the print is equally adapted for the decoration of a hall or a large nursery, it was for the Board-schools that it was primarily designed, cut, and printed. The effect, when it is mounted on linen and varnished with transparent paper varnish, is remarkable, as everybody would seem to admit save certain committee-men of the School Board for London, who rejected *Ploughing*, I understand, because the plough and the manner of using it did not exactly correspond with the present-day facts of the case. It would, of course, be a most serious thing if London boys, and especially London girls, who never have seen and probably never will see a ploughed or arable field save as a holiday spectacle, should grow up thinking a ploughshare an inch longer than it really is. We shall all agree that on the same principle M. Tissot and Mr. Goodwin Lewis, with their closely copied Eastern accessories, should quickly take the places too long usurped by Da Vinci, whose twelve disciples sit like Italians instead of squatting like Turks, and by the Van Eycks, whose Virgin's window opens not on a street of Jerusalem but on the towers of Ghent. As for *Rule Britannia*, the physiography of its first lines is so shockingly bad, that school-managers must surely soon forbid it even when the building is let at night for a patriotic entertainment. But while it is not for me to say anything that is not thankful and reverent of the School Board for London, the fact remains that through their enlightened action Mr. Strang's *Ploughing* will not be seen by the eyes he hoped would see it; and to draw to it eyes of which he did not, in the first instance, think, I am calling attention to his noble print, and to the Association which is to be credited with this and so many other beautiful things, in the pages of *The Dome*.

L. A. Corbeille.

(NOTE.—As the Art for Schools Association is not a commercial undertaking, and applies all the profit earned to the extension of its work, space has gladly been given to Mr. Corbeille's skilful appeal for new subscribers.—The EDITOR of *THE DOME*.)



## A TIMELY HINT

THEY sat in the afternoon dulness, on a bench not too heavy or too ungainly to be out of keeping with the broad asphalted promenade. A straggled crowd passed lazily along behind them, and confused its chatter and laughter with the rattle and roll of the traffic on the roadway; before them a vast plain of sea, lifting and falling in morose unrest, extended to a wide horizon, its hazy mutterings easily reaching their ears; in and about all the other calls, drones, and clatterings, were the edgeless tones of a German band which was playing for its living a quarter of a mile away.

And now the man turned sharply to his companion.

"You would"—he began, his voice betokening some fear; then broke off, and asked hurriedly, "What was that you said?"

An uneasy little laugh was drawn from the woman, and an extra tinge of colour sprang into her cheeks.

"I said," she answered, and the lightsomeness was at once lost, "that I should go in any event."

"Whether you believed it right or wrong?"

"Yes, whether I believed it right or wrong."

He tried to draw her eyes, but she turned her face from his as she spoke, and looked out on the sea, her lips tremulous, he thought, her foot nervously tapping the air. And without warning his interest in her case became so overwhelming that he was driven to question her further, even on that most difficult subject.

"You mean, that your love for Ellman is so great—?" He could not imagine it necessary to complete the question.

"Don't you understand that?" she answered, still refusing to look at him.

"I've heard of such things, of course," he told her uncom-

fortably, "but in your case—well, I thought you had satisfied yourself that you were right."

"I have—a thousand times," was the prompt response.

"Then"— But he was interrupted.

"Oh! don't you see that I must be frank with you?" she cried. She was bending towards him, her hand on his arm, her beautiful young eyes and lips trembling before his. "You're my oldest friend—the only one who knows my secret at this moment—and it is positively a privilege to confess myself to someone."

"I am Ellman's friend, too, Mrs. Hazlitt," he reminded her quietly.

"And you think I would not make that confession to him?" she cried.

"Have you made it?" was the quiet rejoinder.

"There has been no need," she told him somewhat stiffly. Then, finding that he did not answer, she pressed his arm a trifle more hardly, and pleaded of the face but little older than her own, and but little, if any, less handsome. "Believe me, that is the only reason. Why should we worry ourselves about what we would do if circumstances were different? We *are* justified in going away together! is not that sufficient?"

"I believe *you* will find it so," he allowed heavily.

"But tell me your own feeling," Mrs. Hazlitt begged in some distress. "I want to know what is troubling you—I can't help it."

He caught the quiver of her face, then turned his head away sharply with half a shudder, as the coarse, leering features of a couple of "trippers" showed behind his companion's head. A moment later the women had passed him, taking little trouble to subdue their vulgar jests at his and his companion's expense; once again he was free to speak; once again, as his nerves told him, Mrs. Hazlitt was making a silent appeal. And yet still he found it well-nigh impossible to answer her. The wash and surge of the sea filled his ears, barring out, so it seemed, the noise made by the crowd behind; consciously he was face to face with a problem which, involuntarily propounded by the woman at his side, was yet in a very deep sense his own.

She sat up very erect now, her chin uplifted a shade more than was becoming, one hand grasping the arm of the bench.

"Chris told me, Mr. Rayley, that he couldn't make out if you

approved or disapproved of—us.” She made the announcement in the lowest tone which could reach him, and as if with the intent, chiefly, of submitting a case to herself.

“You’ve not made it easier for me,” he answered promptly.

“Because you thought we considered ourselves pioneers,” she challenged: “an advance guard of the army which was destined to destroy many of the conventions of marriage, to institute a new freedom for lovers!”

“I did,” he allowed, refusing to be influenced by her gradually rising tone.

“And now you think I have confessed so much that the pretty ambition is impossible to us?”

“I think,” he allowed, “that you’ve made it unnecessary to yourself.” He paused a moment before adding, “If you are prepared to take this step merely in order to gratify yourself”—But in his fear of saying a single word which could bring a blush to the cheek of either of them, he could not complete the sentence, not even when the woman’s laugh answered him.

“And you profess to understand women?” she cried scornfully.

“If you assure me I’m wrong”—Rayley began in false submission.

“You must find that out for yourself,” was the sharp response. Then quickly the warm light flooded her eyes again, and she declared, with a sigh, “Ah! it’s all because you’ve never been in love.”

A tell-tale colour came into Rayley’s face, but his voice was still unruffled when he answered, “Anyhow, I know your hope.”

“My hope?” she echoed a little helplessly.

“What you’re making a bid for,” he explained, in an effort to draw her on.

But her answer was as curt as it was final.

“I have got all I ask for,” she told him.

Five minutes afterwards, when they had said their good-byes, and he had had the unique experience of watching a woman at the moment of her defiance of the most rigid social law, he knew that she had made the only possible answer. And all the more he was distressed, for all the harder it was to be quite sure of her, and all the greater was the difficulty which beset himself—a

difficulty as little known to Mrs. Hazlitt as a day or two before hers had been unknown to him. Ellman had come to him to break the news, and at once it had entangled itself with a wish, a half-formed plan of his own; he had been urged on by his friend's show of self-confidence, of quiet convictions; then held back by a recital of the precautions to be taken against detection, the dexterity of the plans to be put into force to avoid a *contretemps* of any kind. Could happiness grow within such close defences? he had wondered. Or had his friend's situation been presented to him at a moment when the sight could offer a priceless warning?

He dodged his way across the crowd that occupied the promenade, and stepped on to the roadway. But only to be arrested by a sharp ring of a bicycle bell and a call from the rider, who, to destroy all risk of a collision, sprang from his machine.

"Awfully sorry, old chap, but in this diabolical crowd, you know"—He broke off, perplexity showing on his heavy red face. "But bless me, man, I've not frightened you, have I?"

Rayley forced a laugh, to make the best answer.

"My dear Hazlitt, I know you're formidable on that thing"—he indicated the bicycle—"but really"—

"Well, you were looking uncommonly queer," the other declared, breaking in.

"Was I? You see"—But a quick perception of the whole situation drove back the excuse. What, in Heaven's name, was his situation in respect of this acquaintance? A moment before he had parted in friendship from the wife who was about to run away from this her despised lord. He had no share in the plot, it was true, nor had he any admiration of the husband; but, on the other hand, was not his association with Hazlitt at that moment fair evidence that he knew of nothing which would fully justify the wife's conduct? He would not associate with a scoundrel, if he knew it; but certainly the wife had not offered him any evidence of her wrongs. Possibly she had them, for he had seen something of the brute in her husband; but for the life of him, he could not destroy the suspicion that, to some extent, his companion was being wronged.

"You'll come and dine on Thursday?" Hazlitt cried a moment later, as he stood with a foot on the step of his bicycle. "The Wiltons are coming, and"—

"My dear fellow, that's the very day I'm booked for a rush to town and back."

The excuse ran on easily in his anxiety to be away to the quietude in which he could think out his thoughts. For still more cunningly now the question was attacking him: If such were the facts in respect of the Hazlitts' case, what of his own? If Mrs. Hazlitt had but the case it seemed she had, could that lover of his have a better? He had thought that other wife wronged beyond measure, but could he be quite sure? He had believed the other husband pitiless and unpitiable, but might he not have misread him to some extent?

The town had many streets which offered no bait to the "tripper"—wide, airy streets, lined with villas for the most part, each in a setting of bright, well-trimmed, well-grown garden. To one of the smaller of these villas Rayley admitted himself—a house within sound, though not within sight, of the sea. The waves, though often sluggish, yet in a quiet moment filled the air which flowed into his rooms, mingling with the sunshine, or the cold shadows of the night, and serving excellently as a background for the thoughts which had exercised him during many weeks past. And now, deep in a chair drawn up to the open window, and feeling himself scarcely without the scene of the summer ecstasy, he tried to enter once again on the track of his old hopes and fears, to come to a last decision, to place himself in his own reckoning where he could remain. He too was in love; he too was tempted to lure a woman from her husband. Almost he had agreed with himself to make his appeal; but could he do so now? And what was the something which had crept into his consciousness since Mrs. Hazlitt had made her frank declaration? He was no saint; he was but little more moral than the average man of his acquaintance; and yet was it not Mrs. Hazlitt's confession of indifference to the morality of her conduct which had unsettled him?

At the end of an hour's pondering, he caught sight of a dainty envelope stupidly placed in an inconspicuous position on the mantelpiece. He sprang to his feet, urged by a recognition of the tint of the pale green cover, and a moment later by the handwriting.



"DEAR MR. RAYLEY,—Do come to us to-night. We are so dull, and so very much alone.—Yours sincerely,

"NELLIE BASLOW."

The simplest note; and yet the lines under the "we" and the "very" inflamed him with a fresh telling of a tale which, in one view, was so much his own. That thrust of the pen made the plural form of the word spell a very emphatic singular; the second gave immeasurable emphasis to a statement already poignantly emphatic. What had happened to the dear woman? Anything? Or was it just the old mood which had actuated her—that mood which had linked itself with one of his, and made the formal confession of their love as unnecessary as it might have been determining? But, merciful Heavens! was not that mood a something to thrill the nerves and refashion the day? Could he be brute enough to hold it in mind and yet wonder if there was a commonplace cause for the seemingly little note? He began to despise himself; then in wild reaction to congratulate himself that he was committed to nothing. In a fever of doubt he paced the room, trying to formulate a plan by which he could probe to the heart of his lover deep enough to obtain a view like that which Mrs. Hazlitt had freely offered him. Would Nellie Baslow, like her, be willing to link her fate with his whether the linking was right or wrong in her view? If he asked her to leave her husband for his sake, would the degree of her feeling for him alone determine her answer? Or would she in the last resort lean upon her ideal of goodness? What would any woman do at such a time, even the most angelic, whose blood was warm? Was the whole sex a law to itself with respect to such affairs; and was it only the man—so much abused for his self-indulgence—who kept within view of more eternal things?

## II

The night had not yet come; only a single veil of twilight was spread across the dining-room. A large window had been thrown open which gave upon a bank of grass, its frame reaching well-nigh to the floor; and now in the clear grey light the mound of



green, cut with a gravel-path, seemed to be a part of the room, to blend its colours with those of indoors, to make assurance that the spirit of the hour could dwell in the home of polished wood, shimmering glass, silken fabric, shadowed colours and softened tracings of brush or needle.

The dinner was over, and a touch of moodiness seemed to have fallen on the trio at the table, with the final departure of the servants. Seated in a semicircle they could all look out on the plain of sand and sea which showed through the wide central window. And on this side of the room, too, the evening air flowed in, carrying with it now a dim cry of a holiday-maker at large beyond one of the protecting shore-hills, now the harsh cry of a gull as it swooped near in to this sheltered house; and always the dull murmuring of the restless sea, swelling and falling beneath a rich hap-hazard sunset.

Until a memory came to Arnold Baslow, and he sprang from his seat in haste.

"Well, Rayley, I must go, as I told you just now. Will you trust yourself in the care of Nell?" His thin severe face relaxed to an amiable smile, as he put the question, and challenged the impression of middle age which his bearing and appearance had at first made. For a moment he stood with his large hands on the back of his chair, his bright eyes passing rapidly between Rayley and his wife, his clean-shaven face still a trifle relaxed, his tall lithe figure somewhat showily bent towards the guest.

"If Mrs. Baslow will accept the burden—" Rayley began, with a laugh. But the lady broke in, uttering the falsest of sighs:

"Oh! you will help to make that eternal sunset disappear!"

"Prince of Darkness!" Baslow exclaimed, and while the steely smile was still on his lips he pressed his wife's hand genially.

"I shall not be late, Nell."

He took a couple of steps towards the door, then turned to glance at the guest and to call lightly:

"A thousand apologies, Rayley."

"Not the odd one," was the forced response.

"It's polite, you know," the other confessed with his edged humour; and nodding his good-bye, he went easily from the room.

Listening intently, the couple who remained at the table heard

the tread of light feet on the tiles of the hall, and quickly thereafter the bang of a heavy door against its frame; even a crunching of a gravel path and a clatter of a gate, borne in through the windows.

"At last!" Mrs. Baslow muttered. She turned again to the sunset, her bosom, much exposed by a low-cut dress, a-heave, her arms full-stretched that her hands might grasp the edge of the table.

"You wanted to see me to-night?" Rayley asked. He knew the question was dull to fatuousness, but he knew also that it would not bring her look to meet his. And he was keen for a score of seconds in which to make note of her, half-critically, keeping a mental eye on his perplexities of that afternoon, a generous physical eye on her *petite*, nerve-ridden form. A flash-thought of Mrs. Hazlitt made sharper the reassurance of this woman's eager spirit; a comparison of their faces served to refreshen the knowledge of her unfleshy demands. The quick eyes had no veil of unexpressed hope; it was not conceivable that the sensitive, somewhat thin, mouth waited for a kiss to win it into characteristic shape. Indeed the face betokened a satisfying possession rather than a disturbing desire; an assurance rather than a helpless hope. A frankness supervened upon every other indication, almost making light, even in this man's view, of the demonstration of her style of dress; announcing a creature who could forget much in the satisfaction of an attainment not unspiritual if none too generous.

"I knew Arnold was going out," she said in answer to Rayley, without looking at him. The evening colours had given way to an even tint of grey, and her face seemed to her companion to be warding off shadows.

"And so?" he asked softly.

"Just what I told you," was the quiet confession: "I wanted to shake off my loneliness for an hour." Then a trifle more eagerly she suggested, "Shall we sit on the verandah while you smoke?"

"If you—" Rayley began.

"I should like it immensely," she told him with some formality.

And soon they were sitting where the sea was hidden from view by a hillock of shrubs; a bank of grass sloped to a lawn at their feet; a mild scent of flowers mingled with the rough breath of the ocean; while sharp clicking sounds came faintly from the

house in mock warfare with the imperious tones of the waves, warning, it seemed to Rayley, against the acceptance of too generous an illusion brought by the peace and simple richness of the scene, and by the presence of the woman at his side. He could have believed that those faint noises from the house were made to remind him of the "life" that yet was in the dwellers within it. The sea out beyond recked little of such poor human affairs, it seemed; but was not the sea a stranger, after all?

"And you?" he questioned, after a few commonplaces had slipped from them. "How are things with you?"

Mrs. Baslow's eyes shone out steadily above the high collar of the cloak she wore.

"I don't think I've considered them of late," she answered easily.

"I thought Baslow was trying to be kinder," Rayley remarked.

"Trying?" the woman echoed. "Anyhow, he must fail," she declared.

"Why?"

"It takes two to make a success of that kind."

"But you would not refuse"—

"I could not accept," she answered, breaking in.

"But why?" Rayley repeated helplessly, the while he strove to search every light and line of her face.

"You don't know?" She turned to him as she spoke, but her eyes wavered informingly before his, and set him wondering if indeed despite her assurance she was feeling more deeply than himself. And quickly a confession was forced from him by the sheer hopelessness of playing a part at that moment.

"I know you love me," he declared.

"And that you love me," she added on a rush of the breath.

"Yes, and that also," he allowed.

"Then—?"

"Still we are not alone, remember." He was bending forward, his arms on his knees; conscious of the coming of the stars and the gathering of the night, and yet void of any influence but that which sprang from his doubt. He was reminded that at that very hour Mrs. Hazlitt and Ellman were speeding from the town in hot haste; and it was hinted to him, too, that an elopement was not possible which could be free, in the observer's view,

from the stain of a subtle vulgarity. Certainly the policy of those adventuring friends did not translate them to the clouds, in his thinking. Then could a similar policy of his own translate himself into that transformable region? He could defy society; but could he forget it? Moreover, Mrs. Hazlitt's moral attitude had not seemed to him of the finest; and as it covered a flight with a lover—well, might it not be that a finer feeling would have insisted on covering something more surely commendable? Had Nellie Baslow that finer feeling? His mind would have to break before he could accuse her of conscious wrong; but in her innocence was she impelled any more than Mrs. Hazlitt by the only belief which could induce him to take her—the belief that he was thereby helping rather than injuring society? And yet, if she could be his, how love would wing them about the world! If Baslow were dead, for instance!

"In a day or two I shall go—somewhere," she informed him steadily. "He has been hard as iron; and I know he is not true to me. I cannot yield now."

"Have you tried?" Rayley ventured to hint. And the answer came at once:

"Recently? No: that is why he has been struggling to get near me again."

The little speech told a sharp tale, and once again Rayley was set a-wondering at the clear narrow outlooks of this, and that other woman; of their lack of need to face any issue but one. Mrs. Hazlitt shown by a happy chance to be indifferent to the strict moral issue; Mrs. Baslow assuredly finding law in her cherished longings, in love of life, and obedience to self. In one view was there much difference between them?

"Let him try," he petitioned. "Give yourself a chance with him!"

"Do *you* say that?" She drew her cloak close about her.

"I cannot forget Baslow," he exclaimed; "and if he means to be"—He broke off, to add in a hoarse troubled voice, "I know what I should feel in his place."

"You could not be in his place," the woman cried. "He has chilled me to the bone, harried me in sheer malice, even kissed me before strangers for my punishment! I am as estranged from him—as—as I am drawn to you."

Her voice fell over the last words, but to his surprise the appeal was made to his pity rather than to his love. He sorrowed with the wronged woman, but he could look with some firmness on her desire. For the fear was not to be ousted that she had come into his life for his temptation. Her unhesitating conviction sounded an incessant warning that quite well she might not beware of the risks to be run; his reading of women urged the fear that she would trust to his presence, his embrace, to give more than, in his belief, any love alone could give.

"Perhaps you *had* better go away for a while," he remarked gently as he took her hand. "Go to your people; speak plainly to Baslow"—

She sprang to her feet and away from his side, silencing him by her violence.

"And that is all you have to suggest?"

As under the sting of a bitter insult the blood rushed to Rayley's cheeks.

"Remember, Nell"—he began.

"Remember!" she cried, wild in her anger. But it seemed further words failed her, for after a moment of threatening silence she swept past him, and was lost in the shadows.

Slowly Rayley became aware that the cool night air was pressing against his forehead, and under the fresh touch his mind began to work again. Then she had gone for all time? At that very moment she was in her room, stricken, weeping? He could see the white bosom tossed in its strain; he experienced again the exquisite sense that its appeal was made to him alone. Then in weariness he looked up at the flashing brilliant night.

"And so I cannot disown you?" he muttered to the mighty display, as crystal pure as magnificent. "Then will you give me something in return?"

Arthur H. Holmes.



## KINDNESS

*(From the inedited "Thousand and One Parables.")*

A RABBIT was invited to dine with a Millionaire. "But why are you taking me downstairs?" he asked the chef, who met him in the hall. "Surely the dining-room is on the ground floor?"

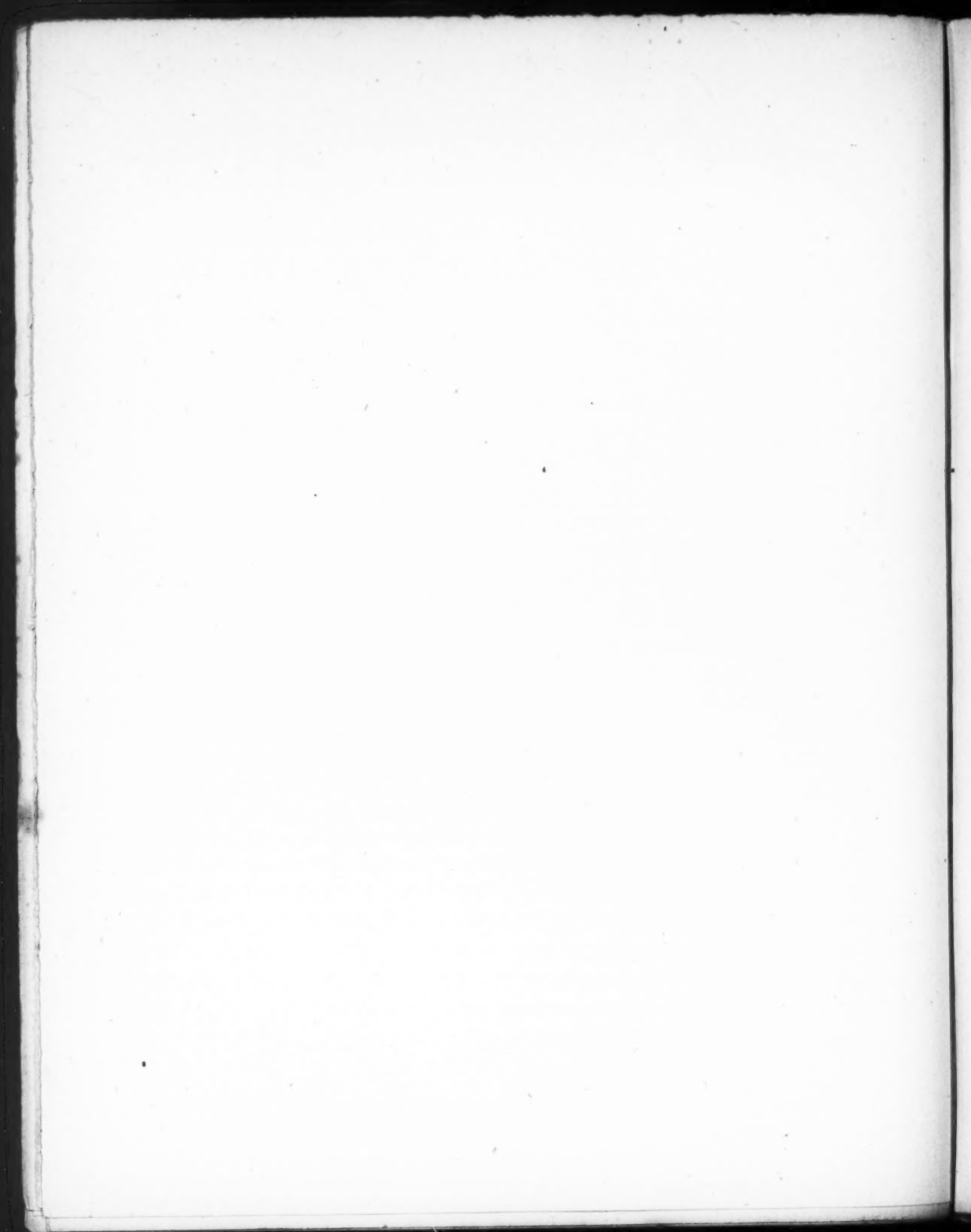
"Do you take me for the footman?" retorted the chef contemptuously. "Besides, they won't begin till you are ready."

J. E. Woodmeald.



# THE STANDARD-BEARER

A Drawing by PHILIP CONNARD.





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## THE PEACOCK

BEFORE attempting to write about the peacock, one must diligently search the dictionary for words such as flamboyant, iridescent, scintillating, sapphirine, and magnificent. Indeed, one should spur his jaded pen to the invention of fresh adjectives of still more vivid significance. For the peacock is a feathered jewel rather than a bird. In his glittering radiance he certainly plagiarises the gem, since he burns always with "a hard gem-like flame." Yet there is just a suspicion of the meretricious about the metallic sheen of his brilliant beauty, so arrestive and audacious. His whole life-work is to be decorative. He struts ever consciously, and he invariably displays his masterpiece of a tail to an admiring audience, never for the pure pleasure of dexterously folding and unfolding a fan of exquisite workmanship so cunningly painted in blues and greens. He is as consciously and deliberately, even as naively, exquisite of pose and colour as Pater of phrase and word. He spreads out his languorous magnificence of articulated feathers with the same luxurious joy as that with which Pater elaborates a gorgeously chaste sentence upon the broad-margined page. It is quite worth looking at—that tail so marvellously inwrought with winking violet-sapphire to match the breast, and emerald-jade, each little jewelled eye set in a halo of burnished copper; its design is curious and most pleasing, quite in the Oriental style. Only in the gorgeous, heartless East would a creature be accepted on its decorative merits purely. His latter end is never out of the peacock's thoughts. When he goes to roost on the branch of an elm tree, as he does in his luxurious haunt by the Serpentine, he droops that unspeakable beauty at a becoming angle, heedfully as a lady of fashion displays her Court train at a Drawing-room tea. The peacock's lines are curiously feminine. What peacock does

not suggest an overdressed woman? From the little waving aigrette that crests the unintellectual head to the extreme coppery fringe of the last tail-feather, the peacock is a woman *en route* for a boring function of ponderous magnitude.

What of the peacock's voice, that has been so maligned by the obtuse and the unmusical? I hold that it has a certain emotional quality which is too often disregarded. The desire and despair in its high, monotonous tones would turn Jean de Reszke's Tristan green with envy. Though it undeniably lacks charm and sweetness, it radiates with colour, harsh but vivid, and therefore valuable. The wail of the peacocks that cry at nightfall across the Serpentine has a weird attractiveness; through the awful discord, a little softened by passing over water, runs a gold thread of tone passion, which appeals, like all the best music, more to the imagination than to the ear. On second thoughts, I find I have maligned the Orientals in saying that they accept such a bird as the peacock merely for its picturesque value. I have no doubt that they must duly appreciate its voice, for their own angular, discordant music, so wild with subtle dissonances, has peacock's tones in it.

When the Maharajah's musicians play on their harsh, pathetic instruments  
in the rose-jacynth court of the Palace,  
When lordly peacocks are strutting like sultans in glittering steel-blue mail  
of burnished plumage, the occasional strident comments of those  
amateur critics  
Must tone in quite admirably with the ordered notes ;

and so forth.

In Rajputana, where all the palaces are rose-coloured, and all creation sacred, peacocks grow thick as bluebells in a bosky dell. They linger meditatively about the cactus hedges by the wayside, contrasting their own deep-sea hues of prismatic sheen with the little flowers of flame; they pose brilliantly among the crops, lighting blue beacons of colour that pales the sky amid the restful green; and they perch discriminately as sapphires on pink and white cornices of miraculous houses. Rajputana is one marvel of pink architecture and peacocks. Peacocks are the barn-door fowls of happy Jeypore, as pigeons are its sparrows. I hope that old Akbar, the lover of colour, adorned his palace at red Futtehpore Sikri with peacocks—I am sure he did! Imagine the luxurious



colour symphony composed of rich red stone of the tone of a dull ruby, white trellised marble, clear as milk, and peacock-blue painted on the living feathers. To complete the ocular happiness, twist a purple bougainvillia round a carved pillar and through a wrought white lattice. I fancy that the great Emperor trained an arrestively radiant bird to roost in the stall of his favourite chestnut Arab, that he might contrast the bright yet cool sea colours of the peacock with the hot opalescent red of the horse. For Akbar's tastes were gorgeous. How the man would have loved Wagner!

Yet the vivid peacock dwells also farther east in delicate Japan, the home of half-tints and suggestion. He is an adaptable bird. The strangeness of his colouring arrests the brilliance of his effect, and holds it back from mere gorgeousness. He is not obviously, fierily gaudy like the golden pheasant. On a Japanese screen his accurately pictured presence is bizarre rather than flamboyant. Compare this subjectively softened peacock with the peacock of the Delhi embroiderers, and you will find it an ethereal, effeminate creature, almost a gracious ghost of its Indian brother. Even thus is the peacock subject to modification.

Of the peacock's soul I have not spoken. Indeed, I am by no means sure that he has one. His voice hints of unsuspected psychological deeps, but he spends his whole life in belieing his voice. His qualities are seemingly purely social and decorative; he thoroughly understands the art of making the best of his tail. He seems to be always in his best clothes at a party, and has an air of wearing his jewels by daylight. He is meditative, but never thoughtful; his thinking apparatus is out of gear through long disuse, I should say. Yet the late Romans considered peacocks' brains a great delicacy, and coupled these with nightingales' tongues in their estimation. One cannot arrive at any logical conclusion on the subject of the peacock's soul. But one can leave it with pleasure, and return to the contemplation of his beautiful body—iridescent, coruscating, metallic, and magnificent.

Israfel.

## TO A BLACKBIRD

Oh Blackbird! calling through the shadowy Dawn,  
Why dost thou shatter sleep's forgetfulness?  
When did I injure thee, that I am drawn  
Back to the light, and yesterday's distress?  
What wakened thee, and, waking, why dost sing?  
Hast still the hope that roused thee yesterday?  
Do happy thoughts, poor fool, for ever spring  
Fresh, as the sleepy shadows float away?

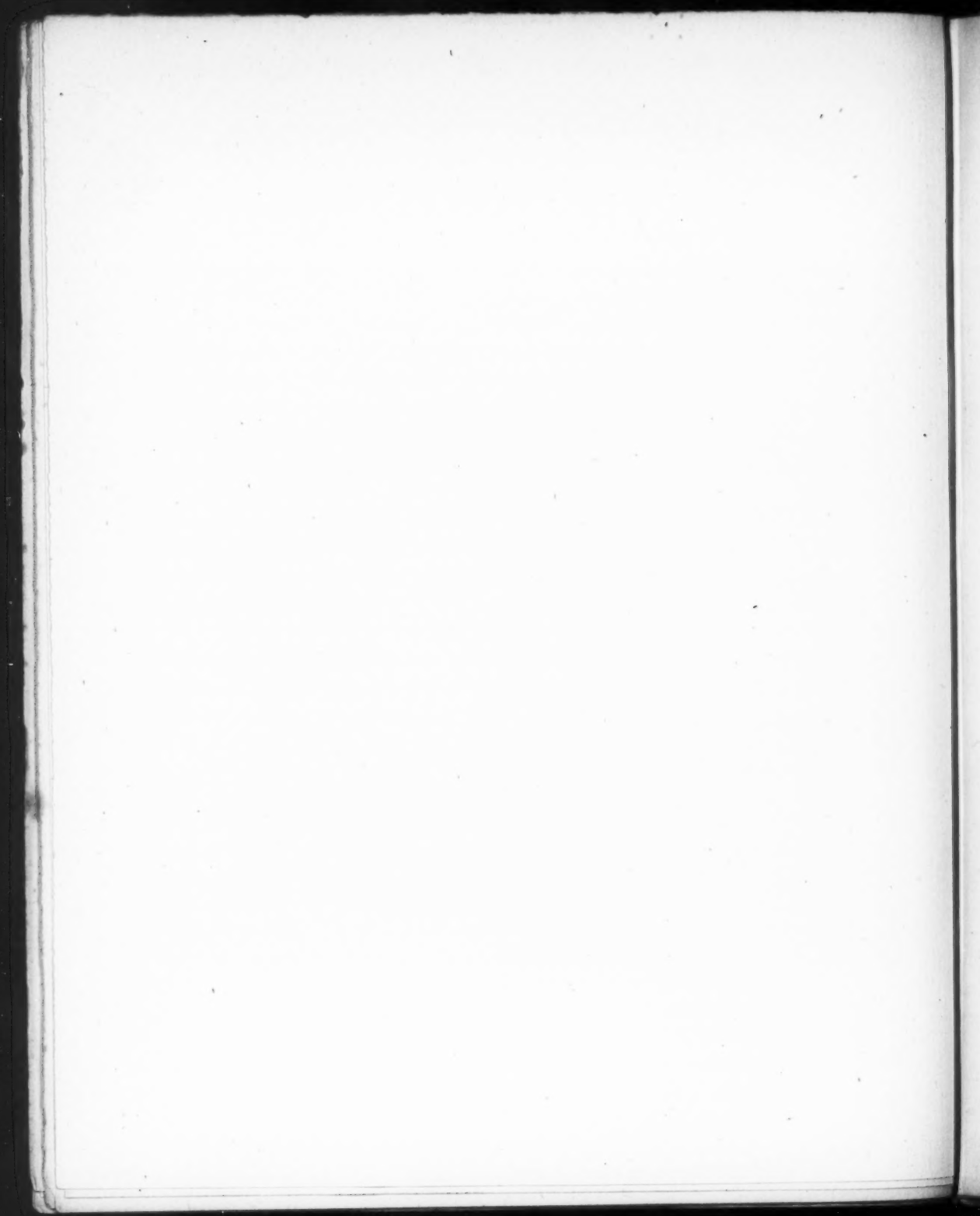
Night had me still in bonds, oh! restless Bird,  
Sweet bonds of sleep, and dim deluding dreams  
Of bravery and beauty. I am stirred  
Straight to what is, from that which only seems.  
If thou, like me, didst know the double game,  
By night the Player, and by day the Pawn,  
Thou wouldst not sing to see the sun's first flame,  
Oh Blackbird! calling through the shadowy Dawn.

Ah! thou art young, and to the young hast called;  
And these on hearing thee will welcome Day;  
Sure of themselves, hopeful, and unappalled,  
Their dreams in daylight do not pass away.  
Shout to them bravely! Fain would I believe  
That, fronting Dawn, thou seest more than I.  
What! Still art singing? Call them to achieve  
Great deeds instead of dreaming till they die!

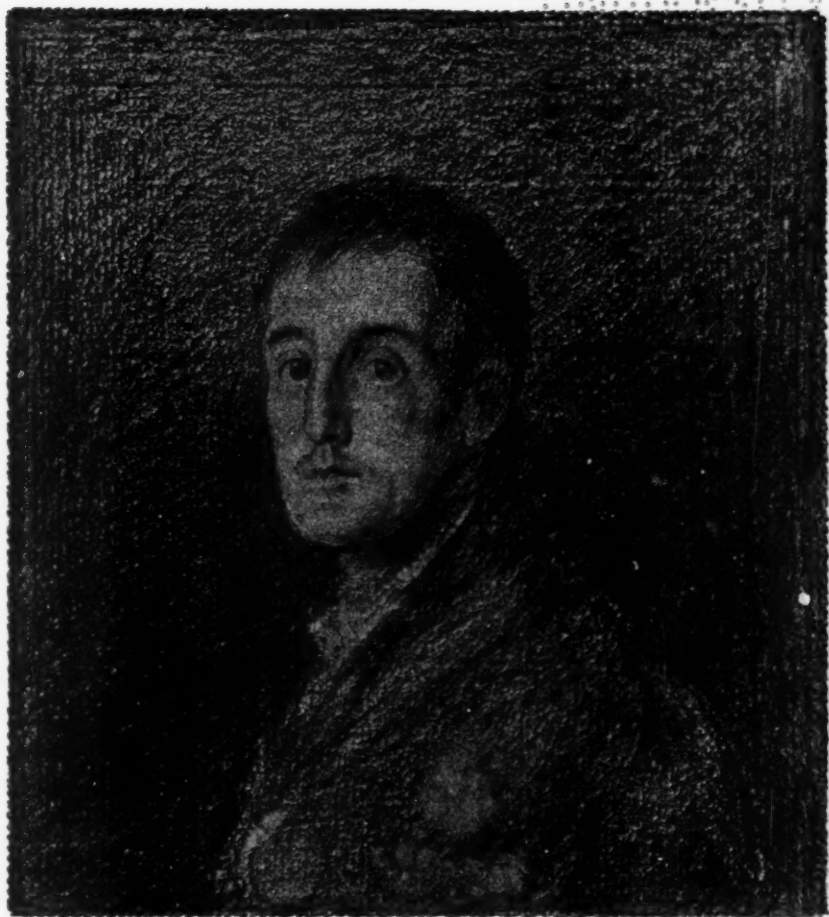
Riccardo Stephens.

# THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

A Chalk Drawing by GOYA.



COLE  
MAY 1901







## RUBY MARTIN'S DIARY

*Brunswick Square, Sunday.*—I remember that I closed this diary, a year ago, with the conviction that I could by no possibility have anything to write in it ever again. What I had written was all over, and as I had no thought of troubling to look into it again, I might as well have burned it. Indeed, I should probably have done so, were not burning a solemn business for so little, and had there been fires at the end of April. And since I did not destroy it at the time, I have not wanted to later, and I packed it, when I left home to come and stay with auntie in London, because I did not know what else to do with it. But now I take it out again, the exercise book, with its shiny black cover and red edges. I bought it in the village and brought it with me to London in the spring of last year, with a conscientious schoolgirl's notion that the metropolis would reveal matter for my edification. It remained unopened till half-way through my visit, and when I brought it home with me it contained my love-story—fifteen pages of writing, and the rest empty.

And now I turn over a blank page and begin again—unexpected old companion—as when I began long ago, so long ago, with no thought beyond recording an impression of the moment. Until now, whatever I wanted to write I wrote in my letters to him, until now, when there is a separation between us, though we are in the same place, oh, a separation suddenly here, beyond the help of either of us. Our love remains; but the light has died out and the spring.

I look back on the wonderful time and see how wonderful it was—too wonderful, perhaps. The intoxicating sense of power, the woman's power, that was mine by right without effort, something that I had dreamed at times and put from me as sweetly

impermissible. The almost physical sensation that at a distance he was mine; among other women passing and repassing him away in London, still his eyes were chained to me, my prisoners, though I might turn my back, go my ways, look where I like. But then, if he was in my presence, and I could with him what I would, I was also in his presence, and he was too big a thing that I should enjoy any feeling of power in secret; he saw it and suffered it—he would have known even if I had been able to keep from doubling the joy of my feeling by telling him.

Was it too much, the liberty of this boundless intimacy? Were we claiming more than our right, venturing too far beyond the everyday world and its set limits?

It was as if an unknown instrument of strings were hidden in me. An affection may have sounded one note, a flush of the imagination softened and set the string of another vibrating; but the sounds were thin and disconnected. He found the key-board, and played on it from end to end; his fingers covered the whole compass. He could not know all that he was doing, nor how it feels to grow conscious at his touch of all these unexpected strings existing in me, nor how sweet their harmony. We were talking of this, in the Square this afternoon after tea; and I said to him, laughing, that he could not possibly know how it felt to me, though I might tell and tell, and lay myself open for him to look and look—laughing, as I teased him with this secret which he could never comprehend, because in the morning, on our way back from the Abbey, he had spoken seriously of such thoughts as I might be supposed to have apart from him—of my belief, it was, again.

“I love to be allowed to be present in person sometimes when you pray, and to feel that I always may be allowed. I may not understand in the abstract, but I think I can understand what you do, and I want to see you all the time. I cannot imagine how one could bear it, if such a difference meant anything like a secret, an appealing, perhaps, of one against the other, a praying for something the other may not know. I am not so impertinent as to ask to understand—besides, understand is too narrow a word for anything you do,—I can take it in without any such trivial process as understanding; and it is no question of my opinion, for I have none where you are concerned, and much less of what I like or don't like, for I love everything you could possibly think or do.

I only want to know. Surely there is no harm in that? I may sit by and watch?"

I told him, as often before, that in this and in all things I would have nothing outside the circle of his possession; I was entirely within it, he possessed me, and with me my prayers. I doubted whether I ever prayed even that he might come to think as I did, except only as God willed. Only he must not think that I prayed well; I would not have him think that I was always strong in the faith, single-hearted in obedience. If he saw me, he might often discover me wavering in my trust, weak. I was more afraid that he would think too well of me in my faith, better than I deserved, than of anything else.

And because we had conversed thus seriously in our happiness, as we made our way back along the Embankment from Westminster to the Temple in the morning, I was, in the afternoon, laughing as I held over him the woman's joy that I felt, and he could never understand, while we wandered in the Square; and I was laughing in unclouded good spirits as I sat on the seat, that had lately been cleaned in promise of summer, and looked up at him.

"No, we have the better part, and that is why 'a woman should forgive largely, if there is anything to forgive.'"

We had heard the words an hour before, from a caller, a friend of auntie's, a lady given to moralities. She had been telling about the engagement between a particularly good and sweet girl whom we liked, and a man whom Walter knew of and disliked as an unpleasant type of the man who has lived recklessly. He had made a secret of nothing, and the girl had forgiven him. Jestingly I laid stress on the sententious quotation, and gazed past him with wide eyes—an attempt at a far-away look. "Forgive," he said, oddly incredulous and serious. I glanced up, surprised at the tone, to see what he would be at. He was standing sideways from me, and, as it seemed, a little farther away, holding his hat with both hands behind his back, and looking down at the ground. My eyes followed him with a sensation of uneasiness. His further silence brought them up again, only to drop once more in growing fear of the unanswered jest that began to lie upon us so oppressively.

"There is something," he said, hardly finding his voice.

Then it was as if some inner eyelids closed gently and I saw black for a space, a long space, though they unclosed again directly

they touched, and he had said, "I should have told you before," and I noticed with surprise that it was not a sunny day. I did not want to move or speak; I might have been swung up by a lift and landed, with just a perceptible settling motion, where I could see the things with which I was familiar as they really are. It was a worn and meagre bit of nature, this London Square; the thin, black-stemmed limes, thickening with pale green foliage, looked like starved weeds; the black, bald patches round the edges of the grass, at this season of the year, told me of a dead, unsweetened soil; the whole scene was worn, shiny like a coat, fingered, trodden, rubbed, in the midst of too much poor humanity. And I knew myself to be one separate item among the many, just a poor girl, with no saving qualities of prettiness or elegance or gaiety, sitting on a clumsy bench, with another item among the many before her. There were some more of us on the other side, pale children walking with a melancholy nurse, and a man crying something in the street. All this was revealed at once to my eye, and mechanically I turned to think of God, the glorious God, as a refuge; but when His world is neither heart-rending with pain nor intoxicating with beauty, but just the very greyest, one seems to have no energy to think of its Creator.

I did not catch his eye, nor see his expression, for he had stepped back a little, and was looking away. I sat inert while he moved off. When he had been gone a few seconds, I wondered how he could leave the Square, since I held the key on my finger. I rose and walked a few steps, but could not see him. I went to the gate with a vague anxiety; it was ajar, as he must have found it. I looked over—he was already some way down the street. For a moment, under the accustomed impulse, I forgot so far as to call, hardly above my breath, after the distant figure.

I do not know how I might else have occupied myself, since auntie was out, and he had settled to pay a visit; but the sense of nothing to do, when I returned to the room, was acute, it was an oppression like the weight of unreasonable sleeplessness in the night. I wandered out into the street again, then returned to my bedroom to take off my hat, and found myself back in the sitting-room with it still on, gazed at the few books, looked out of the window, then asked myself impatiently what I should have been doing anyhow during this hour.

It was not until auntie came in, that I began to feel I wanted to be alone to think. But even then I could not properly, my thoughts swerved from any approach to the thing I was to think of—and what was it, indeed?—only to find that there was nothing else, until I grew sick of myself and my petulance. I wondered what I was expected to think, and I stumbled against the word “forgive.” It meant nothing. His incredulity was right. The thing for which the word had somehow come to be invented did not exist. I had never forgiven anybody, although twice every day I expressly acknowledged that it was my custom to forgive.

I think I was glad to find anything to fight, anything to knock down; and my rebellious satisfaction grew until it demanded expression. I was eager to write down, “There is no forgiveness,” and support my discovery with hot arguments. But I had not yet moved to get the forgotten diary, where, it seemed, such a record should appear, when my thoughts wandered beyond my control, and I have written something quite different. And now that I have reached the starting-point, my rebellious discovery proves immaterial, interests me not at all, and I record it only because it happened.

*Monday.* — I was oppressed last night with dismay at what seemed hardly removed from curiosity. I did not know where to turn that I might escape from the insistence of the question, “What was it that he did?” And in the quieter light of this morning it still seems to me that I cannot tell what I am to think unless I know. Only I cannot bear to think of forming—I can hardly write it—an opinion about him. My whole being so rises against the thought and refuses it that it cannot be right. And yet when I look at things as they are, I can see no other way out.

He had not intended to come in again after supper yesterday; but he failed to come for breakfast this morning, and that was unusual enough for auntie to remark upon it.

“He thought perhaps yesterday afternoon that he would not be able.” That averted questions, and also made me realise that he was keeping away, and then that he might keep away perhaps until he heard from me, until I wrote him *permission*, as if he had been *dismissed* by my silence when he spoke to me in the Square.

The idea and the words have weighed on me all day, and he



has not been to dinner either, so I determined I would write to him, write just what has grown to be my thought. "I do not think you must leave me like this. I am without a guide, and have fallen at times to thinking mean things I am ashamed of, things I would not tell you. I have found myself curious, then thinking 'He would have all of me, and yet there has been this in him I did not know.' Oh, I need not tell you—they are not really my thoughts. Only what am I to think?"

But I am going to bed without sending him any letter. I think it is stupid; but I cannot make up my mind to do it. My weakness will leave me no peace to-night; but it seems so long since I saw him, I am so strange and at a loss, that I have no confidence to help me to a decision.

*Tuesday.*—He has been, and I am easier; I feel as if the weight were somewhat off my shoulders. I do not know what I expected to happen, but things have passed, I see, as of course they must. Indeed, I expected nothing; only as a refuge from useless and disturbing thoughts, as the one certainty that stood above the tossing doubt, my heart went out in blind longing to see him again. I repeated to myself, "You will see him to-morrow, he will be with you in person—the real man; you will see him, you will see him."

He surely must come—I clung to that despairingly, woke to it with a start at dawn, then lay bitterly reproaching myself that I had not written, discovering no valid reason for my hesitation. I next woke with a fear that I had overslept myself, that it was long past the breakfast hour, and I hardly dared look at my watch; but it was only eight. I hurried up and found myself at the window of the sitting-room; I hardly had enough sense left to say to myself with any conviction that I was absurd—for I could not even sit down. My desire to see him had become unreasoning, and immediately I caught sight of him I was downstairs in the hall. But my hand stayed as I raised it to open the door, and I was for withdrawing. I stood irresolute for something to happen, as if the sound of the bell would decide whether I should open to him or leave it to the servant. I stared at the brown door until I knew it by heart—the black disfigurement where the letter-box had been; the box which lay undisturbed in the corner by the



umbrella stand ; the big lower lock, which only existed to mislead ; the little brass knob above, which was really effective ; the mat at my feet sunk into a tiled oilcloth that was brown canvas in places. But no ring came. I don't know how long I might have stood had not auntie come downstairs, so that I was caught in a position that could only be explained by opening the door.

I had not asked myself in what way the sight of him would bring relief ; I had only longed to see him, knowing that it would. I had realised with strange emotion as I looked at the door that he was hesitating in fear of seeing me, and when my hand was forced and I opened— Ah, how selfish I had been ! I saw a face that lacked colour, and drawn eyes, and deepened marks between the eyebrows. He smiled and said, "I thought I was rather early."

And we arrived at nothing more intimate during breakfast. It seemed natural at the time, so long as he was there ; but when I think of it apart, it is strange how all intimacy can drop out in a moment. His eyes never met and held mine ; none of our words, our turns of speech, our criticisms, jokes, and shared experiences, made any appearance : the common fund that had rolled itself up, as we invested in it day by day, all that capital lay aside, bearing no interest. Whatever subject rose, we each took it separately, and as though it had never come before us until then, he with great politeness and consideration. Apparently our behaviour was no different in auntie's eyes, and I found a softening comfort in this feeling that there was a secret between us two, a secret on which we did not touch, and that in doing my best, without question, to support the conversation he wished to promote, I was with him, on his side.

How is it possible, how does it come about, that such a thing can have happened as puts a division between me and a man who was right through, in every thought that came into his head, in all his ways of seeing, so high above the rest ?

The question probably has no meaning, if we could only see aright, and no answer. I can almost understand that, almost—only it is the sort of truth that needs him to make me feel it, to keep me to it ; by myself I fall back to the obvious. If I wonder what I should think—how can I think unless I know ? If I begin to pity myself—for what am I to be pitied ? And when I think of

him, troubling—what thoughts trouble him? I want his “It does not really exist!”—of something, perhaps, that all the rest of the world believes in and is guided by. Things are so faint and dead without him.

*Wednesday.*—People are much less observant than one thinks. I was afraid yesterday morning, I felt that auntie must know when she came upstairs again to us that he had not kissed me. But my fears are quite groundless. She did not remark this morning that anything was different.

Conversation would have dragged, had he not strained so goodly to keep it up, finding always something to say, talking much to auntie of things that seemed, without his knowing it, always to turn seriously in his hands. He was so simple that at first I hardly thought of it as an effort; but as time went on, I realised by some instinct, that he wished to be near me, although he had nothing to say to me, and then his unusually usual behaviour touched me so, that I talked as much and as well as I could to prevent myself thinking of it, lest the tears should appear in my eyes.

He was saving me, bearing all the weight.

His speech was so foreignly usual as I went downstairs behind him to see him out—“Then your aunt is not going to the Museum to-day?”—that when we reached the door I had courage to break through a little, and say—

“You won’t leave me again so long?”

I took the cheerful tone of my question from him, though I am afraid that with “so long” my sentence fell too deeply. He was raising his hand to take his hat from the top of the stand; he kept his arm lifted, as I spoke, and pressed his fingers against the wall, looking up towards them, and then he said—

“I can bring you nothing but trouble . . . and I don’t know how not to.”

And with that, for a moment’s flash, I was lifted to an encompassing feeling of love, above any difficulties, for my poor boy, who would not turn to me, but stood apart straining his hand against the unyielding wall. Then I found myself saying—

“You bring me nothing but happiness.”

Such a look of pain came over his figure, and his whole person

seemed so to strain against breaking down, that my eyes left him, and I passed to open the door, and not addressing him, said lightly into space, "Only don't trouble, tell me what it is, or wait—it is all right" feebly. And on that he recovered himself, and left me with a "Good-bye."

I have not been so happy this week.

11 *p.m.*—He did not come again this evening. But I will not be so easily moved. I remember his saying once, "I used to wish that one's good spirits could be more evenly spread out, it is so degrading to fluctuate like a bad security."

*Thursday.*—Directly I opened his letter this morning, I saw what it was by its length and the first words, "I only know, Ruby, that you must know." A sudden fright caught at my throat, and I put the letter back into the envelope with an almost resentful "Why should I know?" Then when I got to my room I wondered how I could have troubled about being curious. When I took the letter out I was oppressed: "No, no!" something said; but I knew that superstitious voice that is not conscience, only unreason, and I began to read. The letter was enough. The suffering which underlay the very simple sentences, that would confess no pain and move no pity for it, forbade me to persevere and look at the papers that came with the letter.

"I only know, Ruby, that you must know." He returns always to that, not that it comes to look more right or any easier, only more inevitable. I ought to have known before; but it was so often out of his mind, because it seemed to have nothing to do with anything. But sometimes it meant much, and then, since it seemed so difficult to tell, it must be something he ought to tell. "I am saying this that you may know everything, not to justify myself, or trouble you with myself, because there is nothing I can say that would not be better left unsaid." The thing stands in front of him, it blocks the path, he can see nothing until I know, then he will see through it. It will hurt and trouble me to know, that is the one real reason against it; but I shall be hurt, he says, only to know what he is, and I must surely know that; and the hurt is not being done me now, it was already done before he saw me. It would have been more right to speak; but he could not

set that up between us by word of mouth. He could not even write the words of it now, knowing that I was going to read them; but that does not matter, for he only wants me to know. So he sends me what he wrote out a little time later, at Cambridge, when he could not work, and was thinking what exactly happened, and wondering what it meant. Even then, when he was writing only for himself, he did not write in the first person what he had done; but still less can that be changed now. "Only I wish that nothing were hid in the world, and so you had known from the beginning; then whatever had come would have come rightly."

I sent back the enclosure, with a word to say that I had been troubled by the thought that I was curious; but I did not want to know, and especially since I felt I had no right whatever to give him the pain of telling me. I sent it off at once, that he might get it before we meet this evening at the theatre—an old engagement, arranged chiefly between auntie and his mother.

12.30 *a.m.*.—Walter was charming at the theatre to-night, with just—I felt it directly we four met in the entrance, and he took us into his care as we made our way to our box, and disengaged us from our things and settled us in our places—with just that extra air of attention which a man can put on when he sets out to charm, an extreme consideration in action and conversation that makes delightful for everybody whatever is happening. It is a degree of politeness which men rather despise or shrink from—I imagine so from recollections of arguments between Walter and his mother, and my brothers and ours; but it must always please women. And when a man has this manner with his own women, whom he might treat as he liked with impunity, surely it is most delightful, and the most harmless thing in the world. I felt proud of him, one of three women who were being charmed; and just because two of us for his sake, and auntie for mine, were prepared to be pleased with him whatever he did, we made an extremely sensitive little company for him; he could not have found three people who noted and appreciated everything as we did if he had searched the world over. Nor were any of the three pairs of eyes unaware that he looked handsome and distinguished.

Towards the end I thought I discovered a certain restlessness behind Walter's charming behaviour to us. Once, I remember, he

rose and stood rather uncomfortably in the last entr'acte; and when his mother very lovingly touched his sleeve and smiled up at him as she remarked that sitting still in one place right through a play was a task that exceeded any man's power of endurance, he sat down again with a haste I could not account for, and for the first moment he did not appear to understand the affectionate amusement that greeted his action, an action which looked like a guilty obedience to what was certainly meant as anything but a reproof. And I thought perhaps it was strange that he said nothing to me about the returned letter and my note; but he did not.

*Friday.*—I saw that the letter on the breakfast table was his returned again, and I had just slipped it into the book I am carrying about with me, when Walter arrived. I felt it was significant, of what I don't know, and good, that he should have no hand in bringing the letter himself. Then, while he was talking of last night's theatre with auntie, I retired into myself, and for some reason realised, it seemed for the first time, that he travelled out here—and Brunswick Square is hardly on the way from Kensington to the Temple—that he might see me the more, for he is very hard at work. He must leave home at half-past seven to get here at half-past eight, and to start out for such a journey without anything to eat—well, it would not much matter to me, but he has a Cambridge appetite for breakfast that makes one happy to see. They were pleasant, pleasant thoughts, and I should have liked to put my hand on his arm to thank him for them. Yes, perhaps he is right, I will read what he has sent me, and then he will not feel the thing between us. So now I read it, and I open the envelope with no feelings, I believe, at all.

I must wait and think about the letter which encloses the writing he returns to me. He must have written it off and posted it directly he came home from the theatre. He begins by turning what I wrote in my note to him to my credit. "You did not know the extent of your own goodness." I was not conscious of a sense of goodness when I wrote; but that is for him to judge, and if he sees me good I am happy it should be so—no, I am good then, for I am no one else's concern. "Neither can I foresee how your goodness will prove itself, indeed I never think of trying to



foresee : for I have not sat before it, and travelled back so that I seem to know it for your lifetime, without learning that what you do must be loveably done." Is it to be wondered at if I linger over this? Then he goes on. "If you were not what you are, I might feel I was taking an unfair advantage in saying this, reminding you of what you must know, just at this moment, and before you know what is written here ; but that is childish, and you are too big a person. Even if I had never meant to tell you, every day as it passed would have made it more certain that you must know at last, so inevitably has everything strained up to you to be woven in ; there is nothing apart from the thought of you, and it is true now, what I might have said that first day when I followed you to your home, 'you are everything.' If you had been different to me it might not have seemed necessary to tell you, nor would it have been so hard."

I was right when I thought I discovered a restlessness in him at the theatre, though I was far from the reason, far from imagining that he was thinking I did not know, and that he should therefore feel insincere or insecure in our company—"three women who stood so close to one another and to me, who thought so well of me, and together meant so well towards me." If I had known, it would not have been oppressive, because it concerned no one but me. But my not knowing put him wrong with his mother, and even with auntie, and then he felt cut off and alone. My poor boy! He had tried the thought that I need not know, tried, "even to the point of humour, to think as a man of the world, who was in a box with his ladies on a brilliant evening at the play. But every time I looked at you, Ruby, I was less able to feel thus independent : for we were not always to remain so—I was not to be a man of the world to you."

I shall read it now, and in a few minutes I shall have done, I shall know ; at eleven o'clock I shall put my pen on this page here as I am doing now.

9 *p.m.*—I do not know what I had expected to feel when I knew—indeed, I had not thought about it : by the time I came to read, my mind was empty. Only if I had thought for days I should never have guessed that at the reading of the story my head would have dropped on my hands so desolately because



things were so. And it was not new, what I learned, but rather something I knew already, and yet did not know until I was put in mind of it. It is so true. And it is all there, ten minutes' reading, written on three sheets of paper, just as it came to pass, coldly, without any added emotion or excuse; written for his own satisfaction as he saw it, looking back, trying to understand, on the November evening of his last year at Cambridge, when he had settled himself to work—I even discovered a fragment of Latin verse scribbled in pencil on the first page—yet not in the first person of confession, it is always "he" or "the boy," as if it had all happened to someone else. There it is, there it is, that is all. There is nothing to say about it, nothing to think about it, argue or understand, and there is no way of escaping. That is how it is, so did it come about in the summer vacation three years ago.

"She was an artist, a great artist," with the first sentence of the story I knew who it was. Perhaps I had heard his mother mention their meeting, or perhaps it was in a letter to my mother she may have written at the time; anyhow, I knew. But this that might have seemed of importance is of none.

It was a pleasure to her when the boy, with the courage of a few days' acquaintance, found his tongue and dared to launch out in praise of her singing—he was so honestly narrow—there was no other singer.

It comes out inevitably, without pauses, like something abricated by a machine, whose contriving we may not know, but we recognise each bit as it appears.

The further discovery that conversation with her, the great artist, included all the little ordinary things too, the little chatter and jokes and appreciation of her dresses. And she found him different from other men.

And because their comradeship was so natural and right, because it had begun so in the open for all to see, because she was of such assured fame and distinction, a woman his father was proud to salute, whose "What a lovely morning" flattered his mother, because, for once, an idle society found itself looking on at the summer friendship with kindness, because of all this rightness, the growing liberty between them seemed to the last moment so obviously to hold nothing that called for hiding or

shame (although the something was present), and need not at all have led to what was yet predetermined.

Then the walk, inland first, and on the cliffs where the wind blew, and she, as she had done before, leant on his arm; but the difference was felt through the talk that meant nothing, and the bright laughter dropped from them like a cloak and would not be recovered. Yet they returned into the town talking lightly and comfortably, as fallen back into their usual attitude, and there was no reason for disquiet when he accepted her invitation to dine; only when he ran on from her villa to the hotel to tell his mother, as he had told her before, there was a feeling of deception—yet why?—and he wished he were staying to dine with them as usual.

There is nothing to say, nothing to exclaim: that is how it was; and it is written in few words, just simply as it was. How they passed from the dining-room into her special room upstairs arm in arm, just to see whether they could enter the doorway abreast—merely a matter of laughter and romping; but he experienced an odd sort of second memory, for he felt as if, at some previous period, he had so passed into such a room, a memory that was in no way connected with the fact that he had, as it happened, actually been taken into this room before then. And how, as he played reassuringly with his cigarette, there seemed to come a distance between the boy, sitting at a little table in the middle of the room, and her on the sofa, a sort of dulness, and he was telling of little misfortunes in his life at home, disagreements with his father, things that cost him some pain, things he had never told anyone before. And she comes over to him (the story passes on surely like fate) to show a note from a great composer, only a note she had promised days ago to show him. Then the boy knew that the fall was predetermined, knew that he had known it to be there all the while, biding its time; though all the while, at every step, it need not have turned out so, might have been different. It was nothing, it was everything. And he was left only with the longing for what might occupy the blank, an affection or kindness from her whom he had so admired, something that would stretch forward and defiantly continue humanity. If he could have knelt at her feet, and she had touched his forehead. But he was too shy, and she might not understand

or help him. He was so little to her, if only he could have been of importance in her life.

And when he was back in his room at the hotel, his thoughts swayed among baffling questions. Noisy revolt was not possible, nor disgust at littleness, nor regret that he had done something that could not be revoked, nor anything: there was nothing for it but to lie still and go to sleep as on every other night. There he was in his bed above the noisy thoroughfare; that was so, that was a fact, and in the face of it repentance was shown meaningless. Why was it wrong, and how bad was it? where exactly was it set down in the catalogue of wrong? No one knew, no one could tell him. It was nothing, it was everything. But then what was real in his life? Was his work the real reality, the solid heart of things, his kindness to his mother, his everyday occupations, his friends, his acquaintances, his eating, his dressing? From the street the shouting of the race-week rose to him; drunken men were yelling, yelling, English and French. They were real, they were walking the streets shouting—that was a fact.

If only there had been a to-morrow to it, something continuous, a bond somewhere between them, so that they could say "Yes" together for the future. But how can one try to justify one's-self to one's-self all alone? One would have to be a giant, a Goethe, or not think at all. And then above the noise of the street, from high up came to him the wailing cry of gulls, driven inland by threat of stormy weather. And as the boy lay, their high-up notes claimed his attention, held it as though they were something eternal, and real beyond anything he could imagine. There was a fact again, a fact above cavil. There was no answer, no question; the gulls were up there circling and crying overhead, and in the stillness of that thought he fell asleep.

And here he wrote for once in the first person.

"'Facts, facts,' I can remember, I can understand it still when I think; but I wonder what it means; why should 'facts' have seemed in some way a solution?" He knew no more about it then than he did that night, had come to no more conclusion; when would he know? It advanced, it receded, it was an accident, it was nothing of the sort; often it was clean gone and he could think "it never happened"; when would it become fixed?

Next morning he is on his way to the villa ; he does not desire to go, and yet he could go nowhere else. There is nothing else to do, it is the only thing : returning therefore as though he were something chained. And she is gone, and there is only the letter for him, and some days to be passed that were crippled by a kind of agony of restless futility. The letter he destroyed when he left the holiday, for he would not drag it with him, and he knew it by heart—and could see, if he chose, the big handwriting that ran on over four sheets of notepaper, and stopped without a signature. And I can remember it too ; it stays in my head.

“Get straight with your work and started in your profession, and then go and marry a nice girl. This may sound to you superior ; it is anything but that. There are many ways of living life, perhaps as many as there are persons in the world, and I should be loath to say that any is wrong, provided it entails as little meanness, deception, and inhumanity as is possible in this odd life, and does not destroy work or sap the worthy qualities in each individual. But there is one way that is undoubtedly right ; there can be no question about marrying a girl who is your companion, and finding your happiness in hers. That, at least, is certain ; I never heard any objection made against it except its impossibility ; therefore I am not superior when I think you are the man to find it possible. I want you not to bother about a past fault, and still less to be led, by thinking of it, or by the cynical and superior opinions of anyone you meet, to drop into the error of thinking one way of life—the adventurous, irregular way, is somehow finer than another ; it is not. And if ever you think or hear that it may be, remember who it was that told you definitely that it was not—somebody who has more right to give an opinion than any superior cynic you will meet, a *prima donna assoluta*, with two continents at her feet, and scruples—well, all the world thinks it knows how few. Certainly I am not accustomed to deny myself anything. That is all I have to say, and to tell you not to bother about me—I mean, don’t try, for instance, to imagine beyond what I have written that I have an opinion of you, or what it is, because, you see, what I, or anybody else, may think of you does not matter to you in the least.”

It is, yes, certainly, a noble letter ; and yet when I read it I

wished it had not been written and passed to me ; it makes me feel so small—and—so—weary.

It should not, but I cannot help it ; I am only Ruby Martin.

*Saturday.*—I think he will probably not come to breakfast this morning, and I think that relieves me. At least I am filled with lassitude and a distaste of things, as though nothing were any good, nothing mattered. I think I want to be left alone, quite alone. If I could be at home again without returning home ; just be there as if nothing had happened—even there I should not be alone enough. Someone, I remember, had an illness in which she could not bear the weight of any clothes on her body ; I feel like that. I might say I was not coming down to breakfast ; but though I am impotent enough for anything, that does not seem the right thing to do, and I am almost sure he will not come.

He did come—and I was wrong. Until he appeared, I could not have guessed how strong a thing custom is. For an instant, just after he entered, I know I saw him with strange eyes, "this is the man who has been through much" ; but the flash was so brief before he was Walter again, that I hardly know whether pity lifted with a certain respect did accompany the interior exclamation. Certainly no one could have been more sparing towards me of his presence. He glided over me, on the top of things, not touching me, not seeming to see me even when the fortune of conversation made him address me. Auntie told him of the letter she had received yesterday evening—she might at any moment have a telegram recalling her home to Paris.

"Ruby and I have been discussing the propriety of her staying on alone here if I have to go away."

"And how did the discussion end ?" he asked lightly.

"It met the fate of most discussions. I don't seem to remember that we kept particularly to the point ; but I think we were left with the general conclusion that is more or less foregone wherever this child is concerned—that she might do what she liked."

"That seems very wise ?" he said gently at me.

And then followed an explanation and discussion of the business that might take auntie back to Paris. It was the sort of thing that must really interest him, this inside and outside committee



warfare. We all grew interested, and I found I was coming to understand the whole affair quite clearly.

The inefficiency of the secretary, a nominee of auntie's party, only covered the real point of dissension. For the opposition wish to restrict the charity within the province originally intended, while auntie is of opinion that they would lose incalculably by going back. Her point is that the more the various charities of Paris can work together, the better it will be; that each charity should be ready with the help which its particular organisation is fitted to give, to a certain degree irrespective of creed; while the others think that the organisation ought to be strictly built for the particular objects of the charity, and not at all *vice versa*. It was not really, auntie said, a question of being liberal-minded or not, though it would largely be argued on those lines; it was more a matter of practical effectiveness, and their existing organisation, which was the result of growth along the lines of effectiveness rather than of deliberate manufacture, appeared to her by far the most valuable among their possessions; they should therefore neither throw any of it away, nor be confident that they could start and construct anything else so useful. She hoped the meeting would not come off, and that there would be no fight, and then things would go on for a bit as they were—she would rather that than a decided victory. This and much more was said and talked of—indeed, it came upon us and grew wonderfully, this unforeseen question of principles and politics, in which I joined at first from a sense of duty. But soon I was slipping in some fact auntie had overlooked, or even an argument which I knew, as she could not, would tell with him; and then, though I hardly recognised at first where the softness came from, I suddenly found that I was opposing auntie with a point which was his own and not mine at all. Were they, I asked, recommending their course because it was right to be tolerant, or because it was good to be effective in the easiest way that offered? Though it might prove useful in persuading a committee, did it not always mean a weakness in a cause when its advocate had two sufficient reasons to propose? Before I had finished my question I realised that this objection to the confusion of two arguments was entirely Walter's, and I felt myself growing red all over. My feeling that I had forestalled him, spoken a thought that was actually in his



mind (and might have passed unexpressed), was confirmed by the silence with which he awaited auntie's reply.

I must confess here and now—though I do not know whether I should so soon give way to the confession—still I must set it down in black and white, that whatever differences may come, even to separation, though he were to throw me away from him to the winds, I know more certainly than I know anything else that I am his possession. I lie between his hands. I cannot help it. I can imagine things so happening that this one certain fact would be of no consequence whatever; but it is so. That is true.

And at the end auntie came out to him, as people can so seldom to one another. Perhaps he was right, she said; perhaps the question was more than she would confess, or knew, one of abstract tolerance, of the humanitarian—credulous if you will—principles characteristic of the old liberal attitude. He belonged to a younger generation, and must therefore have been caught by the growth of national and sectarian patriotisms all over the world. But she had been brought up in the shadow of the faith of Mill and Cobden and Bright, had lived in it with her husband during those few years in the seventies. The practice of the world went very well now, when no one knew, or cared to say, what principles were right. The world went well then also, and behind there were principles clear as daylight for all to see.

She had never spoken just like that to me; it was for him she said this.

When our talk seemed to have reached its limits, he made off in haste; it was already past ten o'clock. There was a pause between us after he had gone, and then auntie said—

"You know, or perhaps you don't quite, how much all your family has always thought of you; your father and mother, and I following them, and your sisters and brothers and cousins. Ruby is wise, we said, Ruby is good. But, my dear, I think your wisdom surpassed itself when you attached him. I don't know whether I may ever have said anything—it is a thing you would remember better than I—if I ever dropped a remark which gave you the impression that I supported the only criticism of him your friends ventured—that he was very young; but anyhow I retract everything unreservedly; my head is at your feet." And then I must needs cry.

3 *p.m.*—Auntie has her telegram ; she goes to-night, and I stay. Yesterday my going or not going was undecided, inclining, or so I thought, towards going. When auntie, in regretful silence, showed me the letter she had received, the thought of her recall to Paris and my consequent return home came to me as an opportune relief in my weariness. To get away at once with the sufficient excuse that I could not be left in lodgings, that would be some solution of the difficulty, a stop for the time being, something to do at least ; and the future might arrange itself. But if I gave way to this thought of deserting him at all, it was because I never meant to go, as I recognised when I told auntie I would stay—his presence this morning at breakfast made me ask myself how I could have ever pretended to be in doubt. He would, of course, say nothing to persuade me ; but he played, without knowing it, a stronger part to keep me—he was himself. Still I wonder if he realises that there is a certain struggle in my staying, something to overcome in thus giving in ? For by remaining here alone, I am giving myself over to him in the most complete manner—more even than if I had been asked to stay with his mother. That was a possible course which naturally suggested itself to auntie. She had invited me to London for six weeks at least, only four had passed, and it was not fair that I should suffer because business called her away : could I not go to Mrs. Hill's ? So I said that if I stayed I would rather be where I was, play at independence alone in London for a few days.

10 *p.m.*—Auntie and I stood on the platform by her carriage, finding, as one does on such occasions, nothing to say to each other, talking at random under the imminence of departure, and distracted by the excitement of those around us who were in a like case. "There's Walter !" she exclaimed. He had come on, he explained, from our lodgings which we had just left when he arrived

Auntie had his best wishes in her venture, though he did not know how to express them most propitiously. Perhaps it was better, she said, not to wish one's friends to get even what they wanted. Then we, he replied (he said "we") would think of her while she was away, and hope that the principles that made for kindness and amity, and the softening of upstart distinctions,

would win. His coming drew us together, lifted us away from the distraction of circumstances, made us a little friendly world of our own cut off from the rest, and so the few minutes left before auntie had to take her seat passed too quickly.

I was affected by the departure of the train, and the last words she left us from the window—

“Take care of each other, children!”

We turned back and made our way out of the station and across the Strand to behind St. Martin's Church. We had not been out together for a week; but with my accustomed inobservance when I am with him (it was an old tale against me; I could never find my way to a place which I had been to with him, and even in my own country I would not observe that we were taking a wrong turn), I had not noticed where we were going, as he took me under his protection, that I should not be jostled on the pavement, and piloted me across the road, until we came to a standstill, and I looked up to see why we had stopped, and he asked me which way I was going home? The question was so unexpected, I tried to think, but instead panic caught me. Had I done well to stay in London alone? I seemed far from mother and my own people, and miles were being put between auntie and me, and here I was, adrift in the scramble of the night streets, and could not even think of the way to get back to my lodgings, and I felt something rise absurdly like tears, which had to be swallowed down before I answered truthfully to his second question that I did not feel tired, and then immediately I felt that I was tired, and as truthfully contradicted myself. I was ashamed of my weakness and that my wits had gone, felt miserably that I ought to have some independent plan of getting back, felt so openly dependent and that I should not have been. I assented when he asked his third question, if I would have a cab, asked with concern and at a loss with the desire that I should do what I wanted. As it happened, auntie and I had arranged that I should return by cab; but his appearance at the station and our starting out together had put it out of my head. An electric cab was at the head of the rank in Duncannon Street, and with that name I tried to steady myself from my scare as the machine curved humming and glaring towards us. It was a name, he had said once, with which I might pose many a Londoner, the name of the

street that runs from the National Gallery to Charing Cross ; but Duncannon only sounded threatening. I was so ashamed, and it had gone so unexpected and all wrong, and everything, that I asked him not to trouble to come with me. He hesitated, and because I had asked him not to, and clung to that, as if to gain the point would be something, I added that really I did not want him to come, I daresay with a certain coldness to insure his compliance, and when I felt myself alone inside, it was too late, he had given the address and the cab began to glide, and he had not noticed my unreasonable "But . . .!" I frantically wanted the thing to slow down instead of going faster, and to stop bearing me off into the dark with a noise ; but my knock at the front glass must have been half-hearted, for the driver did not hear me ; I even tried to open the door, and when I looked out of the window I could not see him. It was no good trying to be reasonable, I sat back and felt as if I were in a nightmare.

I was sane again when I faced the door of number 59 and its friendly brass plate, "Manley, Robes," and Miss Manley, at the sound of the key, appeared in the hall to tell me Walter had come soon after we had left, and to ask, or rather to suggest that she was interested to know, whether he had caught us. It heartens me, too, to reconstruct that conversation at the door, in which he learned that we had just gone—but I return. She was followed by the younger sister from the workroom, and we talked a little, and I felt they wanted to take great care of me and pet me since I was left alone to them. I was still more touched when their retiring mother, who was so rarely visible even when auntie wanted to tell her how nicely something was cooked, when she too, silencing the tireless whirr of her machine, was drawn to peep out. I know they take a great interest in Walter and me, and probably wanted to talk, only they are shy people.

I have written this out because "Ruby is wise," and because it is not a very good augury of my behaviour during my independence in London. It will be some time before I can even hear an electric cab with equanimity, and they are so frequent in the streets. And I have thought, if things should continue to go wrong? Have I done right to cut myself off from all support by staying here? Events only can show ; but my staying meant, as I did not quite foresee, that I left myself entirely to circumstances,

and circumstances that are not under my control, so that I have no assurance they will turn out to prove me right. It has passed through my mind, it is just possible, supposing he were not to come to-morrow—where should I be? Nor on the next day? My position would be impossible. How long should I be able to stand it? I depend for my justification entirely upon him, and things have so fallen that how am I to be sure that I can, that I should, so depend? Have I not ventured a little recklessly? Reckoned, in my pride, even perhaps in the vanity of generosity, without my host?

*Sunday, 9 a.m.*—I learned this morning at Communion, very clearly, something that I knew and yet did not know, that one can find in His presence, not only the comfort of direction in trouble, or the lifting away of it, but the realisation that He is there above the trouble. Whether one is acting rightly, even whether or no one can feel His guidance, this is of no account. There are times when it is not necessary to drag the trouble with us and lift it to Him; we may let it slip to the ground for the moment, not far, nor for long, just at our feet, and therefore also before Him, but so that we can step out of it, and the direction or immediate thought of it does not stand between.

*Thursday, 10 p.m.*—Wanting to write again to-night. I am surprised at myself that I should have let so long a period pass unconsidered. I wrote nothing of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, nor this morning—felt no need, no desire to think or reflect. I am astonished that I should have been so lulled, penitent that I should have been content to take all that he gives me, so relieved that my silly fears of Saturday night were disproved, so greedy of his sweet attentions, that I never stopped to reflect, "Is he also peacefully content?" It really comes almost to this caricature of wifely conduct, that because he said nothing of himself, nay looked nothing, I behaved as if there were nothing.

He was with me all Sunday, he has been to breakfast every day since, he has spent the evenings with me; he has so surrounded me with attentions, he has been so infinitely considerate, so constantly cheerful, that I have never thought of myself as alone, or far from my friends—indeed, I have been tasting the joy of



being, for the first time, all alone with him, so that when I wrote on Tuesday of that pleasure to my mother, I was once more telling her all that I felt.

I am like some woolly northern animal that only lives when her keeper comes, morning and evening, to feed her, and dozes through the rest of the day with one eye on the door. We have not behaved to each other with the old intimacy; but I was not troubled, I did not ask myself why it was, or what it meant to him. And I am afraid I cannot even say for myself that a woman is easily satisfied, because I have had so much, and because I should not have been satisfied with that much, if I had doubted that his whole love was safely there, behind all that he did and did not do. But I never asked myself, as I can now, why he has not kissed me. He has told me what stood between us, and in a little the certain shyness from the week we were not together alone should be over. How is it that for all his devoted company he does not fall back and be quite as he used? I did not consider that since it was so he must be suffering, and not permitting his kindness to be for an instant affected. I did not ask myself whether it was my fault. I was content, I was happy, I was at rest, I was loved—that was enough for me.

But this evening something happened that has made me conscious, a revelation, a warning that bewildered me. It concerned his three friends. On Sunday my inquiries about them were met so lightly by an excuse—for the moment pressure of work had prevented his meeting them—that I am afraid I never thought of them again. But this evening the turn of our talk put them into my head, and I asked how Mr. Phillips was doing. He said he had not seen him lately; then, on my wondering at that, he confessed he had not been to the Rainbow for some time—there was a great deal to do, and it was so much simpler just to have a sandwich. Something in his tone made me tentative in my next question, whether it would not be better to have that little change and lunch with his friends, and he answered almost beseechingly, "It really makes so very little difference just that!" that I dared not continue. I cannot tell why it was, and so unimportant a matter, why it was painful. After a brief pause he went on, "Maxwell is an amazing creature!" but I could feel the break, the effort that was necessary in order to get on to another



subject, although he was interested when he was once started, and interested me in his appreciation of the gifts he is never tired of admiring — Maxwell's incredible power of application that grasped the crucial points of a question, and thus made him ready with his own perfectly clear exposition of it before any other man's thoughts would have had time to take any direction whatever. I love to hear him in praise of his friends—we warmed to the subject. But we came to the end of it, and then suddenly there was nothing more to say. Silence fell upon us, a conscious silence, and a sweet uneasy oppression; we were at a loss, as though, in spite of the intervening talk, our thoughts were back with the disturbance born of my questions and his answer, both sitting under the same heavy curtain of cloud—I can almost feel its crisp edges trailing upon my eyelids still. It has made me conscious, and I have been looking back on the past days I have selfishly accepted.

Surely it was plain enough, from the first moment on Sunday when I came into the sitting-room to find him for breakfast, and he, looking at the hat I still wore, asked, ready to give way, as though he might not interfere with my plans, if I were bound anywhere? And when I explained that I had been to Communion he said nothing, only bowing in silence, or so the recollection comes to me now, as one who had no rights in me, and this part of me, and so could no more talk of it as we used. Was I so stupid, so selfish, that I did not notice this, ask of myself at least how it was and what it meant to him, and then how it was to end, and what I should do? Surely it must have made an impression on me, from the first moment of our being alone together? But I can't remember that it did. There was only the pleasure that he was so good to me, not even, I can hardly believe it, not even a shutting of my eyes to the plain truth. It has taken four whole days to discover. How slow I am, and how little I know.

And then he did not say, "Are we going to Westminster?" or "Don't let us go to church at all," but he learned that I had thought of going to the Abbey, and he accompanied me there. Perhaps he might not have come in with me if I had not said, "I wonder whether we shall get our old seats?" And he has been like that always, never proposing, only wishing to do what I wanted. As if I wanted to do anything. Even in our talks I

can see it was as if he had forfeited the right to sway me, sinking his own self in every way. It is not only that he has never approached a caress, no, nor spoken to me any of those countless things that are like a caress (he has indeed said nothing that anyone else might not have overheard and appreciated almost as well as I); but he has behaved as if he might make no claims whatever, no claims upon my attention for anything that concerned him, as if he might not touch me at all, not even in matters of taste.

I did at last begin to notice a little at the exhibition this afternoon. We had wanted to go and see the pictures again a long time, but it was I that suggested a wish this morning, and he left work early to fetch me. He seemed touched, touched and at a loss, that I should remember the pictures of which he had told me before. Some I liked at once; but others I did not, and I wanted the word from him to set me in the right direction; but when I said, "I don't yet understand about that one," he seemed diffident of persuading me, of telling me what he liked in it, and I ought to like too. Else he had burst off to convince me of its beauties until we had both laughed at his eagerness, and that had made him only the more extravagant, and I would begin to understand. Or I had sat down in front of a picture I knew he did not like, and asked him to explain why I should not, and we would have a romping discussion and lecture on it. But to-day he did not easily say what he found bad in the pictures I knew he did not like, and when I offered a suggestion he seemed rather to try and accept it. And first I felt ashamed to be like the stupid women who bother men with their bad taste and always ask to be told, and then, as we wandered among the stranger spectators, I was a little lost, grasping the air. As if my opinions about pictures mattered, or existed except in him. And if my taste in painting did matter, I am so at the elements of caring about painting at all, that for a long time to come I shall learn only by being under the narrowest of his guidance. To save myself from the lost feeling of having no support, it passed through my head to remark that he was in a very "advanced" mood, since he was disinclined to find anything bad; but I could not venture. And he was so sweet to me that I forgot and did not notice much: that must be my woman's excuse all through.

*Friday.*—I do not know that my clearer vision is of much advantage; it only means that now there are two conscious persons where before there was but one—he bearing everything, thinking everything, and being devoted to me, and I accepting his kindness. I felt so soft with gratitude when he appeared this rainy morning, a little earlier than usual; but I had no courage to venture even the most passing kind of “Thank you.” His left shoulder and arm were wet with raindrops; but how could I reclaim my rights and dry his coat with my napkin? Only, very tentative, I could express a hope that he was not wet, as though I did not care much, and we talked of the latest news from auntie.

Her defeat, so far from enabling her to come back, was keeping her in Paris, labouring now to persuade her party not to remain ill-tempered and obstructive, but to become an opposition of some use to the new government.

And later, heedless that it was morning and the hour of equanimity, the silence came over us, the same oppression; only I was conscious of something more, that he lingered as if he could not leave me, that he wanted to stay with me. I hardly dare realise this—he depends on me. When I fancied on Saturday night for a mad moment that he might not come to me, this thought did not enter my head to be reckoned with, I did not know it. It is too great a presumption to say to myself, “There is a man depends on me.” A man with his occupations, and ambitions, and strength, and regrets—and who am I? The thought hangs on me like my mother’s great mantilla, a net clinging all over.

“She looks such a child.” Auntie had repeated to me this criticism passed on me by an old friend of hers.

It went through my mind to ask whether he would not stay a little, since the rain might stop; I longed so that he might remain with me if he wished. But now I feel a hungry, a wicked regret that I did not just command, “Stay!” to see him stay, and in an hour “Stay!” and again “Stay!” careless of the things he had to do and his profession in life, holding him all day beside me idle, not for him but because it was my pleasure. To what unrecognisable shapes are the thoughts of Ruby Martin pressing? But I did not inquire whether he would wait a little for the rain; still less could I propose to resume the old custom of walking down with him, and

he has not for long asked me to meet him at lunch as he sometimes used. Did that seem to him too much of a purely selfish thing to do, to bring me there for an hour of his company? Then I would have had him take one of my roses to carry with him through his day of Law, the roses that came to me this morning from my country—a suddenly gracious whim of devotion on the part of Hetty; but I got no further than aimlessly moving the bowl.

What am I to do? what can happen? Should I have been able to venture?

Perhaps I ought to be an older woman; I might be a better companion for him. Perhaps she would understand in a way that I do not, in a more separate way for herself, and so be able to act. Only—only I do understand.

My behaviour from the first cannot have looked as if I would put a distance between us? If there was no such thought in me, should I not have shown more clearly? Surely it was never in my mind to hold back. But if he had made no difference? A week ago? Oh, I need not anguish myself over such a question, for it is only saying if he were someone else. And yet it has come to seem as if the whole direction were in my hands. If in my prayers that he may take me I am sometimes kneeling to him to take me, God will forgive.

I have destroyed the writing, and am glad with that exercise of my power; it was mine, and I could do what I liked with it. Certainly in sending it he must have thought, "What will become of it?" thought perhaps, "Shall I write 'burn it'?" and shrunk even from that little interference in what should be my business entirely. I must then judge what to do with the papers, come to a conclusion, as perhaps he thought I might judge their contents. I came to no conclusion; but this was mine to do. So I burned it, this thing that has never been mentioned between us, which we have passed to and fro behind our backs not acknowledging its existence.

The thing I thought of when I had the papers in my hand was the line of Latin and the beginning of the next; to see that again was the temptation that might have made me look, the pencilled beginning in the middle of the page caught up and crowned by the pen that followed. And as the papers burned I thought of

him in his rooms in Cambridge, before I knew him, with the English he had to translate at his side, starting hopefully with a rendering, then sticking, and then his mind escaping, wandering, and fixing on this that had happened, wondering what it meant.

And now I am thinking that to put me in possession of something that so deeply concerned him, and to stand aside from any knowledge of what I might feel, can have meant no light thing to a man whose ideal was to arrive at the point where no thought is unshared. He had stopped himself sometimes and exclaimed that he wanted more than was his right, that his desire to be with me everywhere was a form of masculine egoism; until I assured him that the desire to possess every one of the strains that went to make up her being was a form of egoism that a woman appreciated—nor could there be any question of rights. He has given himself away, and with his eyes shut. Ah, I am grateful that no opinion, no conclusions, have lodged in my thoughts, and so when he opens his eyes to look he will see nothing new.

11 p.m.—We had finished dinner, and from my place on the sofa I was watching him as he stood by the window. We had put out the gas of the chandelier, and had only the candles on the mantelpiece. I was concerned, for he looked tired, and into the peace of being with him, as I have been every day since auntie left, morning and evening, came the new sense of my responsibility. He was tired, he took no proper rest in the middle of the day, and so, moreover, could not see Mr. Phillips nor any of his friends, since he was with me every evening. To-morrow was Saturday—so I asked whether we might not invite Mr. Phillips and Mr. Maxwell to lunch here. He bit his lip, and again I felt suddenly that I was on dangerous ground. It was impossible to continue with any meaningless remark, to say that he would grow unsociable, or that he was giving his friends cause to shrug their shoulders unjustly at my influence. I could only go on, breathless and serious—

"They must miss you so; and it is not a good arrangement, really, your having no proper rest and lunch in the middle of your work. Don't you think you might give yourself that hour, and join them as you used?"

His answer was to sound like the negligent expression of a whim, but he had to swallow before he spoke—



"I don't think I want to!"

The strain was becoming too great; he was as it were at a disadvantage before me, and hardly above a whisper I must give way to the impulse and ask—

"What is it you would like to do best, then?"

I saw his lip quiver unbearably, he turned his face away to the window, stayed a moment to steady his voice, and scarcely audible came the two words—

"Come home."

And with that he dropped his forehead upon his hands that were holding on to the window, and caught his breath in a sob. I was dumb at that answer, could say nothing, make no motion; nor was I wanted. I and my pity for him were left behind by that which bent his head. I sat still, a spectator, happening to be present. Only I knew it was his worst moment, meant more to him, something more final than when he told me. There was silence in the room, and at the sight of the tall figure against the window, turned away from me by itself, and the bowed head, I thought of a picture I had seen when I was a child. Then I began to feel myself again, small at first beside him, and his word "home" echoed through me that it was aching pain, and I thought, when he comes back from his loneliness, it will be back to me. It is I, there is none else, can please him here and claim him; and in the unbroken stillness that reigned in the room I bent forward towards him. He lifted his face so gently, and without shame turned to me, and smiled and took the hand I reached to him, and knelt by me, saying "Forgive me." I had had him beside me when I prayed before, in church, and knew the joy of being in God's presence with him next to me; but this was more, and auntie's parting words came back to me, "Take care of each other, children!"

After a moment, the high thoughts began to waver, I strained to keep myself up there, but I could not retain my hold, I could not remember what I was thinking; it was as if some stronger force had removed the high scaffolding, and the world, become usual again, pressed round me. Yet it was not regretfully that I found myself once more on the ground, for I woke to the usual world with a wonderful light spirit; I felt assured, almost reckless. I put my hand on his shoulder to help myself up, fetched my work from the other end of the room, and settled on the sofa with it.



He rose and moved the second candle nearer to me, then regained the window and his old seat on the floor.

I have originally no taste for needlework, I don't think I have ever felt the need of it, as some women do; I work as little as I possibly can, and that little in a corner, in my bedroom, hurriedly. I do not *etaler* my affairs. But he likes to see me work sometimes—it is “classical,” and he has grown extravagant over the short flight of the right hand, and the undisturbed eyes cast down so goodly on the stitches, and thoughts, may be, who knows where? I can remember, one of the last days of my visit, I was doing some little thing for his mother; apparently it was the first time he had seen me work, and I supposed he did not think I was able. But he could never bear to let me sew anything for him, and for grudging me that pleasure I had promised to have my revenge some day; when I was put in possession I would embroider (embroidery is no forte of mine nor any weakness of his) everything of his that I could lay hands on. He had not seen me classical for a long time, and I fancied he was thinking so too. But my eyes could not be kept with entire devotion to the stitches, because they had to meet his that were constantly on me, as we spoke of gentle nothings, almost with a question which I was constantly answering, lest, not being held very close, he might withdraw again. So his eyes were with me later when we moved, and I wrote my notes to Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Phillips. What am I, that a man depends on me?

*Saturday.*—The word “Home” possessed me last night, again and again I recalled his saying it, and pondered its meaning. He said “home” in this lodging-house room, that hardly bears the traces of any occupation—we had laughed together at the furniture and the ornaments when he first came to see it. I happen to live here. Not his own house, where he has lived since his childhood, where his mother lives. The thought of his mother made me ashamed; she was giving him up to another woman day after day, and for ever, the joy of her life, and what had the other woman been doing for him? So I am going to see her this morning and sit at her feet. I have, I suppose, kept looking at my father and mother's house as home, and here in London depended somewhat on auntie; but his words sweep us up together

and alone in the world—I am home. And I am responsible; the affairs of his daily life weave themselves into me; whether he will have lunch or go without, whether he will see his friends or not, all such dear things cannot be separated from me. I wondered at myself for lying still in bed instead of flying at once to see him and tell him, lest something should happen. Yet I am not awed, or not afraid now, only light-hearted under God and secure. I am folding my hands for him to take the direction and possession of me again. And I begin to feel the pen grow heavy.

*Camden Hill, Sunday.*—I am back here again in my old room, whither I used to retire to ponder, and where I first opened this exercise book—that had waited in vain for the expected descriptions of the pictures in the National Gallery, or points from sermons, or “something about” the Pathetic Symphony—and noted, with a sudden and unforeseeing interest, the outlook. At the same toilet table I sit before this open book, because I began thus, and I am sentimental, not, as then, because I want to write anything. For where is the sense, indeed how can I write, now that we are together again? I could go back and set down the last and ragged relics of things that I have thought separately: but so slow is my hand, so frivolous my mind, I have been sitting here, looking mostly in the glass—how would the old Ruby have scorned and wondered—in a state of infinite well-being and gratitude that I should have been taken and carried away. I should hardly like Ruby Martin to know that I have even found myself repeating splendid Hetty’s frank expression of astonishment when I told her I was engaged.

“What! *you*, Ruby?”

Later she had added, “And the first man that saw you!” as was proper from a girl who spends much of the year in London. Hetty did not make a good impression on Walter, and I ventured so far in my confidence as to regret that, since not to know Hetty in her good moods is to miss a big piece of what is adorable in this world. But I must check these horribly feminine reflections by suggesting that perhaps, for once, Hetty’s loyalty contrived to get the better of that relentless instinct of hers; it is possible she did not try to be attractive.

I had no suspicion that I should be here so soon when I arrived yesterday morning to see his mother. I came to ask pardon for appropriating Walter, touched with a feeling that was almost guiltiness for the disproportionate extent of the hold I had come to have on her boy. I promised we would be here for tea, and when she told me that of course my room was ready for me whenever I liked to stay, I felt only a sting of repentance that I never thought of her enough—could hardly. And so, happily troubling a little about my lunch, I went back.

If his two friends were entertained, if they felt happy, and enjoyed the laughter and the serious talk over that table, and thought him perhaps not too unfortunate in me, what was it to me, who had such a secret with Walter, that while I was publicly playing the part of a wife bent on supporting the host in the entertainment of his guests, I was telling him that if he called this home it should be home indeed where he was master. When Mr. Phillips and Mr. Maxwell had shaken hands, and I had hoped to see them again soon, I sat down very peacefully on the sofa, with my hands in my lap, left alone in the room, waiting for him to come back to me, when he had seen his friends out. Of course he would come! He could not take his hat from the rack and go away with the guests—he had not even said good-bye. And he would not come back with his hat in his hand, as if about to go, merely returning to say good-bye? It was almost the last thing I pretended to think separately.

"See you again soon, perhaps!" I heard Mr. Maxwell cry from the doorstep—the "perhaps" was his public acknowledgment of me. I would not play that part of a wife, to take Walter from his friends. He should lose nothing through me if I could help it. My heart went out to the two men who were attached to him, thought highly of him, and had been full of courtesy towards me. I heard the front door closed softly, his steps running up to the first landing, more slowly mounting the next flight, and he was hesitating in the doorway, holding the handle, and without his hat. I thought he looked so handsome. I laid my hand on the empty place beside me. And I told him how much I liked his friends, and once he touched, as his habit was, the lace at my wrist that rested on my knee.

Then we journeyed to see his mother, and Walter led her to

tell us stories of my grandfather, who used to take her out for rides when she was at school, and quote Horace at her; and of my uncle, our wonderful uncle—for the young priest and philosopher seems almost a legendary figure to us who only hear echoes of his fame, the fame of his promise.

It was late in the afternoon before we were reminded that I had not yet been taken to see the rather lonely lady who lives across the road in the house with a big garden. She was expected home, we were told at the door, every minute. It was Walter's wish that we should go in; there were pictures he had wanted me to see. After waiting some minutes in the drawing-room, he would show me the garden. I was a little backward, for I had never been to the house before; but he reassured me, and I was so happy in giving way to him against my better sense, that my spirits bubbled over nonsensically before we had gone many steps.

"Your name," I queried, "sounds familiar to me? Were you playing for Surrey last year?"

I have not forgotten the first occasion when he sprang this game on me, a game we have since repeated under many disguises. It was the Sunday morning of his first week-end visit last May, and we were looking at the view of our valley from the dining-room windows before the others had appeared for breakfast. His opening was so sudden and novel, that my comprehension seemed a wonderful revelation of our sympathy; for as he asked, "Are you fond of Nature, Miss Martin?" I recognised that we were looking at the same view from different windows, both of us, as it happened, with our hands behind our backs, and he with his legs somewhat apart, for all the world like two men bored at the windows of a club. The thrill of seeing this unexpected fashion of playing, the excitement of being cast by him to find my way into a rôle in a game that took for granted so complete and solid an intimacy (if I numbered the days of our lives which we had spent really together in each other's company, they amounted in all to six)—the emotion was so keen that I might soon have collapsed, had he not conceived the idea of putting his head out of the window, an example I had to follow, in order that our strange conversation might be carried on as if by two persons living in different houses, which

extravagance turned the scale in time and the threatened tears came in laughter.

I thought I was daring enough when I opened the play yesterday ; but my recklessness grew every time he replied, for from the first (" Dear lady, since last April I have been playing only one game, or trying to . . . ") his mock speeches were yet filled with tenderness, and instead of finding a tender response in me, they sent me further in recklessness, since every tenderness was only an added assurance to increase my confidence, and I abused my licence as a child the power of his legs and his lungs after an interval of enforced stillness. So we lost ourselves in that garden, and forgot why we were there, and by the time we came to a standstill facing each other, I was endeavouring to express the completeness of my astonishment and the sincerity of my regret—I was honoured, of course, still could not but wonder how he ventured, how he was able so far to forget himself, what, in fact, there had been in my conduct to lead him to think seriously—

But what can be written of so likely a drama that degenerated, through a clumsiness of mine, into a breathless race landing us back to the drawing-room, except that in the flush and laughter of the chase and the sudden capture he kissed me again, the first time for fourteen days?

There was no one in the drawing-room ; we wandered into the morning-room, peeped into the dining-room, the house was quite still ; it made us feel like guilty children—and then we let ourselves out and started for our voyage to Gray's Inn. The endless May day. And after dinner, between nine and ten, he declared with supplication that he could not let me out of his sight, that was certain. So I must come home with him, and he carried me away in a hansom, inventing apologies I could make to his mother. When I told Miss Manley I was going to Mrs. Hill, for two nights I thought, she forestalled my request by asking if I wanted a box for my dress, came up to put it in herself, and delicately hoped it would "give satisfaction to all." I had intended to wear it to-day for the first time, the grey cashmere with the white fichu of which we had talked three weeks ago ; but I did not think I should be doing honour to a happiness so radiant as faced me when I woke this sunny



morning. As I came from my room, and before my hand had left the door I was shutting behind me, I heard him on the stairs, and, turning my head to look up, I was caught in that position, for he stood on the flight above staring down at me, until impertinence came to my aid, and I asked why, if I was really all that that came to, why he did not come down and say good-morning? He replied that that was just it, and only descended a step. I shook my head; my vanity, a quality with which he had seen fit to endow me, would be more fully satisfied if he could not help coming.

"That is very lucky, because the fact is that I can't."

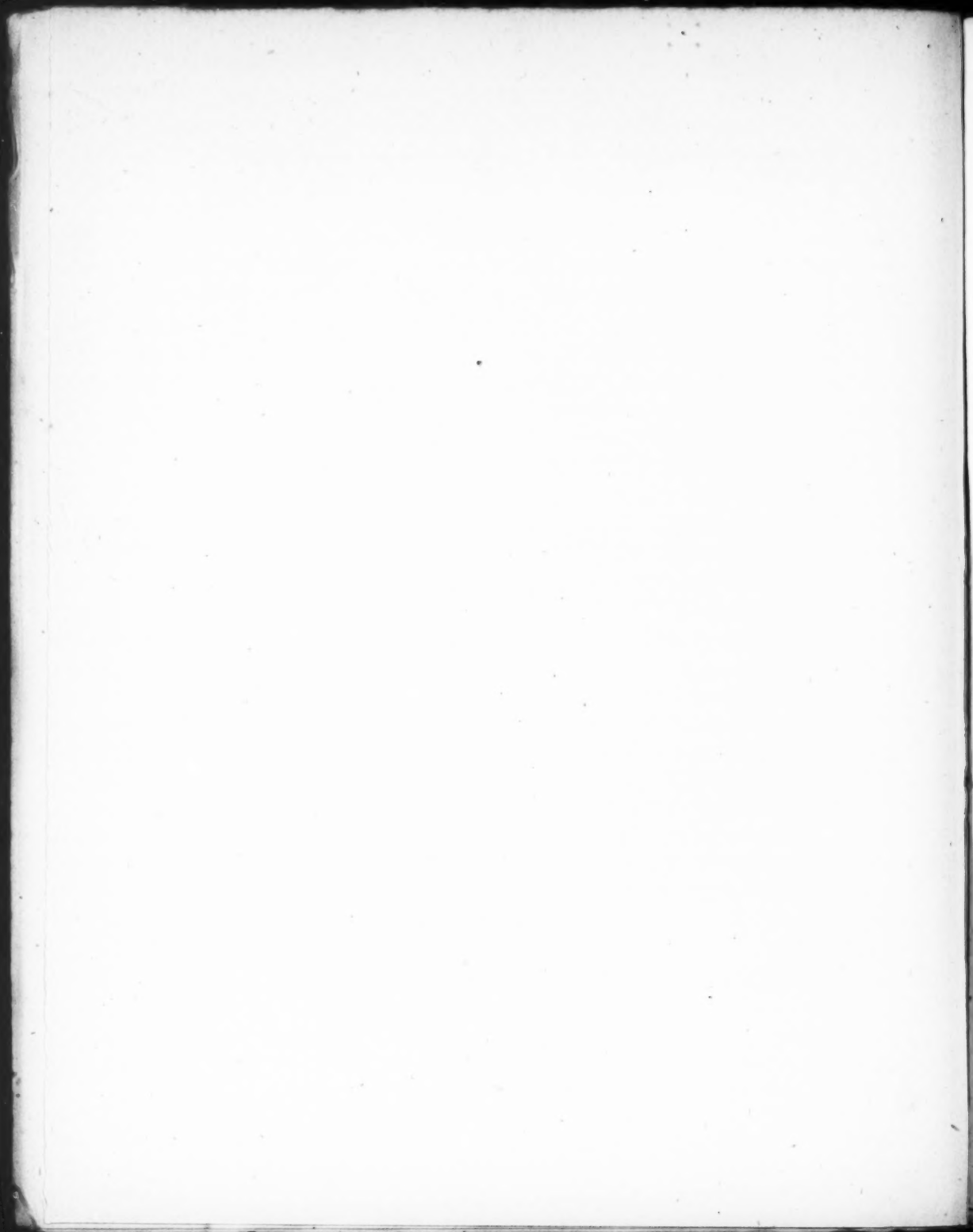
Perhaps my friends would not have recognised Ruby Martin at every hour during the last twenty-four, and yet I have been very really I, and, through all the thoughtlessness, I could at any moment have fallen on my knees, and it would not have seemed out of place to me, nor, I feel sure, to him.

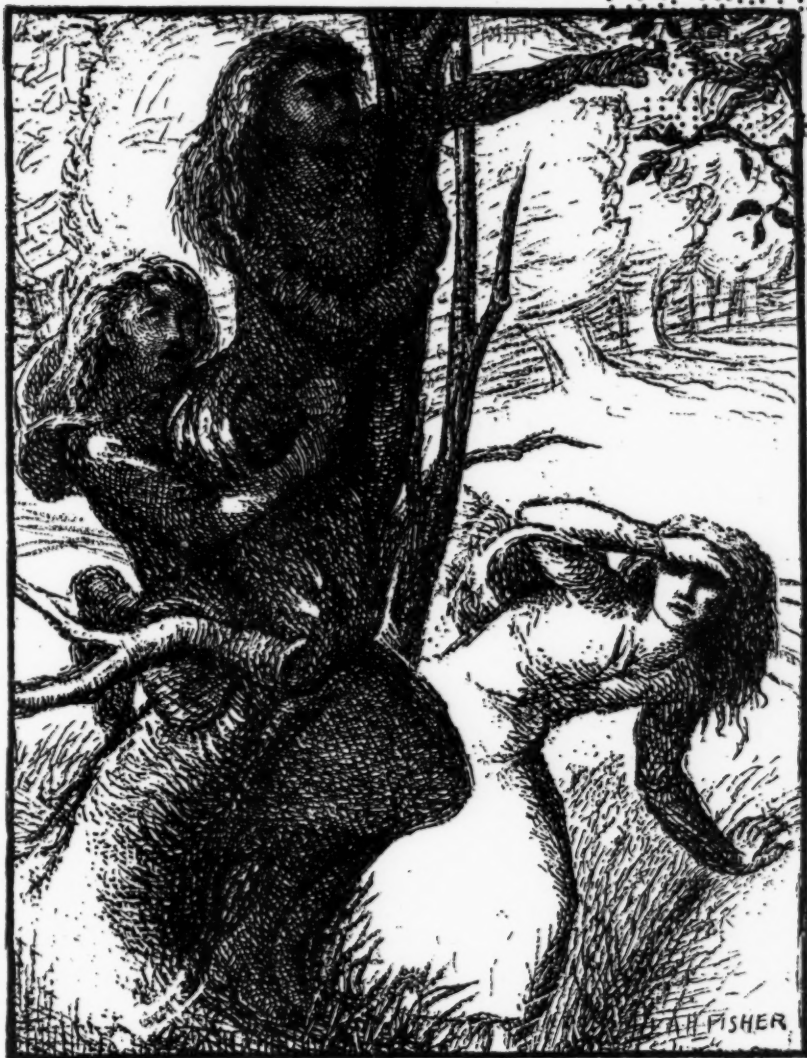
Oswald Sickert.



THE BIRD'S NEST

A Drawing by A. HUGH FISHER.





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## THEUERDANK

IN a former number of *The Dome* (No. 5, First Series, May 1898) I spoke of the literary projects of the Emperor Maximilian I., and showed how the distractions of his restless life prevented the completion of all but a few of his schemes. He had planned a great series of woodcuts, partly in books, partly on separate sheets, in honour of the Hapsburgs. The series included the Genealogy, the Patron Saints of the House of Austria, the Triumphal Procession, and the Triumphal Arch. In addition to these, he intended three books to appear, in the shape of historical romances, dealing more immediately with the events of his own life. The books were to be written by secretaries under imperial inspiration. Fact was to be blended with fiction, not at the discretion of the poet, but at the pleasure of the patron, who acted as editor-in-chief to a group of literary courtiers, and supplied them with reminiscences, either in the raw or in the manufactured state. The trio was to consist of *Freydal*, *Theuerdank*, and *Der Weissk nig*. *Freydal*, a record of the Emperor's tourneys, jousts, and masquerades, remained the most fragmentary work of all. Of the text, nothing was written except the names of the ladies in whose presence the tournaments had taken place, and of the knights who had had the honour of meeting Maximilian in the lists. The paintings of the whole series were completed, in water-colours or body-colours, and are preserved to this day in the Ambras Collection in the Imperial Museum at Vienna; but only five subjects, four combats and a torchlight dance, were ever cut on wood. The book made its belated first appearance, thanks to the process of photogravure, in 1882. Of *The White King* I spoke at some length in my former article. I propose now to say a few words on the companion volume, *Theuerdank*, to serve as introduction to the selection of the woodcut illustrations which are reproduced in this number of *The Dome*.

*Theuerdank* is first mentioned in a notebook of the Emperor's in the year 1505. As he first conceived it, the story was to have formed an integral part of *The White King*; but in successive revisions of the text the first part became detached. It had better luck than the companion work, in that it actually appeared in print, as a very sumptuous volume, in 1517, and reached its second edition in 1519, the year of Maximilian's death. That was probably the date of its actual publication, for it appears from an order issued by the Archduke Ferdinand, when he was putting his grandfather's unfinished works in order in 1526, that the first edition, consisting in great part of vellum copies, was printed privately for the Emperor and his friends, and that few copies, if any, had been put into circulation before his death. In 1526, at any rate, six chests full of copies of *Theuerdank* remained among the Emperor's possessions at Augsburg. Ferdinand ordered three chests to be sent to him at Vienna, for the books to be distributed among the nobility of Lower Austria, and made similar dispositions for the allotment of the remainder. A vellum copy of the first edition of *Theuerdank*, in fine preservation, like the specimen in the King's Library at the British Museum, is a very handsome book indeed. It was printed by Hans Schönsperger of Augsburg, in a new type designed expressly for the Emperor, very large, and adorned with numerous flourishes and twists in imitation of a writer's embellishments. It used formerly to be thought that every page had been printed from a wood-block, but there is now no doubt that everything except the title was printed with type. The same fount had even been used a few years before for another of the Emperor's books, the so-called *Diurnal*, or *Book of Hours*, intended for the use of the Order of St. George, one famous copy of which was adorned with marginal drawings by Dürer and Cranach. As a specimen of the type used throughout the book, a slightly reduced facsimile is printed at the end of this article of the heading to the last chapter of *Theuerdank*. The words, which stand appropriately enough in place of "Finis," are found in the original over the woodcut of Theuerdank trampling on the swords of his foes (No. 118).

The book consists of one hundred and eighteen chapters of doggerel in rhymed eight-syllable couplets—the work, in its final shape, of Melchior Pfinzing, incumbent of St. Sebald's, Nuremberg. The

story is preceded by a dedication to Charles v., then King of Spain, and followed by some explanatory notes. At the head of every chapter stands a woodcut, and it is the illustrations and nothing else that have kept the book from oblivion. Our rude forefathers thought they were all by Schäumelein. The error seems to date from 1679, when the original blocks were discovered, after being lost for some generations, and a new edition was brought out at Ulm with Schäumelein's name and no other, as the author of the illustrations. In our own more critical generation, a group of students at Vienna, who have devoted themselves with enthusiasm to research into all that concerns Maximilian's share in the German Renaissance, have recognised with certainty the hands of two collaborators of importance, Burgkmair and Beck, and of at least three minor artists, who only supplied two or three illustrations apiece. The largest number of cuts (seventy-seven) are in fact by Leonhard Beck; Schäumelein's share amounts to twenty, and thirteen are by Burgkmair. Only one cut bears a wood-engraver's signature, that of Jost de Negker. Several engravers were undoubtedly employed.

The story falls into five parts, and I must give some account of the characters and the action, in order to make the pictures which I have chosen intelligible. The hero, Sir Theuerdank, I need not say, is Maximilian himself. The story is not, like *The White King*, the story of his whole life, with his education, his wars, and the pomps and pageants of his court, but that of a single episode, spun out to a great length. The subject is the wooing of Mary of Burgundy, and the adventures which befel the knight on his way to the Burgundian Court. The first ten chapters contain the preliminaries. King Romreich (Charles the Bold) selects before his death a consort for his daughter and heiress Ehrenreich (Mary of Burgundy); he informs his councillors that his choice will be disclosed in his will. He is found, like Hamlet's father, lying dead in his garden (which is quite absurdly too small for him), and Ehrenreich, learning that she is now queen, holds her first council (Woodcut No. 5). The will is read, the bridegroom's name is disclosed, and the queen sends an envoy to bid him to her court. The envoy finds Theuerdank at his father's palace. On receiving the message, he at once takes leave of the old king, and sets out for Romreich, accompanied only by his faithful squire, Ehrenhold.

Before they start, Satan visits him, disguised as a doctor in cap and gown, beneath which the talons of a bird of prey are disclosed ; for claws, not the cloven hoof, reveal the Enemy of Mankind in German art. He tempts Theuerdank to commit acts of cruelty and rapine during the time of his knight-errantry. The temptation, of course, is resisted. Meanwhile, in the court of Ehrenreich, three Burgundian captains, Fürwittig, Unfalo, and Neidelhart (Froward, Luckless, and Spiteful—the names remind one of *The Pilgrim's Progress*), have been conspiring to thwart the entry of the foreign prince into their queen's dominions. It is explained by Pfinzing that these three persons are symbolical of the misadventures which befall a man in the three stages of his career—youth, middle life, and old age—in consequence, first of his own rashness, secondly of the many occupations of mature life which expose him to all sorts of mishaps, and thirdly of the envy and malice to which man is most liable in later life. Ehrenhold, too, is a symbol ; he is not, as one might at first think, Theuerdank's guardian angel, for he never intervenes to thwart the schemes of the enemy ; he is simply Reputation personified, and his business is to witness and record the hero's exploits. The name is the old German word for "herald" ; Ehrenhold wears a herald's tabard, on which Maximilian's favourite device of Fortune's Wheel is displayed. Some of the artists draw the wheel with a man climbing to the summit, soon to be cast down as the wheel revolves ; others omit this figure of Fortune's victim. Ehrenhold is present in almost every scene throughout the book as an impassive spectator. The three wicked captains take their turns in attempting by every possible plot and wile to undo the guileless Theuerdank, who falls blindly into every snare, but is always rescued by his unfailing and almost incredible good fortune. He sets out on his journey in chapter eleven. In chapter twelve Fürwittig meets him at the first "pass," or fortified barrier, receives him with feigned courtesy, and detains him for many days on various pretexts, hoping to compass his death. He takes him out to hunt the stag, the boar, the bear, and the chamois ; he suggests a visit to a den of tame lions, which are not quite trustworthy beasts after all ; he invites his guest to take a walk and visit a mill with a huge grindstone, and suggests that it would be good fun to put a foot under the stone and draw it out so quickly that no harm would happen ; in

this Theuerdank, to his great disgust, succeeds (No. 21). At last, in chapter twenty-four, Theuerdank finds him out, on being invited to cross a frozen ditch, into which a servant, who steps on the ice before him, instantly falls up to his neck. He gives Fürwittig a well-deserved cuff, and rides on with Ehrenhold. In the next chapter they arrive at the second pass, and find Unfalo ready to receive them. In chapters twenty-five to seventy-four the tale is resumed—

“of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field.”

Hunting adventures still predominate—there are twelve different chamois-hunts in the course of the book—but they are frequently varied with perils from avalanches and thunderbolts, perils by flood and storm at sea, gunpowder explosions on board ship and in the cellars, a staircase with a broken stair, like that of David Balfour's uncle at Shaws, a fire from an over-heated stove in a wooden room, an illness from which the hero recovers in spite of all the doctor can do to prevent him, and so forth. I have not chosen any illustration from this part of the book. The landscapes and the drawing of the animals are too often childish. The figure of Unfalo, too, in his high hat, is always ugly, all the more so as his head and shoulders are very often inserted by an afterthought on the top of a body which was originally meant for Fürwittig, and in many cases was even drawn by a different artist; for this is the part of the book in which the imperial editor meddled most. He would have an adventure, which was originally to have gone into “Fürwittig,” transferred to “Unfalo”—the parts of the book are described in this way, after the captains' names, in the original drafts—and then, of course, the head had to come out, for the same features and head-dress are scrupulously preserved, and a new bit of wood had to be inserted into the block and cut afresh. Or else he changed his mind about a matter of fact or fiction, and a new starting-point had to be found for the avalanche, or a new mark for the arrow. First proofs of most of the woodcuts are preserved in a manuscript at Vienna, which can be compared with the illustrations as printed in the book; but, apart from that, it is generally easy, once suspicion is aroused, to detect the alteration by the failure of the new piece to fit exactly. There is no other case in German book-



illustration in which these alterations were made on so extensive a scale, and the Emperor's whims must have tried his artists' patience sorely. He was always pulling the text about in the same way, and even after the first edition was printed, fresh slips were prepared and pasted over the original text in several passages.

Returning to our travellers, whom we left in charge of Unfalo, we enter with them the third pass at chapter seventy-five, and Neidelhart detains us till chapter ninety-seven. The chase is abandoned now, for Neidelhart is no sportsman; he wears a steel headpiece, and is in grim earnest in his endeavours to get Theuerdank killed. In the third stage of the journey fights come thick and fast; this is the time "of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent, deadly breach"; but Theuerdank always wins, in battle or in single combat; he escapes from an attempted assassination (No. 86); with thirteen men on his side he takes one hundred and eighty prisoners (No. 90; use the imagination, please!); and at last he is forewarned of a plot to poison him, and then has done with Captain Neidelhart. At last he reaches Ehrenreich's court, and thinks his trials are over; but there are more yet to be gone through. The three captains conspire again, and induce six knights to challenge him to single combat in the lists. Theuerdank, of course, defeats them all. I have chosen the woodcuts of the second and third combats (Nos. 102 and 103). The second is a duel with the sword, the third a joust "in the Italian manner," across a wooden barrier. At the end of the tourneys, Ehrenreich, who has witnessed them all, crowns Theuerdank with a laurel wreath. Ehrenhold thinks this the proper moment to speak out. He denounces to the queen the iniquities of her three captains. The council is summoned, the captains are tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Fürwittig is beheaded with the sword, Unfalo is hanged, and Neidelhart thrown down from a high wall. All obstacles to the union of the queen with her trusty knight are now apparently removed. But before the marriage takes place, it is her pleasure that he shall undertake a crusade against the Paynims who are threatening her dominions. She sends Ehrenhold, who now takes a herald's place, to deliver this message; he does so (No. 114), and Theuerdank, after an interview with an angel, to take away the taste of Satan's visit at the outset, resolves to undertake the task, and, after taking leave



of the queen, starts at the head of the Burgundian chivalry, with the red-cross banner, on "St. George's Quest." There the story ends; but, as an emblem of Theuerdank's ultimate success, there is a concluding woodcut (No. 118), in which the victor is treading unscathed on the swords of his foes, which are neatly arranged in a circle.

It is inevitable, from the occurrence of the same characters in so many consecutive scenes, that a sense of monotony should be felt in looking through the whole series of illustrations. One gets tired especially of Ehrenhold, who always stands by and looks on, but takes no part in the action till near the end of the book. Theuerdank is almost always a picturesque figure, whether in his hunting dress or in his knightly attire with helmet and plumes. Occasionally, in Schäußelein's cuts more than in the others, he has quite the familiar features of the Maximilian of later years whose portrait, cut by an unknown artist after his death in 1519, precedes the *Theuerdank* cuts among the illustrations in *The Dome*. Ehrenreich, almost always by the hand of Leonhard Beck, is very like the same princess in *The White King*. The best cuts in the book, by far, are Hans Burgkmair's. His interiors are very good, and even in his landscapes he generally manages to draw figures of a credible size and really filling their proper place in the picture. Beck is a reckless sinner against proportion and perspective, and Schäußelein, who has drawn some very charming landscapes, with villages among the hills, or the towers of old Gothic towns beside the water, does not know how to keep a crew at all in proportion to the ship they sail in. Some of the minor artists, Wolf Traut especially, distinguish themselves by the extreme oddness of their animals; but Beck's horses, too, are often wooden things which seem to have escaped from their stand in the nursery. With all their eccentricities, the backgrounds of the woodcuts are full of pleasing details. For instance, in many of the cuts, by various hands, a little shrine with a carved Rood is introduced, such as one finds by the wayside to this day in the Tyrol or the Bavarian highlands. This seems to indicate that the hero's miraculous escapes are the reward of his piety. Take it all in all, *Theuerdank* is a courtly and entertaining picture-book, if nothing more, and Pfinzing has thoughtfully provided each chapter with a heading which makes it quite unnecessary to read his poem. It

is not such a fine book as *The White King* would have made, had the latter ever been arranged and printed, but it has the advantage of consistency and finish. I hope that the eight specimens of the woodcuts which appear in this number of *The Dome* will tempt the inquisitive to make acquaintance with the remaining adventures of Sir Theuerdank.

Campbell Dodgson.

Der beschluß diser History von dem Wandlichen  
vnd gluckhafftigen Held Tewrdannet.

## EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS TO *THEUERDANK*

- No. 5. QUEEN EHRENREICH HOLDS A COUNCIL.  
„ 21. ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE.  
„ 86. THE ASSASSINS FOILED.  
„ 90. A SURRENDER.  
„ 102. A SINGLE COMBAT.  
„ 103. A JOUST *À L'ITALIENNE*.  
„ 114. EHRENHOLD DELIVERS THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.  
„ 118. THEUERDANK TREADS ON THE SWORDS OF HIS FOES.

No. 21 is by HANS SCHÄUFELEIN; Nos. 5, 86, 90, and 103 are  
by LEONHARD BECK; and Nos. 102, 114, and 118  
are by HANS BURGKMAIR.



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Figure 1 displays a 4x4 grid of 16 small plots, each representing the spatial distribution of a specific species. The species names are listed vertically on the left side of the grid and horizontally at the top of each row. The plots show the spatial distribution of each species across a grid, with symbols (circles, squares, triangles, diamonds, etc.) indicating the presence of each species at various locations. The species names are: *Agrostis capillaris*, *Agrostis alba*, *Agrostis hyemalis*, *Agrostis arvensis*, *Agrostis canina*, *Agrostis capillaris*, *Agrostis alba*, *Agrostis hyemalis*, *Agrostis arvensis*, *Agrostis canina*, *Agrostis capillaris*, *Agrostis alba*, *Agrostis hyemalis*, *Agrostis arvensis*, *Agrostis canina*, *Agrostis capillaris*, *Agrostis alba*, *Agrostis hyemalis*, *Agrostis arvensis*, *Agrostis canina*.

COLGATE  
TOILET  
PAPER



Figure 1 shows a 10x10 grid of circles, each containing a number from 1 to 100. The numbers are arranged in a pattern that is roughly diagonal, with higher numbers generally appearing in the upper right and lower left areas. The circles are arranged in a grid that is 10 rows high and 10 columns wide.



Figure 1 consists of nine scatter plots arranged in a 3x3 grid. Each plot shows the relationship between the number of children in the household (X-axis) and the number of children in the neighborhood (Y-axis). The plots are labeled with numbers 1 through 9. The top row (plots 1, 2, 3) shows a positive correlation, the middle row (plots 4, 5, 6) shows a negative correlation, and the bottom row (plots 7, 8, 9) shows a positive correlation. Each plot contains a scatter of data points and a fitted regression line. The plots are arranged in a 3x3 grid, with the top row showing a positive correlation, the middle row showing a negative correlation, and the bottom row showing a positive correlation.





Figure 1 consists of 16 small plots arranged in a 4x4 grid. Each plot shows the spatial distribution of the number of eggs per plant for a specific species. The species are: (a) *A. nemorosum*, (b) *A. nemorosum*, (c) *A. nemorosum*, and (d) *A. nemorosum*. The plots are labeled with the species name and the number of eggs per plant. The spatial distribution is shown by the number of eggs per plant in each plot.

## WILLIAM BYRDE'S D MINOR MASS

IN the third issue of *The Chord*, Mr. Vernon Blackburn made a somewhat savage attack on the music in common use in the churches of the Roman sect to-day. He referred to the fact of the Romanists having the richest stores of church music in the world; and he then proceeded to damn, excommunicate, and do I know not what else to the Roman church, because, instead of using its finest music, it habitually, consistently used its worst. Experts in Roman ways tell me he was a little violent, and said a little more than is strictly true. On the other hand, some of my friends who are not given to Romanism, and would rather die than enter one of its churches, tell me that he said, if anything, less than the truth. And poor, helpless I, a sturdy scorner of all papal things, bred in the chill bosom of Spencerian agnosticism, should scarce know what to think, had I not often in my youth assisted (in the French sense) at the ceremonies of the Roman church, and were I not very well acquainted with the Roman music of the Netherlands school, of Palestrina, and of the English school. Since the passing of golden youth, down to quite recent days, I have also from time to time made one at a High Mass, and remembering the music that the Roman church might sing, and the music I have most frequently heard it sing, I am on the whole inclined to take Mr. Blackburn's side. I can speak with conviction of course only of what happens in England; though I can testify that much of the church music used in French churches would disgrace a music-hall; and friends who have lived in Italy tell me things are even worse there. However, not Roman music in general, but only the music used by Roman churches in England, is my present business. And I am not even concerned with all of that. I agree with Mr. Blackburn in

wishing to see the Roman church return to fine music ; and if a society were founded to burn all the bad music, it should have my sturdiest support. But mainly I want now to plead for the more frequent use of English music in English churches. It is well to sing the Masses and Passions of the German, Italian, and Netherlandish masters ; but surely, English Catholics, living in England, might be expected to demand occasionally a few of the many fine things written in past times by English Catholics for the English Catholic service. They are the fruit of our own soil, a vintage of our own growing ; in flavour they are not at all inferior to anything that can be imported ; yet English Romanists are scarcely given an opportunity of trying them.

There is William Byrde's D minor Mass, which I take as a typical instance. It may have been occasionally sung during the past century ; but not often, I think. For of all my musical acquaintance, I know of none who had heard it when Mr. R. R. Terry performed it at the opening of the Benedictine church at Ealing a few months ago ; and if there was more than one edition of it printed, the only one in the slightest degree known was that edited by Horsley earlier in the century. Horsley's edition is a bald one with a preposterous preface ; moreover, it was in size and form terribly unwieldy, and being printed with the proper alto and tenor clefs, which I regret to say comparatively few choir-men can read to-day, it stood only the remotest chance of being taken up by choirmasters. Therefore there was plenty of room for the edition edited by Mr. Terry and Mr. W. B. Squire, and lately published by Breitkopf. On the whole, the edition is a good one. How much Mr. Squire knows about the old music I cannot say, but he is a librarian at the British Museum ; and, anyhow, Mr. Terry is quite familiar with it. The edition is free from all but some errors of taste, with which I will deal presently. The ordinary fiddle G and bass clefs are the only ones used ; and the ordinary choirman will find it as easy to read as the shoddy stuff which has so discouraging a vogue to-day. There is a compressed score for the use of the incompetent organist who may be called upon to accompany at rehearsal or at the actual performance. The volume is well printed, not too large, and it is inexpensive. I hope to hear of the work being frequently sung, especially in Lent. For this season it is peculiarly appropriate in

its style; and also it may be—I use the phrase advisedly—it may be sung without accompaniment. It is being sung nearly every Sunday of this Lent at Brompton Oratory. Sections of it are to be given at the next Birmingham Festival. The Lord Mayor of that city is reported to have said that the whole would have been given, but that, as the music of so early a period naturally was without an accompaniment, and a great deal of music without accompaniment would doubtless prove tedious, the Committee had decided only to give samples. Was it the Lord Mayor of Birmingham who proposed, instead of buying a dozen gondolas for the local lake, to buy a couple and let them breed? One cannot but doubt whether such purely devotional music, music intended for the church alone, and to accompany the church ceremony, will make anything like its intended effect in a concert-hall with a chorus of from fifteen to twenty times the number of voices Byrde wrote for. Still, the best may be hoped. At least the Birmingham rendering will afford an opportunity of hearing parts of a fine English work of art to many a stalwart Evangelical who thinks the uglier, the more barren, even the more vulgar, a church service can be made, the more it appeals to the Almighty ear. But I hope Dr. Richter, and indeed every choirmaster in the country, will beware of the errors of taste to which I have referred. They occur in the expression marks so freely indulged in. I wish to goodness the editors had taken thought before putting them in. They ought to know the sixteenth century too well to wish it sung as the Church of England now sings Hymns Ancient and Modern. Perhaps they have already repented. At the Ealing rendering under Mr. Terry I have mentioned, the expression marks were almost entirely disregarded. I by no means say that all marks of expression are unjustifiable. On the contrary, there is no sillier mistake than that of supposing our forefathers to have howled a Mass (or any piece of music) straight through, with never a nuance, as a modern organist plays a Bach fugue, or as the Philharmonic orchestra plays the first movement of a Beethoven or Mozart symphony. I will give an example of the kind of thing which appears to me ludicrous and detestable. On p. 31 (of course in the Breitkopf edition) we find the words, “Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos.” The whole passage is marked *forte* until the last word, which is



directed to be sung *pianissimo*. I am told that at a certain rehearsal of the Mass this marking was followed, with the result that the whole choir broke into uproarious merriment. That is easily believed. The effect must be at best ludicrous : it must remind one of the professional tones of an undertaker at a funeral. At worst it must simply sound blasphemous ; for such comic opera effects are disgracefully out of place in one of the most tremendous portions of the Creed. There are other instances, though none quite so unjustifiable as this. Another, which must be condemned entirely on artistic grounds, is the marking of the Amen of the same number. A fine climax has been worked up to over several pages, and the Amen ought to wind up the movement with a broad, massive *fortissimo*. Instead of that, the too-rash and enthusiastic and too-modern-souled editors propose to lose this magnificent close by marking the Amen *pianissimo*, and afterwards inserting a *crescendo*. For these things there is no excuse ; and any choirmaster who follows them will merely show himself to be very little of a musician. In Hymns Ancient and Modern one gets such lamentable effects as this—(sung loudly) " His voice above the storm rose loud," (and then, *pianissimo*) " Peace, be still " ; and one can never hear them without most irreverent laughter. This " word-painting " is bad enough when applied to the weak and sugary hymns of Hymns Ancient and Modern or the Hymnal Companion ; and it is ten thousand times worse when applied to the noble, stately music of Byrde.

The Mass is indeed noble and stately, but it is miraculously expressive as well. Its expressiveness is the thing that strikes one more forcibly every time one hears it. At first one feels chiefly its old-world freshness—not the picturesque spring freshness of Purcell and Handel, but a freshness that is sweet and grave and cool, coming out of the Elizabethan days when life, at its fastest, went deliberately, and was lived in many-gabled houses with trees and gardens, or in great palaces with pleasant courtyards, and the Thames ran unpolluted to the sea, and the sun shone daily even in London, and all things were fair and clean. It is old-world music, yet it stands nearer to us than most of the music written in and immediately after Handel's period, the period of dry formalism and mere arithmetic. There is not a sign of the formal melodic outlines which we recognise at once in any piece



out of the contrapuntal time, not an indication that the Academic, "classical," unpoetic, essay-writing eighteenth century was coming. The formal outlines had not been invented, for rules and themes that would work without breaking the rules were little thought of. Byrde evades the rules in the frankest manner: in this Mass alone there are scores of evasions that would have been inevitably condemned a century afterwards, and might even be condemned by the contrapuntists of to-day. Horsley did not in the least understand why Byrde wrote as he did, and doubtless would have put him right if he had thought of having the work sung instead of simply having it printed as an antiquarian curiosity. The music does not suggest the eighteenth century with its jangling harpsichords, its narrow, dirty streets, its artificiality, its brilliant candle-lighted rooms, where the wits and great ladies assembled and talked more or less naughtily. There is indeed a strange, pathetic charm in the eighteenth century to which no one can be indifferent: it is a dead century, with the dust upon it, and yet a faint lingering aroma as of dead rose petals. But the old-world atmosphere of Byrde's music is, at least to me, something finer than that: it is the atmosphere of a world which still lives: it is remote from us and yet very near: for the odour of dead rose petals and dust you have a calm cool air, and a sense of fragrant climbing flowers and of the shade of full foliaged trees. All is sane, clean, fresh: one feels that the sun must always have shone in those days. This quality, however, it shares with a great deal of the music of the "spacious days" of Elizabeth. But of its expressiveness there is not too much to be found in the music of other musicians than Byrde in Byrde's day. He towered high above all the composers who had been before him; he stands higher than any other English musician who has lived since, with the exception of Purcell. It is foolish to think of comparing his genius with the genius of Palestrina; but the two men will also be reckoned close together by those who know this Mass and the *Cantiones Sacrae*. They were both consummate masters of the technique of their art; they both had a fund of deep and original emotion; they both knew how to express it through their music. I have not space to mention all the examples I could wish. But every reader of this article may be strongly recommended at once to play, even on the piano, the sublime passage beginning at the

words "Qui propter nos homines" on p. 24, and more especially pp. 26 and 27, noting more especially the magnificent effect of the swelling mass of sound dissolving in a cadence at the "Crucifixus." Another passage, equal to any ever written, begins on p. 36 at "Et unam Sanctam Catholicam." There is a curious energy in the repetition of "Et Apostolicam Ecclesiam," and then a wistful sweetness and tenderness at "Confiteor unum baptisma." Again, the whole of the Agnus is divine, the repeated "miserere nobis," and the passage beginning at the "dona nobis pacem" on p. 65 possessing that same sweetness, tenderness, and wonderful calm. But there is not a number that does not contain passages which one must rank amongst the greatest things in the world; and it must be remembered that these passages are not detached, or in fact detachable, but integral parts of a fine architectural scheme.

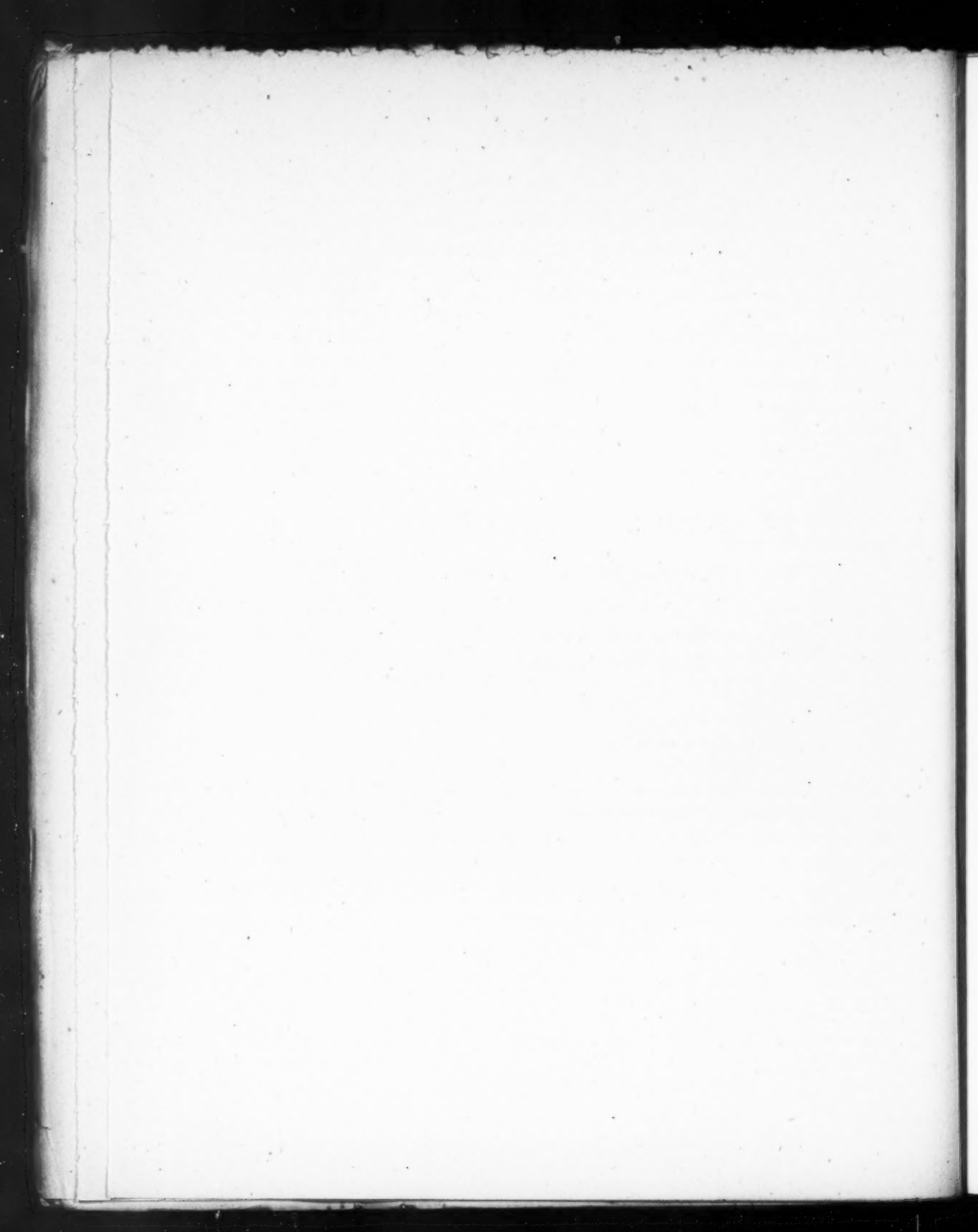
It would be easy to write many more pages about Byrde's Mass; but my space is run out. I may conclude by recommending every one who wishes to learn something of one of the greatest musicians the world has known, to hear the work at Brompton Oratory. The rendering of Brompton is very refined, but when I attended there a few weeks ago the choir did not dare to let itself go as Mr. Terry's choir let itself go at Ealing. One heard a number of parts moving simultaneously: not a coherent, harmonious whole swelling and falling. But perhaps by now the music has become sufficiently familiar to the singers to enable them to do better. Of course the Gloria is omitted; but there is enough music of the first rank in the other numbers to show where Byrde ought to be placed. Also there is enough to make one wonder whether Byrde's music is so consistently excluded from English Catholic churches on the inadequate ground that Byrde was an English composer, and whether it would not be worth while experimenting both with his music and some of the other music written while England was still faithful to Rome.

John F. Runciman.

## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Two Drawings by HANSLIP FLETCHER.

1. FROM THE WEST.
2. FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

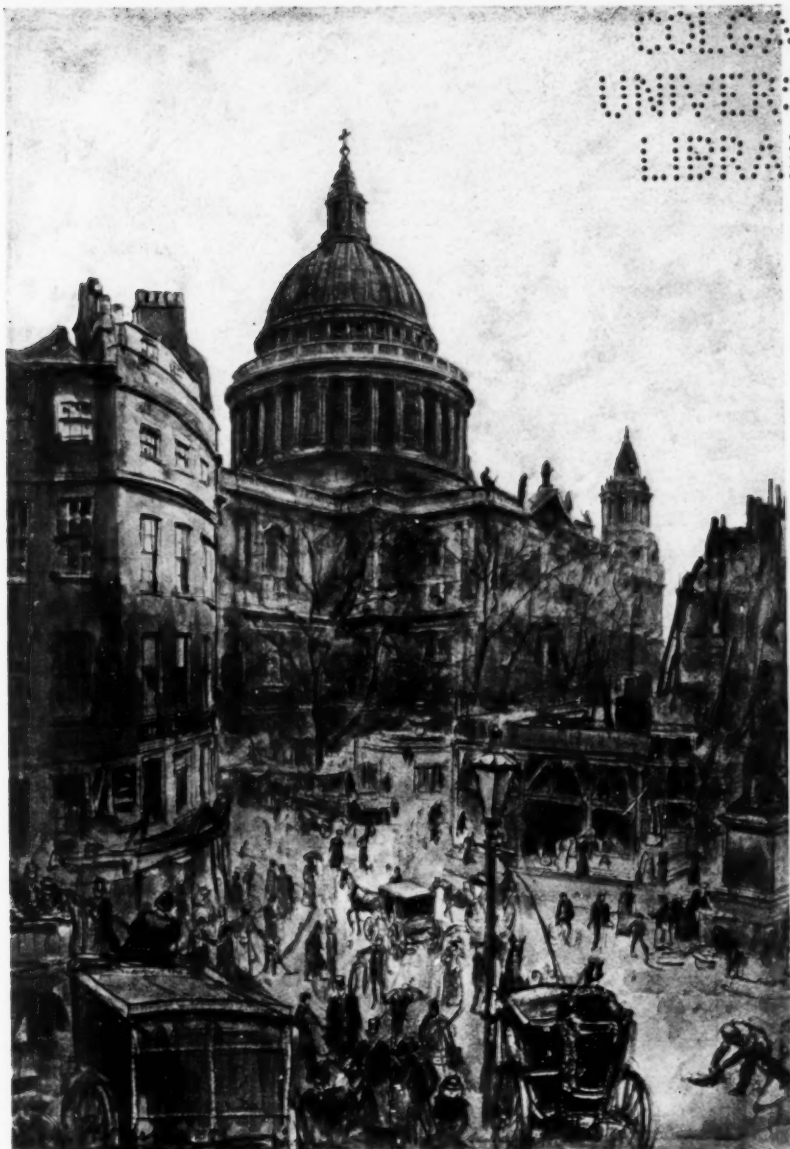








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## ST. PAUL'S

It is full time that the writers without whose labours the weekly and monthly Reviews must soon cease to appear, should band themselves together to throw off the Tyranny of the Editor. It falls to me, under the working of a deplorable agreement, to compose a Note for *The Dome*, to accompany two drawings of St. Paul's, representing the cathedral as seen from the north-east, with certain buildings pulled down, and from the west, with certain other buildings, including a prodigious Temperance Hotel, unhappily still standing. I have offered to supply, over two brand-new pseudonyms, a pair of beautiful articles, to be called "St. Paul's from Two Points of View." The first should sing the dim aisles athrob with music, the majestic dome, the sudden cross shining out golden as the last veils of mist lift away and float out on the morning wind. Many an ancient phrase—as "the time-worn fane," "London's premier church," and "the mighty dead"—should adorn this script; nor should the due platitude touching Mutabilitie be lacking. The second should echo, though haply but far off and faintly, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and that New Humour which already seems so very old. Therein, should be heard many a chuckle over my own pretty wit in comparing St. Paul's with the big wheel at Earl's Court, and affirming its enormous popularity as a show on the ground that it has a railway station of its own; and grumbling that the side-shows cost three or four shillings to visit, and lamenting that the Golden Gallery is without a beer licence. I offered all that. And, lest the Editor should waver, I even flung into the scale my promise of a third article, juicy and plump fruit of a whole hour's hard study of popular reference books at the British Museum—a well-fed article, anecdotal, historical, statistical, instructive; and tempted him with

yet another pseudonym and with that blessed word Symposium. To which there comes his answer, thanking me for my pleasant jest, and begging that the Note "on my customary lines" may not be too long and may be posted early.

All this I recite, chiefly as a tract against Editorial Oppression, and defy any attempt to suppress it in the interest of a hated class. Nevertheless, it has not really stolen an inch of the space allotted to my Note; for although they are snatched away from me, those forbidden ones are the three jugs into which I had best poured all I have to say that is worth saying about St. Paul's, and even in bewailing them my points are made.

St. Paul's is a great work, albeit the greatness of it lies principally in one or two spectacular effects. It has moments great enough to provoke fine writing, and sometimes almost great enough to stop it, save in the scribbler at second hand. Therefore the first jug, the cut-glass and electro-plated one, had not been empty. But at the same time St. Paul's is a work for which one has no solid and lasting respect—one should not know it too well; just as a man who has been stirred by the magniloquence and passion of a famous orator or tragedian should not go home with him, to hear a passage of everyday bickering with his wife because supper is bad or late.

If it were not that the thanksgiving and prayers and exaltation of innumerable worshippers have made this, as they can make any other pile, a veritable Christian church, the New Humour might play round about it and be found no more offensive than Mark Twain's widely-tolerated recitals of flippancy in spots of reputed sanctity far away; whereas at Amiens the last mass might be said and the last taper be blown out, and the stones would cry out still, "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." So, without too strong qualms, one might fill up my second jug, the brown one, the barleycorn. As for the third, the milk-jug, only when a man shall have drunk deeply of it shall his eyes be opened to know both the life and death, the good and evil, the splendour and paltriness of this church. For if Wren, as well as his work, be under review, recollection of the conditions under which he did the work must in fairness qualify the purely æsthetic criticism.

The St. Paul's we know is Wren's later thought, excogitated a little bitterly after courtiers had frowned upon the St. Paul's of

his own dream; and though what we have may be better than what he wished us to have, the worker was denied the finest joy of working, and his work is like a great poet's blank verse when he is not in his greatest mood. It is as though Handel had achieved the *Messiah* on the lower and more showy levels of *Judas Maccabæus*. Again, we must remember that Wren was rebuilding a capital as well as piling up a cathedral. He was determined to make the new St. Paul's a grand spectacular feature in his new London, and he did not fail. He seems also to have longed to begin and complete under his own eye a church of the first magnitude, and thus to give it a unity of effect lacking in most of the great buildings of Christendom. Here again he did not fail; but the spectacular element in his intention and the speed of his execution must in any case have involved a few faults and losses, and in actual fact have involved very many. Thus does the historian chasten the critic, and thus should my third jug pour sweet reasonableness into the other two.

But if any man who has drunk, perchance without knowing it, from my three jugs, will discover certainly how indeterminate must be his opinion of St. Paul's, he shall alternately engage those who hate and those who love it with full purpose of heart. Talking with such, he shall find himself always in opposition. Let its detractor condemn this church roundly, and one recalls straight to mind how, from a steamer slipping down to sea, one has had sight of its glorious mass and golden cross proud against the hurrying white and steadfast blue of a morning sky in spring, and waxes hot in its defence. Or let its devotee extol it to heaven, and instantly one remembers and denounces the sham dome and the sham aisles, the acres of inexpressive, coarsely-articulated stone, the shocking recesses, like flagged back-yards, which the side-walls of the nave conceal from the Man in the Street, but not from the man on the roof, and half a dozen other shams from this gorgeous bag of tricks. It is not necessarily by the glimmer of a Ruskinian Lamp of Truth that these things are seen. One may account that light to be as darkness, and yet deplore the short cuts and shams of St. Paul's. But to such bursts of stormy invective or boisterous praise there will generally succeed the dispassionate and abiding conviction that St. Paul's gives adequate excuse for neither, and that it is simply the great but not very great work

of a great man working in circumstances which he was not quite great enough to transcend.

This Note must serve as an accompaniment to Mr. Fletcher's drawings, but I shall shortly return to the subject in a longer and more serious article, in which not only Wren's building, but the present administration of it, both as a national monument and as an Anglican church, will be fairly discussed. For, though such a discussion will turn out to be as inconclusive as the present Note, it will at least bring out into the daylight a few facts which are worth consideration.

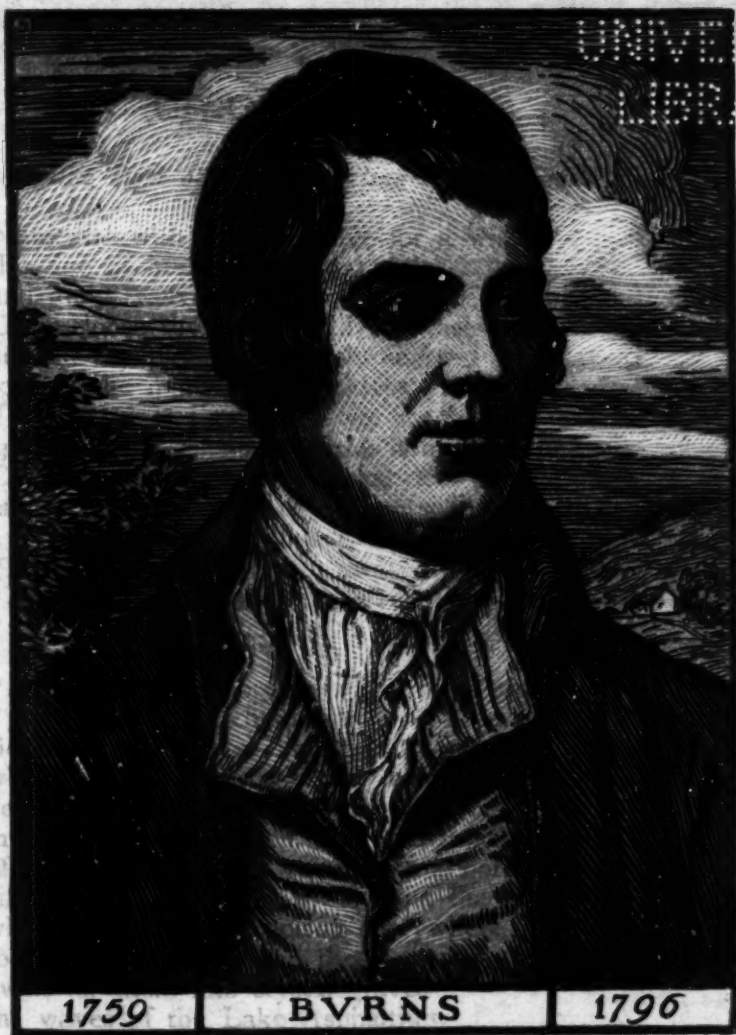
L. A. Corbeille.



## ROBERT BURNS

Printed from Wood-Blocks designed and cut by ROBERT BRYDEN.





the green, salt waves of the Dead Sea,  
But high on the rocks above us see,

*Bryden sculp.*



## CHRYSOROAS

*(The First Part of "The Meeting of the Creeds")*

Now who with me will leave for a while  
this age of Mammon, vulgar, vile,  
and glide twelve sleeping ages hence?  
Come, loose thy hold of all thy cares  
and all thy pleasures, merely snares  
to stay the mind that should be free.  
Time, what is time and what are we,  
and wherefore chained to the hours that be?  
Come, shake thy golden locks, dear friend,  
and shaking, through thy being send  
a message saying: "This is the day  
"I step a thousand years away  
"and pass a thousand leagues to the land  
"where, as though cradled in the sand,  
"two great religions of the world  
"first waxed and spread, till they enfurled  
"more than a half humanity:"  
So come with me to Palestine,  
where 'twixt Damascus and divine  
Jerusalem our stay will be;  
in the valley of Kidron, near the shore  
of the lake which the very birds abhor,  
sinking with shivering wings from the air,  
which is heavy with poison everywhere,  
to float quite dead upon those waves  
await for them like crystal graves—  
the waves of the Lake Asphaltites,  
the green, salt waves of the Dead Sea.  
But high on the rocks above us see,

placed like an eagle's eyrie, is  
the Laura of the Mar Sabas,  
of which that saint the founder was.  
To-day is but as yesterday,  
and a thousand years as they pass away  
scarce furrow once the brow of the hill,  
and scarce the brooding valley fill  
with any noticeable change;  
as though this special point of the earth  
did garner thoughts beyond the range  
of time and space, of the utmost worth  
to the more than mortal part of us.  
'Twas hither that Saint Sabas fled  
for refuge in the "Valley of Fire"  
from the worse pangs of wild desire,  
and here the monk's true life he led.  
But not of him do we stay to tell,  
nor of the lion who loved him well,  
and shared awhile his rocky cell;  
and hardly may swallow or song alight  
by those high caves, where dwelt St. John,  
Arcadius, Xenophon, brethren three,  
far beyond hearing yet each in sight;  
and all their lives, when the first sun shone,  
waved greetings each for the day to be,  
silent for ever across the abyss:  
we flit, for we may not hover o'er this,  
and haste to the time when the Laura stood,  
a power for evil and for good,  
like all extreme that is.  
Twin towers and mighty buttresses,  
domes, battlements, and staircases,  
support the building as it leans  
toward the dismal, deep ravines  
that serve the Kidron for a bed;  
and Nature all around is dead,  
save for the golden grackle's cry  
or the wolf's howl; no single flower  
is there to shadow hour by hour



the slow sun's progress over the sky :  
white cliffs and yellow, all is dead  
without, within, save overhead  
sad singing, hark ! for 'tis a dirge  
rises and falls like the sea's surge.

So ends the singing ye know so well,  
and 'tis of the poet that I would tell,  
of John Mansour the Damascene,  
Chryso-roas, "he of the golden flow,"  
true poet, if saint has ever been,  
and saint as true as poet, I ween ;  
this by God's help I'll show.

But first, sweet lady, I'd crave your grace  
to grant me leave for a moment's space—  
(nay, blind me not with thy radiant face)—  
crave freedom for rhyme that rings  
true to itself and sighs or sings ;  
now free, now prisoned in the throats  
of birds who careless give their notes,  
according to a harmony  
that in the listener first must be.

Now, having told of the dirge and the sea,  
spread wings again and pass with me  
northward and backward to the place  
where John the Doctor of Christian Art  
loved, lived, and suffered a little space,  
ere for his great and bleeding heart  
he found true solace in life apart  
from the suns and the storms of history,  
on these bare cliffs, by this Dead Sea.

Through seven miles of forest fair  
Damascus lies and drinks her fill  
of those cold torrents from the hill,  
Barrada, Phege ; streams that were  
famous ere in her yellow glass  
old Tiber mirrored Rome.

Heroes and kings, she has seen all pass,  
Damascus City of Pomegranates,

City of Gardens, and now, though she  
is older far than all towns that be,  
even yet through her carven gates  
life ebbs, life flows; we can hardly climb  
upward to that dim point of time  
when Uz the first foundations laid;  
nor yet shall we stay our flight to tell  
of Abraham nor of Israel,  
of Naaman nor his maid:

Nor yet may we linger over the day  
Tiglath-Pileser led away  
to Kir the Damascenes;  
and here the end of her youth we see  
when the rest of the world began to be,  
an end of the Bible scenes.

Time waxed, time waned, kings went, kings came,  
and Alexander's mighty name  
split into fragments like a gem,  
and the crowd struggles and gathers them;  
But always upon the crest of time  
Damascus sailed, and she always came  
even with things sublime.

City of Pomegranates, come tell  
what thine old stones must know so well;  
how looked young Pompey as he rode  
to choose some palace for abode  
along the street called Straight?—

He who brought Syria under the sway  
of the Roman babe of yesterday?—

“Hardly he deigned to turn aside  
“the head that won the world to bride,  
“crisp-curled, supreme, elate.

“He left me by the eastern gate,  
“he rode to rend the veil,  
“and face to face with Israel's God  
“not his the gaze to quail.”

But mightier steps than his have trod  
these ancient stones, and the breach in the wall  
still shews where he who was Saul and was Paul

must fly for his mission's sake.  
Refounder of the Christian world,  
who in your puissant grasp did take  
the soft and soothing gospel furled  
in the seamless robe, did crush and turn  
that flower-strown script to fires that burn,  
melt and refashion and make stern,  
as a wrought gate of pierced iron,  
the faith that doth our world environ.  
Ah, carven gates, through which we peer  
to count the crowns the Pontiffs wear,  
circlewise sitting backward there  
to guard the key which lies them near,  
ruddy with rust, and blood-flecks stain  
the lock our fingers try in vain!  
Methinks you melt again, and lo  
those iron flowers Paul carved do flow  
back to the daisy, and a child  
leads back the Lamb, from us beguiled.  
Five hundred years went gliding by,  
and the Christians reigned when the old gods waned,  
till Heraclius tottered on his throne  
in evil health, whose hand alone  
might with the scimitared monster vie  
which from the south is drawing nigh.  
Columns of desert dust revolving  
across the astonished earth reveal  
Mohammad, central column of all,  
men's sins in the one God absolving,  
all wounds in Paradise to heal  
with houris "exquisite and tall,  
"unknown of man or of any djinn."  
"I am the tower where wisdom dwells,  
"Ali the gate to enter in :"  
Thus spake the Prophet, but fate spells  
a different destiny, and the sword  
of Amrou, Ommya's subtle tongue,  
the pierced Koran and the vile fraud  
of the chosen ring, the empire wrung

from the Bayard of Islam, and the Tent  
sheltered in vain Hasan, Hosein.  
Kaled, Obeidah, who can stay?  
Werdan, Heraclius turned to clay?—  
Damascus falls, and the white and the green  
wave from the time-worn walls, serene  
as they ever waved where Kaled went—  
the "Sword of God"—and Moawiyah  
his crafty lord did govern here  
from the City of Gardens, and the God  
of Islam triumphed where Islam trod.  
Westward to Egypt, eastward ho,  
borne on the winds the sons of the sand  
bear death and the faith wherever they go;  
scimitar drawn and the Book in hand,  
they blot the boundaries of the land  
where Tigris and Euphrates flow,  
and the last of the Sassanides  
must fall, a suppliant, on his knees.  
Through palaces of Karmathian kings  
the desert cloud its passage wings,  
o'erwhelming all, and the Indian streams  
must flicker back the scimitar's gleams;  
Moultan, Ferghana, Samarcand,  
Kashgar; and on the western land  
as heavily lies Islam's hand,  
even to Segelmessa, where  
gnomes lay gold by the merchant's ware.  
Thus Islam won, but could not keep,  
and, like the whirling pillar of sand,  
fell with the wind and sank to sleep.

· · · · ·  
"Never before so splendid was  
"Our ancient city"; the fountains say,  
as in the marble courts they play  
and the white doves of peace do rove  
from orange grove to orange grove.  
Bright gleamed the Crescent, but still the Cross,  
though dimmed and dinted, yet remained,

for what could the sons of the desert do  
in a world so old, to them so new?  
They sought the help of the sect disdained;  
and always the great Omeiyah placed  
by his side at the council and the feast  
some Christian whose wit and wisdom graced  
and tempered the Arab fire at least.  
Then the day came that he must die,  
and in the Tomb of the Little Gate  
Omeiyah sleeps, and by him lie  
Mohammad's wives and he whose fate  
it was his lord's life to relate,  
Ibn Asaker, the Arab scribe.  
And after him, to their founder's plan  
the Omeiyad caliphs subscribe,  
Walid and Hisham and Merwan;  
and the Cross triumphs in the court;—  
Akhtal, the Christian, in robes of gold,  
hero triumphant forth is brought;  
loudly the herald cries: "Behold  
"Akhtal, the greatest poet of all;  
"him the 'Commander's poet' we call."  
And Walid, enraged at a verse that pricks  
his pillowed conscience, pierces and sticks  
through with his arrows the Koran.  
"For, 'Woe to the proud rebellious man,'  
"You cry; well, wait till the Judgment day  
"and then call out to your Lord if you may:  
"'"Twas Walid pierced me; I said him, Nay.'"  
"Scarce in his Father's bosom lies  
"Our Saviour Christ seven hundred year;  
"scarce eighty since their prophet flies  
"with Israfil for charioteer,  
"when thus the pagans reappear,  
"and Walid comes to flout and jeer,"  
mused Sergius the Logothete,  
as his mule bore him along the street  
(this Sergius was a Christian,

yet served the Kaliph as Christians can).  
Sudden the mule stops where a crowd  
is chaffering long, is chaffering loud,  
for a Christian monk, in the narrow space  
ere the street becomes the market place.  
"What think you, friend, will the old monk grace  
"my harem's door?" says one; "more sure  
"your garden as a rare manure."  
This Sergius heard, and Cosmas saw  
in his eye was pity, and hope once more  
throbbed to his heart with the life blood.  
And, "Gracious lord," he called in Greek,  
"I am Cosmas monk, and I cannot speak  
"the Saracen speech, nor shew, as I would,  
"the treasures I bear from Sicily;  
"for I am learned in all the lore  
"that came with Christ and came before:  
"Plotinus, Porphyry live in me,  
"Plato is mine, and all the light  
"that left in the world the Stagyrte."  
Then Sergius answered him back in Greek:  
"Old man, you need fear no more;  
"for though you have lied, and the names you speak  
"were all your knowledge, I know how sore  
"on your frail limbs this iron's weight,  
"and sad as a slave-youth seems, not one  
"of all the sad sights under the sun  
"is sadder than age at odds with fate;  
"But if truth you tell, you shall guide my son  
"through all the mazes of Plato's school."  
Then Cosmas was unchained and led  
forth, and upon a sturdy mule  
his saviour placed him, and little was said  
as they passed beneath the archway cool;  
for now well-nigh the monk was dead,  
scarce having slept since from his bed  
the Saracens dragged him, in Syracuse.  
But soon good fare and generous wine,  
and the smiles of Sergius and gentle use



(these last twain, healers most divine),  
coaxed back the heart to work again,  
and drove the blood to the restless brain,  
and Sergius gently bade him tell  
of those wise Greeks he loved so well.  
Then Cosmas' eyes flashed bright, as he  
launched forth on that great history;  
and Sergius hearkened as he told  
of those who in their thoughts were bold  
as ever mariner upon sea;  
the admirals they of philosophy;  
how first in the grey Greek morn of thought  
rose Heraclitus, and did show  
that nought remains and all things flow:  
"Not twice can you, nor can any go  
"over the same stream;" this he taught.  
And how Parmenides said: "Not so,  
"for thought and being are the same,  
"and true things *are*, but the false *appear*;  
"and to *know* well is not to *dream*,  
"and the one whole is pure and clear  
"like a vast crystal colourless sphere  
"at rest in the heavens;"—and much more  
that teased the wit of Sergius sore;  
So that he clapped his hands, and slaves  
brought sherbet in golden bowls, and cream  
and store of roses, and shook staves  
with flapping arras them between  
as though a real wind did blow.  
But scarcely did Cosmas touch the bowl  
with eager lips on the overflow,  
for Zeno trembled in his soul.  
He would tell the truth, he would tell the whole,  
and prove to the noble logothete  
that the monk Cosmas was worth his meat.  
"Yes, Zeno and Parmenides"—  
went Cosmas on; but Sergius waves  
to a slim youth among his slaves,  
and "Zeno and Parmenides"—

Cosmas begins again forlorn ;  
but the hanging curtains are withdrawn,  
and, bowing lowly to the ground,  
then bounding with an antelope's bound,  
a boy like budding April springs  
all youth upon them, and his arms  
round his old father's neck he flings,  
triumphant in his boyhood's charms.  
"My son, he is my only son,"  
cries Sergius, when at last he is free ;  
"his mother left this only one  
"to be a link 'twixt her and me.  
"Is he not beautiful?—Just so  
"the angels look, as to and fro  
"they wing their way round Heaven's throne,  
"save that perchance their locks may glow  
"with light that shines from God alone.  
"But John's hair is golden, and such eyes  
"saw you ever on this side Paradise?"  
Old Cosmas smiled, and stroked the hair  
of the fair child, who had drawn near  
and gazed upon him without fear.  
Then the monk gathered into heads  
the wandering skein of ravelled threads,  
and told how Zeno had unspun  
all theories of cosmogony ;  
so that for him, you, I and he  
are or are not indifferently.  
He conjured up that day when all  
the living wits of the world did meet  
at the great Athenian festival :  
here Zeno and Parmenides greet  
our Plato's "many-coloured mind,"  
and to all the elder sophist said,  
Zeno, the younger, bowed his head :  
"We move of course, but then we find  
"that we can only *say* we move  
"from point to point and at each point rest ;  
"for all these points are breast to breast ;

"Achilles cannot catch the sloth,  
"the arrow that flies is motionless,  
"the falling tower may seem to move  
"as does my tongue, but none the less  
"the sage well knows how still are both."

And hence the monk to another sage  
of ancient Greece drew near, and the child  
by his kind eyes and speech beguiled,  
approached and sat at the teacher's feet;  
whereat cried Sergius: "I engage

"you Cosmas to lead my son to greet  
"those lords of thought, and for 'tis meet  
"that a freeman teach my son the Greek,  
"therefore I will the Kaliph seek,  
"and bring you back your liberty"

(Cosmas was slave since Sicily).

Then Sergius rose and wished Cosmas well,  
and soon as the moving curtains fell  
upon his father, the monk 'gan tell  
the son of dim Pythagoras.

Meeting of night and day, I ween:  
Cosmas in his dark cloak, and the child,  
like a cherub down from heaven beguiled,  
and above their heads the deep dark green  
of the orange trees and the palms in rows,  
and the long stretching even lines  
of the marble steps and the wheeling crows  
against heaven's blue depths overhead.

And scarcely the child knows, but divines  
the old dim creed that none are dead  
but passed from one form to another,  
and each by the last life he led  
punished or blessed in some other;  
and how we flit from star to star,  
and have known all, but ah! forget,  
like the sand washed by the great tides,  
and hence the good monk wandered far.

Now Sergius returns, and liberty  
upbears the old monk on her wings.

But still with the child he stands, while he  
swears that until his last day brings  
for him farewell to all earthly things,  
true to his duties he will be,  
and all he knows of the ancient school,  
and all the Christian too, will lay  
before the bright-eyed boy, nor stay  
till all his doubts are cleared away  
and his life fixed in the Christian rule,  
"for always in the best of the Greek  
"we hear the coming Saviour speak."  
The pact was made, and Cosmas stayed,  
and with a mighty love of the truth  
the old monk taught the willing youth.  
And Cosmas found that Athena's light  
glowed in John's eyes, so blue and bright;  
for all he taught was stored away  
beneath the forehead's gold-curled rings;  
nor can aught crabbed diction stay  
the boy's thirst to drink up the springs  
that flow from distant Athens there  
where the name of Christ makes clear the air.  
Diophantus and the Ptolemies,  
Algebra and geometry,  
and the gold dust of truth that lies  
where men have striven hard to see:  
But most of all Pythagoras  
among the ancient sages was  
the one whose vivid eagle sight  
Cosmas delighted to reveal  
in glimpses of transcendent light  
to the bright boy whose will could feel  
and memory seize upon a thought  
too distant yet quite to be brought  
within full compass of his mind.  
Thus several years they dwelt together  
careless almost of the outside weather—  
scarce knowing what vizir might reign  
for a moment in the Kaliph's train,

till the day came that Cosmas died.  
Full twenty hours did John abide  
by the dead semblance of his friend ;  
Then, for he knew his grief could lend  
no joy to the spirit passed away,  
John harkened to his father's prayer,  
and thenceforth followed everywhere  
the business of the logothete,  
and ofttimes passed nigh half the day  
copying and counting, making neat  
columns of figures, and the crowd  
of dusty things that like a cloud  
hang round the central pulse of power.  
Thus came it that, as years fled on,  
it ofttimes happened that the son  
talked with the Kaliph by the hour.  
Sergius would say, "Go you to-day ;  
"and bear the Kaliph this from me."  
And the little John grew John Mansour ;  
and none at the court was known so sure  
alike in lesser things as great.  
Then clanged again the stroke of fate,  
and Sergius followed on the way  
that Cosmas took five years before.  
And Mansour sorrowed long and sore  
for the father he would see no more.  
But grief must cease, and tears must stay,  
ere the staff gripped in willing hand  
will help the traveller to the land.  
Soon came word from the Kaliph's grace  
that he should fill a higher place  
than ever Christian filled before :  
Mansour was named chief councillor.  
And now the straining reins of power  
lay in John's hand, for the Kaliph knew  
that the Christian John was firm and true  
as Sergius in the years gone by.  
"If this be so, then what care I  
"if he worship Christ as the deity

“equal with Allah, and Miriam  
“sister of Moses, child of Imram,  
“place with his god in Paradise.  
“For certain God Mansour will damn,  
“yet *now* is the Christian witty and wise  
“and true to *me*, though he worship lies.”  
Thus all was well till Leo roared  
against the worship of the Lord  
in form of picture, shrine or saint :  
“God is no idol daubed with paint.”  
Such speech Mansour would not endure  
against the image and semblance fair  
of God made beautiful everywhere ;  
So in his hand he took the pen,  
and in words of splendour and eloquence  
bade the Christian world resist his power  
who would destroy the gracious presence  
of God made visible to men.  
Then waxed Mansour from hour to hour,  
then raged the Emperor in his heart,  
and subtly, since he did not dare  
slay John while in the Kaliph's care,  
commands his scribes with all their art  
a semblance of John's script prepare,  
wherein he seems to sign away  
allegiance to his Saracen Lord.  
“Weak is the Saracen guard,”—thus ran  
the lying script,—“and on a day  
“if so you will it, shall your sword  
“into Damascus find a way :  
“five hundred men at arms I can  
“lead secretly within the walls,  
“and with Almansor his Empire falls.”  
Thus and much more for many a page  
ran the epistle which Leo sent  
to Almansor, that he might know  
Mansour for traitor and for foe.  
Then fell the Kaliph in a rage,  
and ere the first wild gust was spent



called for Mansour, who all in vain  
pleaded the forgery, and revealed  
the hatred in the script concealed,  
which planned his ruin ; but "not again  
"will Almansor in the ambush fall":  
John wrote the treason, and the hand  
which did the deed the brain has planned  
must perish, perish also all  
the power and place he once did own.

The deed was done, and John alone  
prayed to the Virgin that the pain  
might cease and the arm come whole again.

Then sick at heart, of praying tired,  
John fell to sleep, and dreamed of her  
to whom just now he had raised his prayer ;  
And as he dreamed there came, attired  
in blue coerulean, on a cloud,  
which as she went did move with her,  
compassed with heavenly light about,  
and cherubs flitting round her head,  
the Mother of Christ, and sweetly said :

"John, your prayer is heard,

"John, your arm is healed,

"John in light revealed,

"See me, hear the word."

Then John awakened from his sleep,  
and found his arm whole as before  
the cruel sword in his blood did steep,  
save where a thin red circle bore  
one witness to the Faith the more.

And soon the Kaliph is heard to say :

"Now where is John? must all business stay

"because none of you, who are bold and true

"Arabs can equal this Christian Jew?—

"Go fetch the caitiff, and though in chains,

"We will use his base and bastard brains."

So John was brought, and the Kaliph saw

his arm was whole as it was before.  
Then wild indeed was the heathen's rage,  
and "What," he cried, "do my slaves engage  
"to spare the punishment when due?  
"Go fetch the soldier who should hew  
"the right arm off as his shall too."  
Then the man was brought, and when he saw  
John's arm was healed, he fell on the floor,  
and cried with a mighty voice: "Some djinn  
"has compact with this man of sin;  
"I swear, most noble lord, with a blow  
"Mansour his arm fell off, and I know  
"the place exact where I struck, can show"—  
but here John bared his arm, and the rim  
revealed the miracle wrought on him.  
Then the Kaliph turned him and hid his face,  
and communed with his soul a space.  
At length he said: "You, John Mansour,  
"my servant, trusty, tried and sure;  
"hereby I grant the wealth I took,  
"and all the lands: nor shall I brook  
"again the lies that any send  
"against my servant, councillor, friend;  
"and if any dare to speak one word  
"against Mansour, that man has heard  
"his own death sentence in his lies,  
"and ere their echo cease he dies.  
"John Mansour, you I hereby raise  
"with me above all blame or praise  
"of this my court; and I pray of you  
"pardon for hasty action due  
"to the vile scheming of a foe.  
"Hear all the world: I will it so."  
Then John bowed low before the throne,  
and thanked the Kaliph for justice done:  
"But none of the splendours you offer me, none  
"can I accept, though far beyond  
"the worth of one who was overfond.  
"of this world's empty bauble show.

"Now at your hands, O gracious lord,  
"one boon I crave; that I may retire  
"to a far distant place I know,  
"Mar Saba in the Valley of Fire,  
"where I will hearken to the word  
"that has saved me once from anguish dire  
"by the sweet healing vision of Love,  
"Mary the Mother from above."

Then the Kaliph rose from his silver throne,  
and came to the place where stood St. John,  
and, drawing a gold chain from his neck,  
alive with ruby and chalcedon,  
threw it the saint's bent neck upon,  
and cried: "O friend, you can little reck  
"how great my love and how great my loss,  
"if thus, as you say, you yet will to cross  
"my purpose of all things good for you.  
"But as you will, so shall you do.  
"Only I ask if again you see  
"the vision of Miriam, plead for me."

Then the saint in short but earnest speech  
talked with the Kaliph of things of state,  
and bade farewell to his friends, and each  
received a share of his new-found wealth,  
and joyfully, penniless, more great  
than ever before, by the eastern gate,  
in a monk's robe, St. John, by stealth  
crept out at night, to join the choir  
of monks that serve in the Valley of Fire.

"Who knocks thus loudly down below?  
"upward the rocks the echo throw;  
"depart, depart in peace," cried one,  
as at the postern knocked St. John.  
"I am a wanderer from afar,  
"John of Damascus, and I know  
"your rule, your life and every word  
"from the teacher's lips to my heart will go;  
"therefore descend." When the monk had heard

the name of the pilgrim, soon was stirred  
in every part that place of stone,  
as in a church at the first deep tone  
of the organ lesser thoughts must fly,  
and our thoughts soar with the sound on high.  
The Abbot opened to St. John,  
and all alike the monks would strive  
to serve the greatest saint alive  
(for so they held him who did dare  
beard Leo in his lion's lair),  
to serve an it were but a menial part  
for the "Doctor of the Christian Art."  
But the more they worshipped at his feet,  
the more John craved for the discipline  
that his soul needed ere he could win  
his way to the side of the Paraclete.  
But none of the monks would undertake  
such a task as the training of the man  
who, ere his monk's life even began,  
had braved an emperor on his throne,  
had ruled o'er Islam as his own,  
for whose sweet, ardent sufferings' sake  
Mary the Mother of God came down,  
all radiant in her pale blue gown,  
and spake with him and healed his wound;  
"and you may see the very rim  
"where her gentle fingers tended him,  
"left as a sign when his arm came sound."  
Now who would dare so much as even  
dispute with one who had been in Heaven?  
much less by the narrow monkish rule  
presume to keep a saint in school?  
Then John, as the throng of monks stood near,  
and all would serve, but none command,  
asked if the Laura all were here?  
Then one made answer: "Isumbrand,  
"old and decrepid, dwells alone,  
"nor ever leaves his cell of stone."  
"Pray bring me to him," said St. John.

So upward from terrace to terrace they climb,  
the saint and the monks in a thin brown line,  
and at length on the topmost ridge they stand,  
panting for breath, and "Isumbrand,"  
cries one and raps at the closed cell door.  
"Enter by Christ and Mary's grace,"  
answers the old monk's voice from within,  
and always he knelt and muttered o'er  
the prayer that should purge his soul of sin—  
some old sin done when the wrinkled face  
was bright like the glow of his silver shield,  
and the wild blood hummed and the will must yield.  
Then John drew near and bowed him low,  
and the other monks retired below.  
John said: "Perchance you have heard my name,  
"known well enough in the world, till I came  
"to free my soul of its thousand sins  
"here where the chastened spirit wins  
"its heavenly way by penance due;  
"obedience and those other laws,  
"made for the weal of him who adores  
"Christ and his rule, I pray of you  
"to guide me sternly, Isumbrand,  
"for here a sinful monk I stand,  
"and cry in vain for firm control:  
"those others all would kiss my hand,  
"and kissing damn my ruined soul.  
"Oh! issue but a firm command,  
"and as your slave in Christ I toil,  
"and by your help my soul assoil."  
Then John fell down and thanked the Lord  
who at length had heard his prayer;  
and when he arose the aged monk  
was standing waiting there.  
And, "Thou shalt utter not one word,  
"thou of the golden flow  
"of speech and pen, and the pleasure drunk  
"from the eyes and the listening mouths of men,  
"charmed in thy puissant presence and sunk,

"henceforth thou shalt never know.  
"But thou shalt pray in penitence  
"for thy dead deadly sins,  
"and when the moon beams and the world dreams  
"not then shalt thou rest, not then,  
"but by vigil and prayer shalt aye mount the stair  
"that heavenward leadeth hence.  
"And if these rules thou disobey,  
"from my cell thou shalt be expelled straightway."  
"Good is not good unless well done,"  
said John (and sure never beneath the sun,  
arrayed against the powers of night,  
loomed brighter the legions of the light.  
Great councillor with the winged crown  
of power and the violet crown  
of empery in the world of words,  
these and the rest he will hurl down  
those rugged rocks, aye let them drown  
where fall the very passing birds:  
in the salt waves of the Dead Sea).  
Thus and thus for many a day  
works and strives the saint alway:  
works at vile tasks, and never a word  
through the bars of his golden<sup>1</sup> lips is heard;  
until the day when Thomas died;  
him the monks loved (and well betide  
his soul which doth with God abide).  
The monks they loved him very well,  
and all that night and that day could tell  
no other tale than the things he said  
and the things that had pleased their brother dead.  
Now the fame of John as a poet came  
wafted with him like tongues of flame,  
and as they prayed and moaned full sore,  
one of them cried: "Since nevermore  
"we can see our brother in the Lord,  
"let us make a dirge, and let every word  
"be cunningly placed, and let the whole

<sup>1</sup> Chrysoroas.



"rise like a temple to the soul  
"of Thomas whom we loved so well."  
Then one said: "Nay, if he dared disobey  
"once in the world the stern behest,  
"our John the poet could make the best  
"of any dirge, since to his rest  
"St. Sabas passed among the blest,"  
Therefore they came with suppliant airs  
to John as he toiled on the steep stone stairs,  
bearing the water for the cell  
of Isumbras, and: "We know well  
"your penance of silence, great St. John;  
"but now is Thomas passed away,  
"him whom we loved, and we would say  
"how bright for us his presence shone,  
"how dark these walls since he has gone;  
"but alas no skill in verse have we,  
"so songless and dirgeless must he be  
"laid to his rest to-morrow morn,  
"unless of your great love and wit  
"some song of mourning shall be born,  
"which shall meet his soul and fly with it.  
"Ah! grant our prayer, by the sacred eyes  
"of Mary Mother, sweet and wise."  
Thus spoke the monk, and the others drew  
nearer the saint as he ceased to climb  
the steep stone steps, and thoughtful grew  
his eyes, and furrowed the brow sublime.  
But he answered nothing at that time,  
save with a bow and a half smile,  
as upward again he 'gan to climb,  
musing, musing all the while.  
Soon images rose, and the very words  
swarmed all around like travelling birds  
that seek the beacon's golden light,  
which pierces through the gloom of night.  
Then suddenly to an end he brought  
his work, and the devious ways of thought  
shewed in his brain they would converge

into the music of the dirge,  
which since his day men sing alway  
to speed the soul upon its way.  
That very noon they sung the same,  
and the sound of the singing rose like flame  
upward to the hard bare cell  
where Isumbras with John did dwell.  
"What dirge is that they sing below?"  
asks Isumbras, as his fingers pleat  
the strands of the basket at his feet;  
"'tis strange the words I should not know,  
"who came here sixty years ago.  
"A noble dirge it is; I shall pray  
"the Abbot, on my burial day  
"an it please him to let sing the same."  
Then over the face of the saint there came,  
first of his life, a blush of shame:  
"I wrote the dirge: be mine the blame."  
Isumbras rose and spake no word,  
but stretched his arm and pointed down  
where yet the melody was heard.  
The saint obeyed, and with bowed head  
passed out and downward, ever down  
the rock-hewn staircase he must tread,  
thus "driven forth from Paradise."  
Anguished he seeks the chapel gaunt,  
where the monks meet him, and his chaunt  
speeds ever heavenward with the soul,  
first of the million souls that flies,  
buoyed on such wings to its last goal.  
What comfort now for the poet saint?  
The monks crowd round, and strive to soothe  
with compliments and phrases smooth  
Mansour in sorrow; but aye he cries,  
"I am driven forth from Paradise."  
At last, one, bolder than the rest,  
says: "Father, for your dirge's sake  
"which wafts our Thomas on his way,  
"see now I climb to the Laura's crest,

"and with Isumbras your peace will make,  
"or at the worst some solace lay  
"on your sad soul." Most grateful was  
the saint, and anxiously awaited  
the answer with his future weighted.  
He left them, and no sound struck there  
as the saint knelt in silent prayer,  
and the monks stood wondering wistfully  
what the mind of Isumbras would be.  
Sudden the listeners' shorn and grey  
heads are turned to gather a sound  
like drops from a rain sluice on the ground.  
"'Tis James descending from Isumbras,"  
goes round the whisper, and now John may  
rise from the stones and cease to pray,  
for the final answer is on its way  
to the heart of gold from the heart of brass.  
He enters, and down the bare cold walls  
shivers the message that appals.  
"John the sinner, so-called the saint,  
"waxen will and heart all faint ;  
"Hear the penance that you must do  
"ere Isumbras will govern you.  
"Some fifty leagues as I think divide  
"John the vizier from the town of his pride :  
"twelve baskets lie complete in my cell,  
"each worth a silver piece at the most.  
"Hence, then, vile sinner, fulfil thy boast ;  
"pride of the pagan, poet of hell :  
"speed to Damascus, and straightway sell  
"each of the baskets at pieces three,  
"nor till they are sold return to me."  
(In the hard metal of Isumbras  
alloy for the saint's pure gold there was.)

Who stands there in the street called Straight,  
stands and calls like a figure of fate,  
"Baskets to sell?" was ever seen  
a monk more foul, of more piteous mien?

Come tell us, monk, now who are you  
that thrive so ill 'neath the rule of the Jew?  
"I come from the Laura upon the Hill,  
"my name is John, and I here fulfil  
"the righteous penance for my sin."  
"And what, sir monk, may that have been?"  
"Good friend, an I told, you would not see  
"the exceeding great enormity  
"of the evil thing that I have done,  
"but *these*, I must sell them every one,  
"ere I may dare return again  
"to purge the rest of my merited pain."  
He points to the baskets piled up high,  
and the crowd of idlers draws more nigh.  
Says one: "The price of that wicker crate?"  
"Three pieces of silver." "Crazy pate!"  
"For two of copper I'd easily buy  
"two better than yours; but I see, you would try  
"to cozen the faithful, Christian hound!"  
At this the loiterers gathered round,  
bronze-faced Arabians, and they stare  
at the monk as he stands by his high-priced ware.  
"And a copper piece is the most I would pay  
"to see him and his rubbish carted away,"  
shouts one, and his fellows jostle and laugh  
at the bright-eyed monk as he leans on his staff,  
silent, serene; though the cruel ray  
of the Syrian sun can find a way  
through the dark cloak dusty with many a mile:  
round him the rabble presses, vile.  
Sudden a shout, "Al Zobeir!"  
All vanish, melted away with fear,  
and alone he stands in the street called "Straight,"  
John Mansour, councillor of state,  
Friend of the Kaliph once, but now  
an humble monk, with downcast brow.  
Slowly the white ass draws more near,  
whereon sits great Al Zobeir,  
Vizir and protosymbolos.

If he cast but a careless glance across  
the street, two old friends' eyes will meet.  
"Why are those baskets piled on high?  
"and who is the monk that stands them by?"  
asks Zobeir, and his servants speed.  
"His name is John, and he comes"—but here  
John Mansour and Al Zobeir  
in one another's eyes had read  
sweet memory of the old days dead.  
Straight from his ass Al Zobeir leapt,  
and cried, "What, strange tryst have you kept  
"in this strange guise, with this strange ware?  
"I come from the Laura of St. Sabas,  
"and thither again I hope to pass  
"when all these baskets have been sold."  
"I buy them all, old friend; here's gold.  
"Now come" (he mounted down from his beast),  
"your vow's performed; with me at least  
"take rest and refuge from the sun,  
"and remain with me till the day is done.  
"You know my palace hid in the trees,  
"and the fountains and marble and seats of ease,  
"spread round the green, cool place.  
"How often have we pondered there  
"on things to come and things that were;  
"but now, though you are far away—  
"you will yet set free for a friend one day."  
John smiled through all his dirt and dust,  
and, "Come what may, we are bound to trust  
"old friends, though the world be new;  
"so far away am I now from where  
"we dwelt in thought, that I hardly dare  
"tread again the path that I trod with you.  
"But you yourself are the best of the past,  
"and thoughts may change but the heart doth last;  
"so fare I with you and with you stay  
"till daybreak of the coming day;  
"for, truth to tell, my head doth swim,  
"my senses all seem blurred and dim;

"and had you not come at need, dear friend,  
"my mission with my life had end."  
So now they pass upon their way,  
and heads are turned and steps must stay  
to see on foot the great Vizier  
—on foot the great prince Zobeir—  
and on his ass a strange foul friar,  
for none did know him for Mansour,  
who a while past with steps secure  
trod these same stones, till the Kaliph's ire  
drove him forth to the Valley of Fire  
(so little may a face endure  
in the vague memory of the throng,  
which loves none much and loves none long).  
Thus monk and infidel they pass  
(friend and friend were now more near),  
and the slaves run on some steps before,  
and wide on its hinges swings the gate.  
"What ho! what ho!" cries Zobeir,  
"bring lemons quick and crystal glass  
"full of red wine; for a friend once more  
"crosses my threshold, led by fate."  
Slaves come in swarms, and a golden crate  
bears the best of the City of Pomegranate.  
But John's tired limbs ache all the way,  
scarce finds he strength to say them nay,  
who, crouching, fawning at each hand,  
offer the dainties of the land.  
This Zobeir sees, and waves away  
the slavish questioners, and enquires  
what most his long-lost friend desires.  
Deep in the cool green marble tank  
soothed and swathed the saint's limbs sank,  
and when he crossed again its rim,  
though late almost on his path to heaven,  
John knew that the world had need of him.  
Then slaves bear in the softest wool  
that ever from wild hill sheep was riven,  
the finest linen of Bagdad,



and over all a garment cool  
chosen from the choicest Zobeir had.  
These John is now obliged to don,  
for soiled and torn is his robe, and none  
so foul a garment would deign to wear  
as a guest in the house of Zobeir.  
Thus thought the saint as he made his way  
through the curtained alcoves that masked the day  
out to the open court, where stands  
his noble host with outstretched hands.  
And by St. George I think they were  
of the soaring sort as noble a pair  
as God has let live anywhere:  
John with his glance all eagle and fire;  
gentle and calm, Al Zobeir,  
the lord of war, for now the best  
of all his nature owned was brought  
to focus in the single thought  
to greet his friend, to greet his guest.  
Then sat they at the board together,  
and the lesser guests let sit wherever  
they willed below, and the slaves brought meat,  
and both in the shade of the palms did eat.  
Then flashed the eyes of John once more,  
and he thanked the friend who had saved and tended  
the life which had that day well-nigh ended;  
Then they talked their time of friendship o'er.  
Meanwhile, to escape the heat of the sun,  
those who passed by came one by one  
and stood beneath the welcome shade  
which the wide-spreading palm-trees made,  
so that soon a numerous company  
filled every place where shade might be.  
"Mayhap," said the Vizier, "you can tell  
"us something of your new strange life,  
"since you left us all and went to dwell  
"beyond the reach of mortal strife?"  
"Nay," said St. John, "my life has been  
"unworthy, vile, and very mean.

## THE DOME

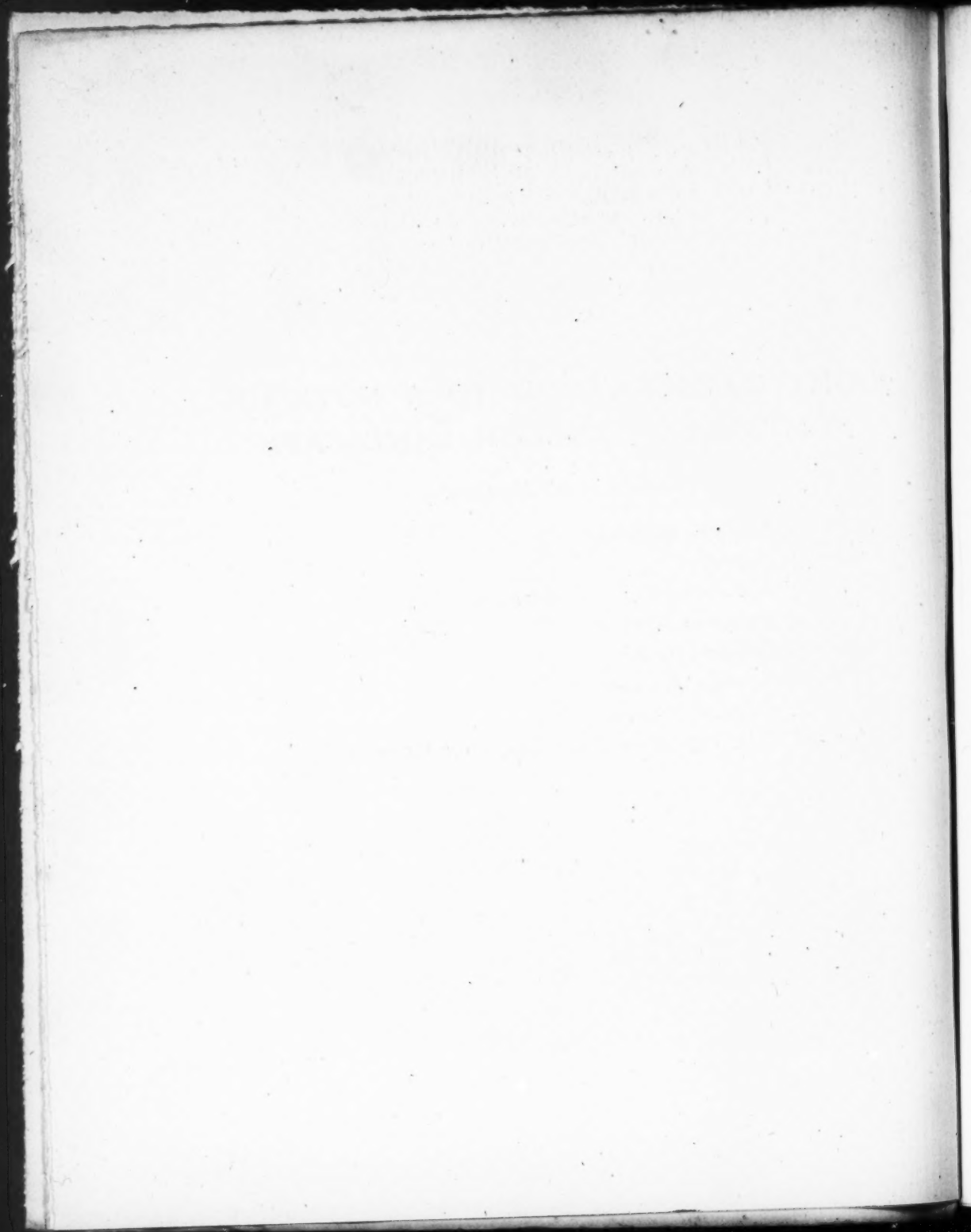
"But how a Prince of India came  
"to leave his age and adore the name  
"of Christ, and like a bright pure flame  
"burned all his days, that he might be  
"as a beacon to humanity,  
"if you will, I shall disclose to you."  
Al Zobeir bowed, and nearer drew  
the swarthy, turbaned company.

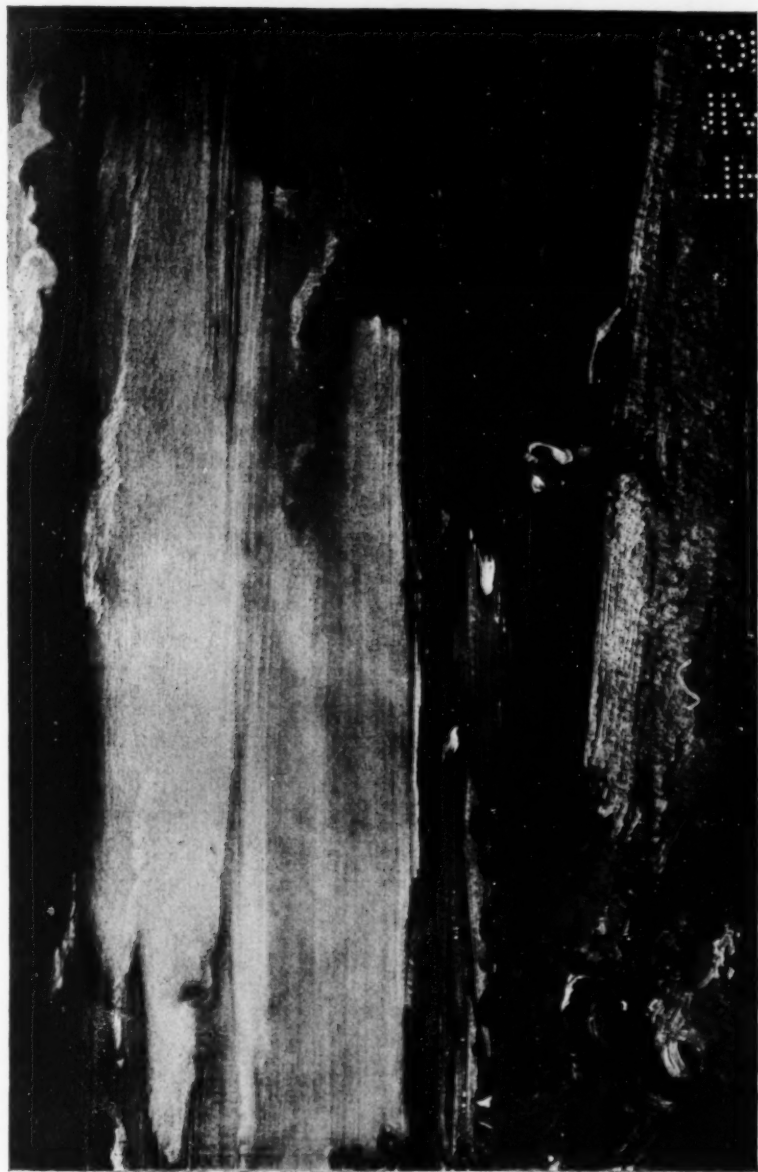
Douglas Ainslie.

EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS TO A NOTE ON  
CONSTABLE'S "ENGLISH LANDSCAPE"

*(From LUCAS' Mezzotints)*

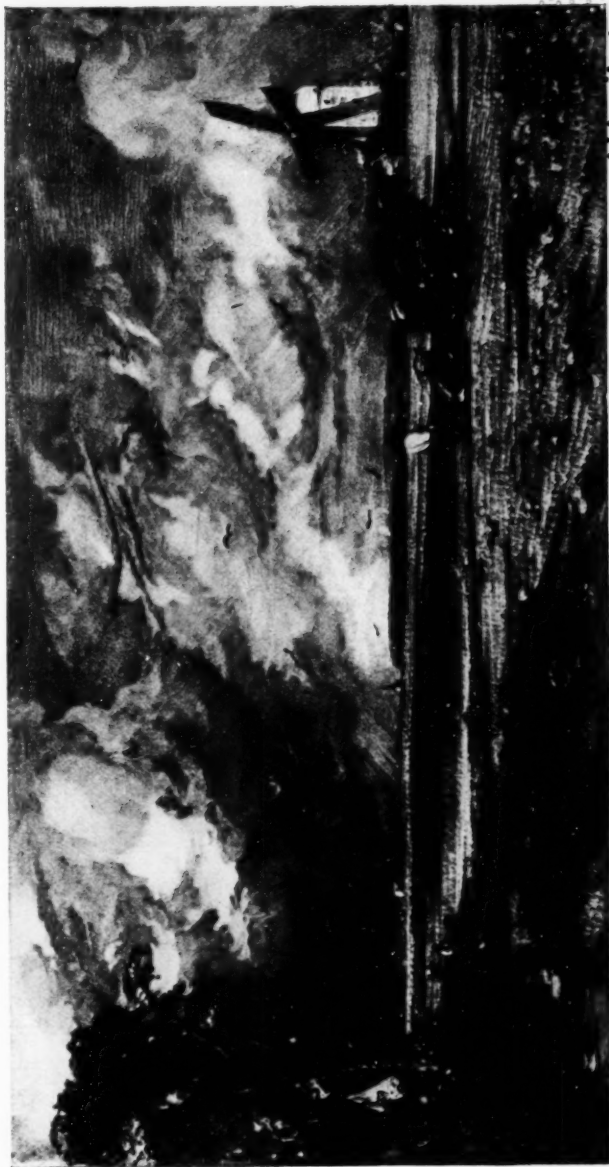
1. SUMMER MORNING.
2. SPRING.
3. A COTTAGE IN A CORNFIELD.
4. STOKE-BY-NAYLAND.
5. WEYMOUTH BAY.
6. SUMMER AFTERNOON.
7. SUMMER EVENING.
8. THE PORCH OF EAST BERGHOLT CHURCH.





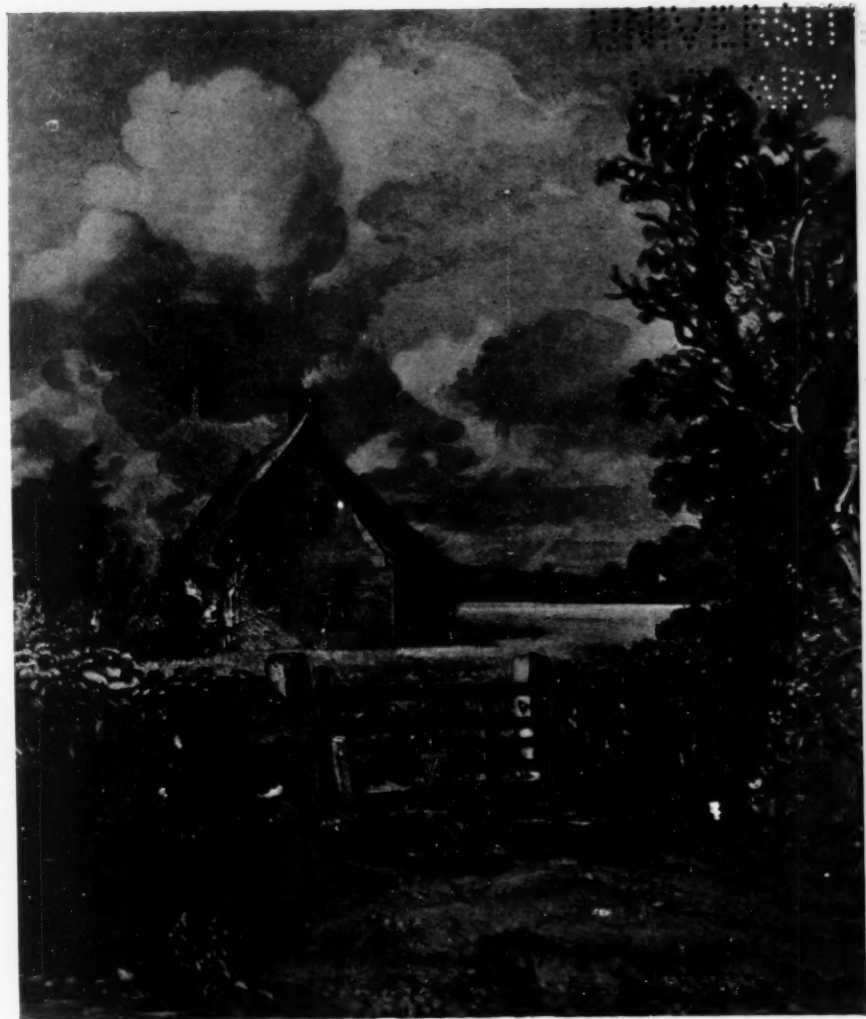




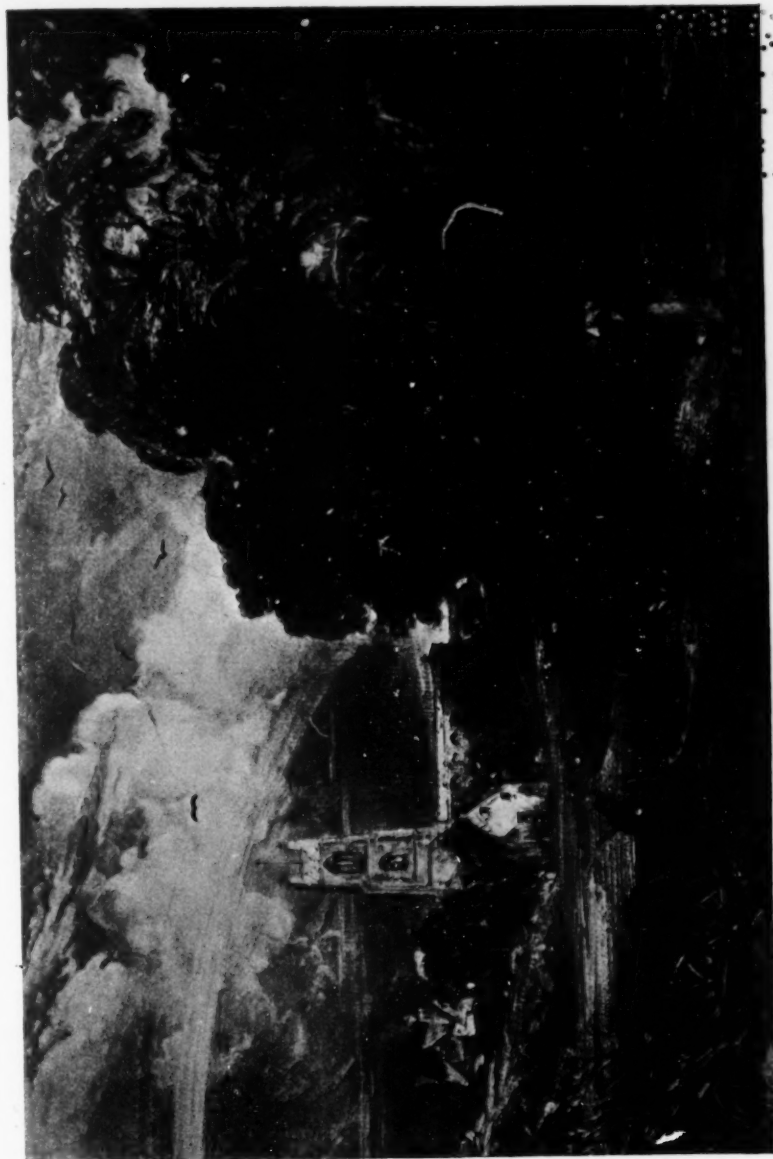


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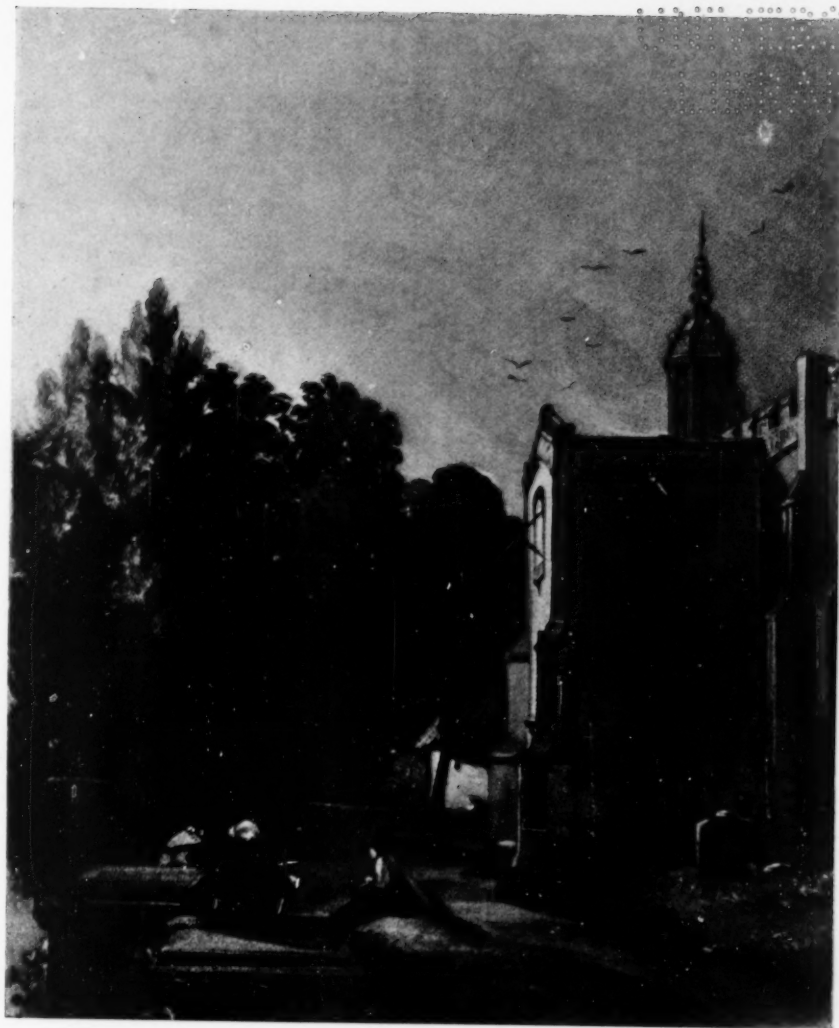












1840  
1841  
1842

## CONSTABLE'S "ENGLISH LANDSCAPE SCENERY"

THE painter of the present day can trust to the camera to reproduce his work with tolerable accuracy. The result will not probably be satisfactory in all respects, for a photogravure can never have the brilliancy or spirit of an engraving by some great master of the art. On the other hand, a decent photogravure will always be infinitely better than the engraving of a mediocrity; and mediocrity in engraving is all that most painters of the past have been able to count upon. Fine engraving is almost as rare as fine painting. Its technique, whatever the method, is a laborious business, demanding the whole care and attention of even its most gifted practitioners, and a fine engraver is not made by technique alone. He has also to be something of an artist himself, that he may understand what to conceal and what to emphasise. He must possess an imagination strong enough to enable him to see in his mind's eye the effect of a large picture suggested by a small print. He must have also the pluck to carry out the promptings of his taste and knowledge, to simplify detail where necessary, to suggest vigorous brushwork and effects of contrasted colour,—in fact, to have as thorough a knowledge of the structure and intention of a work of art as that possessed by the painter himself.

Naturally these conditions have not been often fulfilled. A few of the great masters, Mantegna, Durer, and Rembrandt, for instance, have engraved their own designs, but they are exceptions to the general rule. Most painters have been content to leave their fame in the hands of the best contemporary engravers who happened to be available; so that it is only since the advent of photography that we have been able to place them on an equal

footing, and to estimate every man on his own merits, and not on those of his interpreters.

Of the various methods discovered for reproducing paintings in oil, mezzotint undoubtedly holds the first place. Certain passages of delicate detail can perhaps be better rendered by line engraving, certain effects of strong impasto have of late years been marvellously mimicked by etching, yet, on the whole, neither line-engraving nor etching can compare with mezzotint for suggesting the combination of richness, brilliancy, and tone which give oil-painting its peculiar charm. Mezzotint can suggest all the infinite gradations of shadow from the middle tint to the deepest black, while at the same time it can express light with the crispness and flash of a great master's emphatic brush-stroke.

From the days of Prince Rupert mezzotint has been a peculiarly British art, and no higher praise can be given to our native mezzotinters than to say that the best of them are not unworthy of their royal ancestor.

Many of those who read this article will doubtless be acquainted with his plate after Spagnoletto known as *The Great Executioner*. Just as the *Jan Arnolfini* of Van Eyck, it is one of those works in which an art seems to have been born, Athena-like, in full maturity, defying all after ages to challenge its pre-eminence. Even the imperfect "rocking" of the ground, due doubtless to rudimentary appliances, only serves to increase the freshness and transparency of the shadows; while the scraper has been handled with a reckless skill, that would be perhaps impossible except for one who had no responsibility to weigh him down, no tradition to fetter his hand, and no past failures to preach timidity.

By the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the practice of mezzotint was thoroughly understood. His style of painting, with its spaces of broad warm shadow and flashes of strong light, suited the medium perfectly, and he had the good fortune to meet with a body of engravers who could appreciate the fact. The connection resulted in a long series of well-known plates, upon which even the modern extravagant fashion hardly sets too high a price, though their most enthusiastic admirer cannot help doubting the genuineness of that interest, when a single proof after Reynolds fetches a sum that would buy thirty or forty good proofs of Rembrandt's etchings.

The plates engraved by David Lucas after Constable's land-

scapes deserve to rank with these masterpieces. Of the engraver himself there is but little to tell. Lucas was born in 1802, and his connection with Constable's work practically ceased after the painter's death in 1837. The two men seem to have become acquainted through Lucas's master, the brilliant S. W. Reynolds, who was a great admirer of Constable, and had asked to be allowed to engrave his picture of *The Lock* only a few days before he was seized with a fatal attack of paralysis. The whole of the engravings on which Lucas's reputation rests were done before his fortieth year. From that time to his death in 1881, he was employed upon mere hack-work. His amazing talent was so utterly crushed by the rubbish he had to reproduce, that with the exception of the plates after Constable there is but little that deserves to be rescued from oblivion. A grand print after Girtin of *A Bridge over the Ouse*, and three or four little interpretations of sketches by Gainsborough, are all that one cares to recollect. The rest of his stuff is so wofully tame and foolish, that it is painful to think of it in connection with the engraver of *The Cornfield*, and the *Salisbury from the Meadows* also known as *The Rainbow*.

Constable published the "English Landscape Scenery" at his own risk and expense. Much of his time during the last seven years of his life was devoted to supervising the execution of the plates, and to the selection of the best possible subjects. He kept up an incessant correspondence with Lucas as to details of the work, and his criticisms show how anxious he was for perfect results. Several of the plates were much altered while in progress, and there are proofs in existence upon which the painter has worked in body colour the better to emphasize his criticisms. Five finished plates were altogether rejected by him, and were withheld from publication till after his death. Twenty-two plates and a charming vignette appeared during Constable's lifetime, and thirteen, by no means so uniformly successful, were afterwards engraved by Lucas from some of Constable's pictures and sketches. The painter's intention had been to dedicate the work to his lifelong friend Archdeacon Fisher, but the archdeacon died before the publication of the first part, and the work appeared without any dedication at all.

From the first it was a dead failure. Even in the artistic world of England Constable's painting met with but grudging

acceptance, and the circle of his admirers was too small to make the sale of his prints remunerative, while his Continental reputation could not help him. That he realised the situation is evident from a despondent letter written to Lucas in the spring of 1831. "I have thought much on my book, and all my reflections on the subject go to oppress me; its duration, its expense, its hopelessness of remuneration, added to which I now discover that the printsellers are watching it as their lawful prey, and they alone can help me. I can only dispose of it by giving it away. My plan is to confine the number of plates to those now on hand; I see we have about twenty. The three present numbers contain twelve; others begun are about eight or ten more, some of which may not be resumed, and we must begin the frontispiece. It harasses my days and disturbs my rest at nights. The expense is too enormous for a work that has nothing but your beautiful feeling and execution to recommend it. The painter himself is totally unpopular, and ever will be on this side of the grave; the subject *nothing but the art*, and the buyers wholly ignorant of that."

Constable's views in publishing the "English Landscape" are explained in the prospectus of the work. "It is the desire of the Author in this publication to increase the interest for, and promote the study of, the rural scenery of England—with all its endearing associations, and even in its most simple localities; of England with her climate of more than vernal freshness, in whose summer skies and rich autumnal clouds 'in thousand liveries dight' the observer of nature may daily watch her endless varieties of effect." In the preface there is a passage which suggests his own point of view in painting, the point of view which made him the great innovator of landscape. "In art there are two modes by which men aim at distinction. In the one by a careful application to what others have accomplished, the artist imitates their works or selects and combines their various beauties; in the other he seeks excellence at its primitive source—Nature. In the first he forms a style upon the study of pictures, and produces either imitative or eclectic art; in the second by a close observation of nature he discovers qualities existing in her which have never been portrayed before, and thus forms a style which is original."

In these two passages we have the whole secret of the "English Landscape"—rural scenery, and natural effects not pre-



viously represented in art. How closely Constable kept to the places which he knew best can be seen from an analysis of the forty plates. No less than nineteen are taken from the neighbourhood of Bergholt, five deal with scenes near his London home at Hampstead, six with places at or near Salisbury where he often stayed with Archdeacon Fisher, and there are four views near Brighton. Not a single plate conveys the least suggestion that England is anything but a purely pastoral country of quiet fields and leisurely rivers, with occasional stretches of broken common-land and lonely sea-coast. Constable had visited Derbyshire in 1801, and the Lake District in 1806. That the wildness of the mountains had affected him deeply, is proved by the sketches he made at the time. Many of them can still be seen in South Kensington Museum, and from those exhibited there in the Constable Room it would be possible to pick admirable subjects for mezzotinting. Constable, however, seems to have forgotten the mountains as soon as he got away from them; and when, twenty-five years afterwards, he was selecting plates for the "English Landscape," he rejected all his crags and mists and torrents, in favour of the richer, quieter scenery he had loved from childhood.

Some idea of the manner in which he dignified that scenery may be gathered from the plates which illustrate the present article. They are selected more with a view of showing the variety of Constable's art, and the amount of new material exploited by his observation of the season, the weather, and the time of day, rather than for any exceptional artistic merit. One or two of the finest subjects are purposely excluded for another reason. When engaged on a little book dealing with Constable's painting and its influence on subsequent art, I was unable to find space for any full criticism of the Lucas mezzotints. The Editor of *The Dome* has kindly allowed me to give in these pages certain details for which I could not find room elsewhere, and is reproducing certain plates that could not appear in the volume in "The Artist's Library."

The *Summer Morning*, a view of Dedham Vale, should be compared with the exquisite sketch in oils at South Kensington, in order to form some idea of the changes made by Lucas in the process of reproduction. The original is a pale cool greenish

grey, filled with a shimmering sunlight that even Corot could hardly rival, and yet is more close to nature than the Frenchman's work could be in the forms of the trees and clouds and the drawing of the figures. In a very early proof in the British Museum one sees how Lucas transformed this airy gaiety into an effect that is almost one of solemn twilight. Exquisitely beautiful as the print is, Constable was dissatisfied with it; the sky was lightened to be nearer to the tone of the original sketch, and a milkmaid with two cows substituted for the man with a scythe in the foreground. Those who look for freshness and light will prefer the altered plate; those who look for grandeur will turn again and again to the first proof at the Museum, which is that here reproduced.

A certain personal interest attaches to the plate called *Spring*. The windmill is one of those at Bergholt in which the painter himself worked when a young man. It has now disappeared, but in 1843, Leslie wrote that "its outline with the name of 'John Constable 1792' very accurately and neatly carved by him with a penknife, still remains on one of its timbers." It is a perfect representation of a windy showery spring morning, and a comparison with the original at Kensington will show that in this case Lucas was only a faithful interpreter.

No sketch of the *Stoke-by-Nayland* with which I am acquainted quite corresponds with the engraved composition. This fine church, splendidly placed on the top of a hill in the middle of a picturesque old village, moved Constable to a burst of eloquence which is perhaps the most appropriate description of the plate. "The impressive solemnity of a summer's noon, when attended, as it often is during the heats of the season, by thunderclouds, is attempted to be expressed in this picture; at the same time, the appearance of a noonday rainbow is hinted at when the arc described is at its lowest. Suffolk, and many of the other eastern counties, abound in venerable Gothic churches, many of them of a size which cannot fail to strike the stranger with admiration and surprise; and a melancholy but striking characteristic of these churches is their being found in situations now comparatively lonely, some of them standing in obscure villages containing a few scattered houses only, and those but ill according with such large and beautiful structures. But it is thus accounted for: these spots were the seats of those flourishing manufactories,

once so numerous in these counties, where they had from a remote period been established, and were during the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. greatly increased by the continual arrival of the Flemings, who found here a refuge from the persecutions of the Low Countries; as well as afterwards in the reign of Elizabeth, whom the course of events had raised to be the glory and the support of Protestant Europe. The vast size of these noble structures, with the charm that the mellowing hand of time has cast over them, gives them an aspect of extreme solemnity and grandeur, and they stand lasting monuments of the power and splendour of our ecclesiastical government, as well as of the piety and skill of our ancestors."

The feeling of impending storm which renders the *Stoke-by-Nayland* so impressive, becomes almost awful in the *Weymouth Bay*. Here, as in other cases, it is impossible not to feel that the Lucas engraving adds an effect of infinite space to the tremendous clouds, which is hardly conveyed by the oil paint of the Kensington sketch from which the mezzotint was made. The nature that painters usually choose, is nature subdued and trimmed by man. It is rare in Western art to find so direct a statement of those relentless forces by which humanity is environed, as that made in the *Old Sarum* and the *Weymouth Bay*. Constable is too often accused of being merely a painter of showers. Such an evidence, therefore, as this of his more serious feelings should not be overlooked in making any final estimate of his genius. That the thing was no mere accident, is proved by his noble words upon the fallen state of Old Sarum, in which he explains the desolation of those "vast embankments and ditches, tracked only by sheep-walks," which his treatment of the subject sought to emphasise. For some reason or other Constable did not carry out these compositions on any considerable scale, and the Lucas engravings are therefore the best memorials of this aspect of his art that we possess.

I have never been able to understand Leslie's statement that "the engraving of the *Evening*, one of the finest of his small pictures, is the least successful of all Mr. Lucas's plates." Those who care to compare the print with the original painting at Kensington may judge for themselves whether the criticism is a just one. Possibly the picture has darkened during the last

half-century. At any rate, even if one climbs a ladder to examine it closely, it does not look as if it had ever possessed the glow and luminosity of the mezzotint. Personally, I can never look at the print without thinking what a glorious companion a picture done from it might make to the little Rubens landscape in the National Gallery (No. 157). There are the same flashes of wandering light in the foreground, the same glowing distance, and the same flaming sky, which seems to be arranged by the English painter even more happily than by the more careless master of the Netherlands.

The original of the last print chosen for illustration belongs to an earlier period of Constable's art, when he was still an earnest student of the Old Masters. Something of their tranquillity has remained in this simple view of *Bergholt Church Porch*, not only in the sentiment pervading the subject, but also in the actual execution. The picture itself now hangs in the Tate Gallery, and were it not for the fact that it is labelled with Constable's name, not one person in a thousand would associate it with him. It is hard to conceive anything more utterly unlike the spotting and splashing with which his name is usually connected. People often forget that Constable painted in the manner of the Old Masters, before he developed the style which constitutes him the first of the moderns. The *Bergholt Church Porch* dates from the time when his mastery of the older technique was at its ripest. Hence it is painted with such breadth and fluency that even Lucas's admirable print is merely an adequate interpretation of a most exquisite little picture.

These scanty notes can hardly give a fair idea of the variety and excellence of the "English Landscape Scenery," but they may be of use to those who would like to apportion the credit for it fairly. There can be no doubt that in many cases Lucas improved upon Constable's originals by the tactful omission or suppression of petty details, and by conveying an impression of transparency of atmosphere, in passages where the pigment was clogged and heavy. His leaning, too, towards depth of tone, his soot-bag, as Constable chaffingly termed it, was not an unlucky tendency when rendering a painter whose effects were often rather riotous and scattered. Nevertheless Lucas was only a gifted interpreter. The mass of his engraving shows that he

could become a dullard when he had to interpret a dullard's work. Constable, even if he had never met with Lucas, would still be a great and remarkable painter, but if Lucas had never met with Constable there is reason to believe he would have deserved the oblivion in which his name is lost.

C. J. Holmes.



## A MITIGATED PUNISHMENT

THAT was a day of confusing excitement—one of those rare days when the shackles of ordinary life have been got rid of, and only “wonderful things” take place.

At the very moment when the schoolroom clock struck twelve, and I was clapping the leaves of *Near Home* together with joy that the long Saturday morning's lessons were done, my mother summoned me to speak to her in the doorway, telling me that if I would be very good—a delightfully unexact condition—I might go with papa to see Uncle Stephen off. Papa would meet me at the station, and Rebecca was to take me there in a cab. What it all meant I had no idea. “Uncle Stephen” was a mere name, and how papa and I could “see him off,” and what these things would require of me, I had no notion. But questions are hard to ask, and besides there was no time. I was to have on my Sunday boots, hat, and jacket in five minutes. From that moment till the one when I stumbled, dazzled and sleepy, into the gas-lit hall at what I supposed was midnight, I was in a bewildering maze of novelty, which left me hardly conscious of my own existence at all. Mysterious events flung themselves about me pell-mell, and gave me no clue by which to explain their in-consequence.

There were rapid injunctions to Rebecca in the hall before we could start: what she was to say to my father, of how some telegram had prevented mamma from going herself, and how I was sent as being the “best sailor,”—a description of myself which was quite new, and flattered me by its dim assurance that people took a quite unexpected note of my capacities. Then a letter for Uncle Stephen was entrusted to my care, and we were off.

After that the whirligig of things became almost incoherent in



my mind, so dazing did they seem to my childish inexperience. Somehow we reached the station, my father lifted me out of the cab, and I have one strong impression of his letting a piece of gold roll into the road beneath the horse's feet. How could he watch it go so quietly and actually wait while the cabman picked it up for him? After that, more chaos. Devious ways, strange doings at tiny cages in walls, unknown people, and finally a railway carriage, in one corner of which I was seated amidst still other unknown faces. At last came a stoppage. My father was talking closely with someone I now imagined must be Uncle Stephen, and I was suddenly conscious that I was doing nothing, and that I had been doing nothing for an intolerably long time. I looked out of window. Sand-martins were diving in and out of holes in the railway embankment, and I watched their mouse-like motions for a space with interest. What kind of birds were they? I wondered. I did not know. But if it all went on like this for much longer, I couldn't bear it without crying. Somehow that was what watching the birds made me feel, and in some way I must have shown my weariness. Papa broke off in the middle of a sentence to tell me that this was the "junction" and "we should soon be there."

"Junction" and "there." What did either of them mean? "Junction" might perhaps mean those birds' nests, or stopping longer than you liked in a train, or perhaps even a combination of the two. "There" at least promised some change, and must mean an end of this particular tedium. The train moved on, and in a few minutes "there" seemed to have come.

I clung tightly to my father's hand, following his quick steps with a shuffling run. There were more strange passages and platforms, all filled with swaying crowds of people. We were hurried across elastic boards on to a tender, and with an almost delirious pleasure I found we were afloat. But in a few minutes there was more scrambling and hurrying. This time up the ladders of a still huger ship than even the first one had seemed, and we passed among the mazes of cabins and saloons. What we did there or what anything really was I never had any distinct notion.

We had left Uncle Stephen somehow, and were once more on the first steamer. I found myself staring at a deeply-craped widow who had just said to someone beside her, "Well, I wouldn't have

missed seeing poor Stephen off for worlds." Then she dabbed her handkerchief over her eyes, and, I suppose, cried.

"Was it not *we*, then, who had 'seen Uncle Stephen off'?" I asked myself, bewildered, "or did one have to cry as she was doing in order to do it properly? And was it *our* Uncle Stephen she had seen off, or were they perhaps all Stephens we had left behind on the big ship?" If so, I vaguely thought they must all be pitiable in the same way as her Stephen seemed to be, and I began to fear that what had been a very exciting scene was properly a very doleful one.

Half-dramatically I put my hand into my pocket to feel for my handkerchief. I wasn't crying yet, certainly, but how could I be sure that that might not come next? I had never done anything of this kind before, and until one has "seen people off" one doesn't know whether it is smiles or tears that may be required of one.

But instead of my handkerchief my hand touched something quite different. A hard, firm thing it was, sharp-cornered—"Oh, that envelope!" Then it all rushed upon me. I had undertaken it so gaily—had promised to give it so thoughtlessly—and here it was lying forgotten, while every moment was widening the distance between the big ship and ours.

My first impulse was to tell my father and hope that he would somehow be able to make it all right. But how could he? The ship was gone. I was not silly enough to think that even *his* omnipotence could alter that, and as I looked towards him, with the agony of my trouble half dizzying me, I could not summon up courage to speak and tell all the complicated story. Again and again I tried. Once indeed I almost pronounced a word, so nearly had I made my resolve; but at that moment my father offered me a bun from his pocket, and I *could* not bring myself to interrupt the simple acceptance of it by my confession. He would think I had confessed, as it were, for the reward, I argued. Dimly I began to hope that perhaps somehow it wouldn't matter so very much after all; perhaps, indeed, no one would ever know. And yet a fear clutched at my heart. I looked again at my father. I had given up the idea of telling him by now. *He* was thinking me quite good and almost like a grown-up person, while really I was—well, I hadn't made up my mind *how* naughty, that would probably depend rather upon whether I was found

out or not—but still, conscience left me in no doubt of a certain very considerable degree of wickedness.

The end of seeing Uncle Stephen off was even more indistinct than its beginning had been. There were more trains, a growing darkness, a long sleep on my father's shoulder, awakings in unknown places, and a long drive in a hansom. These were the mysterious passages between it and home. Once or twice I roused myself feebly to recognise some familiar landmark as we got nearer, but slept again until I found myself tottering into the hall.

The house was very strange to me at that hour. No servant opened the door to us, and only scant lights broke up the shadows of the hall; whereas the drawing-room, where mamma was sitting alone, was so bright that I could see nothing in it. It was very grand, though, this late return, with the "elder ones" all in bed, and myself an authority on what had happened to Uncle Stephen.

"And you gave him my letter?" my mother called after me as I ran upstairs.

There seemed no time to tell the truth. To my own astonishment and relief, I acted what I hoped was a perfect motion of innocence. Once again I thrust my hand into my pocket, and once again met the smooth sides of the envelope.

"I *can't* have given it him," I said, and I thought my tone implied a world of surprise at the discovery. It was a revelation to me of my own powers of deceit. I returned the useless letter into her hands, and then hurried off wearily to be undressed.

The next day was Sunday, and as hour after hour went safely by, my conscience grew more quiet and comfortable. Forgetting a letter was not such a very awful thing, no doubt, and I had not told a lie about it,—not what people call a lie,—and it was really a mistake to have been so troubled on the tender, and I was thankful now that I had not said anything to papa. So ran my indistinct thoughts about the matter.

That evening, however, they were checked. My acting of last night had had no power to deceive anyone but myself, and to my mother's eyes the pitiful feint was perfectly conspicuous, and she had only to take me on her knee and tell me the whole story of my doings for me to realise the odiousness of my deceit. In those

few minutes I reached some of the bitterest places of self-contempt and humiliation. It was almost a relief to have it all summed up in a punishment, and it seemed quite easy to acquiesce in the verdict that I was not to go to the "very next treat," whenever and whatever that might prove to be.

I said nothing of all this to Lettie. It is a difficult thing to give an account of your wrong-doings to a sympathetic listener unless you can ask for *her* indignation at your punishment. If you don't feel able to do this, you are only creating a fresh source of condemnation for yourself. So I left her to learn my doom whenever that dreaded "next treat" should come.

Besides, there seemed to me no such poor chance but that perhaps after all I might escape. Earnestly did I hope that no treat should appear in view until such a long while hence that by then mamma would have forgotten all about it, or at least would shrink from the severity of letting my fault tell against me so long after it had been committed.

At the worst "treats" were such vague things, I comforted myself. Nurse, for instance, called "sugar with your bread-and-butter," or eating your chicken-bones in your fingers, a treat, and I myself considered that to be allowed to run out on the leads, or to pick a grape off one of the bunches that hung in the greenhouse, might reasonably be called so too, so I hoped—though I did not get so far as to believe it—that one of these very easily-foregone pleasures would be all that I should find myself cut off from. What I feared missing was one of those rare and splendid excitements, to be forbidden which would be like skipping out a whole page of one's life, and which would mean that ever after I must stand at a disadvantage in regard to it, compared with everyone else. "Great treats" were things of such consequence that they made important standards for all after reference, and to speak, for instance, of a crowd "bigger than the one at our Lord Mayor's Show," or a fire "hotter than the Lewes Guy Fawkes" was enough for vivid description.

For the next few days my ears were nervously strung to catch the first hint of an impending pleasure. I was miserable when hay was talked of, and miserable when Dick mentioned elephants lest they might suggest the "Zoo."

On Wednesday at dinner-time the dreaded note came—Mrs. Rawley's hay-field had been cut yesterday, and the hay-party was to begin at three this afternoon. Could the rain possibly come out of that blue sky in time to prevent my misery? There was no other loophole I could think of. I hoped and feared and kept silence.

Upstairs in the night-nursery clean print frocks were laid out—Lettie's and mine. Peter, the kitchen cat, who wasn't really supposed to come into the bedrooms at all, had curled himself up in the very middle of them. He always loved starchy things. When nurse came up from her dinner, of course she swept him off. "That cat really lays down on clean clothes just out of contrariness," she murmured, as she smoothed out the warm shape of Peter's back from a skirt. "And *yours* have only just got to be put back again, after all," she went on, turning to me. "I wish I'd known, before I put them all out, that *you* weren't to go, then there'd have been no need for them getting all messed up like this for nothing!"

She seemed to expect some apology from me, but I had none to make. She evidently did not know the full story, or she could never have spoken of my not going, in this casual way.

Lettie was beginning to crackle in white petticoats. Nurse too was changing her own dress. To me, in my limp flannel frock, it was altogether a very depressing scene. So I wandered downstairs and lurked about in quiet corners. What I dreaded most was lest anyone should offer me sympathy, not knowing why I was not to go. A servant's step on the stairs above me, made me hurry up towards her and pass her by as if on the most definite errand. She might think I was still on my way to get ready,—it wasn't *quite* too late yet,—and it would have been too terrible to be asked whether I was not going, and then to feel that when she said, "Oh, what a pity! why, you *would* have enjoyed a nice game in the hay,"—to feel that I ought to explain that it was quite right that I should be left behind. I could not have borne that.

So Eliza passed without making any remark, and I sat down on the darkest step of the back stairs, and listened to the distant sounds from the nursery. There was a hurrying in and out—the slam of a cupboard door—a window thrown open (*that* meant



they were almost ready to start)—then Lettie's voice asking a question, and nurse's emphatic reply, "That at least she did hope she wouldn't . . ." I couldn't catch what, but it was probably the familiar injunction about not getting herself into a heat, which was always being impressed upon Lettie.

I tried to tell myself that after all it would be a good thing to get the treat over to-day. But this did not cheer me much. If it was the staying at home which was so horrid, why, here it was upon me in all its full force, and to be glad that it was to-day instead of any other day was to be glad for nothing at all, but that it couldn't come over again. There was certainly scant comfort to be found in that.

But suddenly, on the skylight far above my head, I heard the delicious thud of great hurrying raindrops. My first impulse was to go up at once and announce them in the nursery. So, I should put an end both to the hay-party and my punishment. But something made me shrink from thus bearing the news of my own undeserved good luck, and I determined to wait for someone else to discover it before I showed myself.

The nursery preparations, however, went on quite gaily.

"How stupid people are!" I thought to myself. "Perhaps they won't find out till they're just starting; and it may stop before they find out. Then of course they'll go."

Hope is a very cruel thing if it does not fulfil itself, and just then I did not feel that I could endure any more alternations of expectancy and despair. So without definite resolve I slowly gathered myself together, and slunk upstairs to find the fortunate Lettie.

"Do you see it's raining, nurse?" I remarked as casually as I could, as I stood in the night-nursery doorway, and swung the door to and fro from one hand to the other.

"I know; I'm not to go," said Lettie, a little ruefully. She was stepping out of little mountains of clean petticoats and skirts, which nurse whisked off the floor as soon as she stood clear of them, and with quick folds made into a little square pile on the bed. She was soon buttoned up again in her old everyday frock, and a treat and a punishment had vanished simultaneously. That afternoon, after all, Lettie and I shared together a common lot of dullness. Most of it we spent in hogging the mane of our wooden



horse, which, though rather a poor substitute for a hay-party, leaves quite a pleasant impression on your mind if it takes the place of long hours of solitary disgrace.

After all the agitations of Wednesday, I admit that I thought I had probably outlived retribution. Grown-up people often showed a certain kindness (or *carelessness*, was it?) with regard to threats, which was as comfortable as it was surprising, and in this case I thought that at last my punishment would either be forgotten or forgiven. But it was a false security in which I lived.

Some time during the following week it was, that I learnt that the flower show was coming on. Street posters were few in our suburb, and those that were to be seen conveyed nothing to me; they were merely part of the great mass of incomprehensible things. So when Dick announced, as we were out walking one day, that the flower show was going to be on Friday, June 29th, in Sir Marmaduke Stratton's grounds, it struck me as a wonderful piece of cleverness on Dick's part.

"How *do* you know that?" I challenged him; and he pointed out to me the great bill with its elaborate lettering in crude greens and reds.

"I thought it would be coming on soon," he said. Dick was certainly surprisingly clever. To be able to expect an event which, so far as I remembered, had only come once into our lives, and might very well never come again, showed a wonderful scrutiny into the internal order of things.

But my own experience, limited though it was, was enough to make me look forward with high hopes to the great occasion. My memory painted pictures of undulating folds of green lawn over which I had marched on an elastic tiptoe to the delicious coercion of a brass band. Beyond, among the trees, had stood two or three great tents, their white walls heaving into alternate gradations of light and shadow as the breeze ran along them. And then when you got inside them the grass felt so extraordinarily soft and looked so extraordinarily green. There was an immense heat, too, in there, but so full of the scent of strawberries and roses, that it was almost like eating them. And as we had pushed along through the crowds of people, I had been thrilled by the persistent belief that at least some of the delicious things would, in the end, actually fall to my share, and although, when the end came, I had

learnt that that was not the principle of flower shows, yet a sponge cake and lemonade had nevertheless brought complete satisfaction with them.

It was to an exact repetition of last year's pleasure that I now looked forward. There was to be only one single difference. This time the show was to be in Sir Marmaduke Stratton's grounds, as the bill announced, whereas last year it had only been in Lady Tyler's. Now Lady Tyler's gardens, though they were very big and very beautiful, were quite free from mystery. On two sides, where they skirted the road, they were only separated from it by high wooden palings, which allowed one to see through easily enough; and in the other direction, where they were bounded by a wall, there were various doors and gateways, through which one could catch frequent glimpses of what there was inside.

But it was very different in the place chosen this year, which was indeed one of those perpetual problems which abound in the world of childhood. What could be inside those walls which we always called, parrot-like, "Sir Marmaduke Stratton's"? They stood in a part of the town wedged in among all sorts of other buildings and institutions, girdled on some sides by narrow footpaths, but these so closely boarded up, however, that they revealed nothing of whatever lay behind them. It was a region of small-pox hospitals, cemeteries, and convalescent homes, of monumental stone-masons and prisons. And to add to the sense of mystery which such surroundings gave, there had been rumours sometimes in the nursery concerning Sir Marmaduke and his doings, which completed all the other strange impressions. He was said to have fifteen children, but nurse had thrown in by way of explanation that she had been "given to understand that it was really two families!" Then he had "gone bankrupt," and the house, I had been told, was really "under a mortgage." Now a man with two families, who has "gone bankrupt," and whose house is under anything so dreadful and so entirely incomprehensible as a "mortgage," must be some sort of an enormity, and if I pictured Sir Marmaduke Stratton at all, it was as something very far removed from an ordinary human being; while his domain, inside those high walls and palings, must of course match its master in strangeness and awe; and the prospect of seeing it all was deliciously alluring.

But it was not to be. It was stupid of me not to have thought of it at once. There could be no question about it, however fondly I might try to blind my eyes to the fact. This would certainly be the "next treat," and it was therefore precisely this which I was not to have. Although usually there was no forgetting such things, yet somehow this time I had altogether overlooked the fact.

And so it happened that when at last the great flower-show day arrived, and mamma came up to give directions to nurse about the afternoon's arrangements, I did not even listen to what she was saying.

"Oh, Tib! d'you hear? Rebecca's to go too," whispered Lettie, and her curls tickled my cheek, she whispered so softly. I felt glad that Rebecca was to be with us. She was much easier to interest in one's own schemes than nurse, who had a way of walking about very slowly on occasions of this kind, with her head in the air, looking at things which one could only see a small bit of from down below. Yes, I was decidedly glad Rebecca was going, and I would coax her off to . . .

"Not Tib?" I suddenly heard nurse saying, and my schemes drew up short, pending the awful answer.

I could catch no word of my mother's reply, but no word was necessary to tell me that it was in the negative. She murmured quick explanations, with a glance now and then towards us, evidently hoping that we were not listening. There was something almost apologetic in her tone, which dimly touched me. She lay under the compulsion of her own verdict, and would, I felt, gladly have broken faith now if she could have done. I know that somehow I respected this terrible carrying out of justice, and rebellion against it would have seemed to me merely monstrous. It is true I had hoped that by some lucky chance the grown-up view of the case would not prove so unrelenting as my own logic, but since the two exactly agreed, I could not protest. Nevertheless, to have made dreams—detailed, elaborate dreams—of all we should do and see; to have planned out that delightful excursion to the lemonade tent with Rebecca, and to have got my ten minutes' practising all done in the morning; and then, to have everything unexpectedly cut off,—this was depressing indeed.

The door swung to after my mother and caught her dress. As

she freed herself she looked back into the room, as though fearing I should be in tears. On the contrary, however, I was cheerfully climbing up to the top shelf of the play-cupboard.

Lettie said nothing. Sympathy requires a large and abstract vocabulary, and this Lettie did not possess. I too said nothing. I did not feel inclined to divulge my intentions even to her. It would be best to wait and see how they turned out. If they succeeded, Lettie would be glad, whereas if they failed I could well imagine she would think them in questionable taste. I satisfied myself that what I was looking for was really safely on the shelf, and then with a leg stretched to its utmost, I reached the chair and came down.

For the second time since that dreadful Saturday I watched Lettie's wearisome process of "putting on her best things," but this time I was not so much troubled. I had no hope, and I had a plan—a plan which at the worst would keep me occupied, and at the best would be a triumph. I was really impatient for them to be off.

There must have seemed something painfully hard-hearted in my behaviour that afternoon. I went down gaily with the airily-dressed party to the hall door, imitated our deaf shoemaker's voice and manner, as I opened it for them and wished "you young ladies a good afternoon."

The truth was I had really expiated my sin in those minutes of shame and wretchedness that had been spent on the back-stairs on the day of the intended hay-party, and by now I had really emptied myself of any emotions about the letter and my story-telling. The punishment had come, and I recognised its legitimacy, but I looked upon it now simply as the price I had had to pay, and forgot altogether the attendant disgrace which ought to have been added by my own conscience.

It felt strange for the first few moments to shut myself inside the door and to go upstairs through the quiet house.

"I've never been left alone before," I thought to myself, as I pulled myself up by the banisters four steps at a time, and there was pride in the contemplation of this new experience. "There's only cook and Mary downstairs—everyone else out at the flower show but me."

"Only cook and Mary down, downstairs," I began singing to

a tune of my own devising ; but though I tried to sing it lustily so as to destroy the intense quiet of the house, I soon found myself humming almost inaudibly, and finally had to abandon the attempt to make up for the pleasant pulsations which are the proper signs of life in a house.

For the carrying out of my plan I chose the spare bedroom, and not the nursery. For one thing, the ceiling there was low, and that would not do at all, and for another, there might be interruptions. Mary might bring up the afternoon milk, or come in to get a cloth or a brush, and I wanted complete seclusion.

First, however, I got down my apparatus from that top shelf,—a battledore and two shuttlecocks. We had not touched them since the Christmas holidays, and I had forgotten which of the shuttlecocks it was that played true. One of them always fell on its feathers, and the other only was any good for playing with.

The spare room blinds were drawn, and the chintz curtains, elaborately pinned together, forbade any interference on my part. That, however, did not matter. Outside, the sun was pouring straight upon the windows, and would have made a dazzling glare if it had shone in, whereas with this arrangement the light was perfect. The mantelpiece ornaments were huddled together under a cloth upon the bed ;—there was nothing else I could break, and therefore nothing to beware of. Before beginning, however, I plaited my hair into a tight little screw so as to keep it out of my eyes, and then set to work.

Twice I made only a series of blundering hits, but at the third time the knack came back to me.

"O-ne, two-o, three-e, fo-ur"—the thing seemed to do itself.

In a sing-song I counted my strokes. Like a pendulum my battledore rose and fell, and the shuttlecock bounced upon it with a glorious monotony.

"Twenty-nine, thir-ty." It was going very steadily.

"Ninety-nine, a *hun*-dred." I felt tempted to give an extra hard hit in my exultation, but that might have sent the shuttlecock against the ceiling, so I kept on quite regularly.

"Ninety-nine, *two* hundred." Only a hundred more—two-thirds of the amount done! What if it should drop now? Should I ever again manage to get so near? I had never got beyond a hundred and eighty-one before, and here I was at two hundred



and twenty! The excitement tightened my body. With short nervous steps I moved when necessary. My heart seemed to flop in my throat almost as loudly as the shuttlecock resounded on the parchment. Then I grew quieter. It was so ridiculously easy. I had only to keep on doing exactly as I was now, and all must be right. I remembered, though, how often this mechanical regularity had deceived me before into carelessness, so this time I kept a fierce watch over myself and allowed no slackening of effort.

At two hundred and seventy there was a fearful crisis. The shuttlecock almost fell short of me. I lunged forward, hit it askew, and had to fling myself against the wall to save the next stroke. For three more times it flew wildly, and I could not get it quiet. Then it fell back into its old beat.

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, three *hun*-dred." Then I gave it a great bang. But straight down it fell again. There seemed a magic about it, and now that I had reached my goal, I hit heedlessly. Still it rose and fell, still I counted on; and it was only when at last my arm and neck were getting cramped and tired that I dropped at six hundred and two.

I had accomplished my aim. Three hundred was the number for which, long ago in the Christmas holidays, mamma had offered half-a-crown. Everybody, except me, had of course forgotten all about it, and I should no doubt have to recall the promise by which I claimed the reward.

I pushed behind the curtains, drew up one of the blinds, and, opening the window, knelt upon the deep wooden seat and looked out. From below came distant sounds from the kitchen. Unmistakable *afternoon* sounds they were, which meant plainly that Mary had changed her dress and reached the sewing stage of the day's work, while cook was obviously intending an early cup of tea.

First Mary's voice trembled through the chorus of her favourite hymn,—she never could hit upon the rest of the tune when she sang by herself,—then followed a conversation with cook—Mary's sentences high-pitched so as to reach her at some distance, and cook's replies inaudible. I thought it sounded as if she had gone out into the side yard. Presently, in confirmation, came the croak of the yard pump and the ring of water in the big kitchen can.



The sound grew rounder as the can filled, and ended with the smack of water on the paving-stones as it spilt in being carried back to the house. There followed more talk and then laughter, and then the arrival of the milk-boy, as I knew by the slam of the outer back door and the clumsy boyish footstep halting under the weight of the pail. Presently the clatter of metal handles betokened his going, and thereupon things downstairs became featureless once more.

Far away a train rolled through the distance. Then a cart racketted over the paved crossing out in the front of the house. It all made me feel horribly lonely and desolate. With some little twigs that were lying on the outside window ledge I managed to make the first five letters of my own name; but they wouldn't go any further, and I began to break them into innumerable tiny fragments.

At last, however, I was roused by the well-known whine of the front-door bell. They were back from the flower show, then, and I could go down and claim my half-crown.

In a moment I had hurled myself to the bottom of the stairs, and was already standing in the hall as they came in. Now that I found myself among them, however, I felt instinctively that I was a person of no interest. I simply had not been to the flower show, and I was therefore in some sense outside the society of those who had been living through its gay pleasures. No one offered to describe anything to me, and it never occurred to me to ask for an account of their doings. But in spite of my apparent insignificance I was conscious of immense achievement. For all that I was wearing my week-day frock and knew nothing of the flower show and what Sir Marmaduke Stratton's grounds were like, I had really something more worth bragging of than any of them. It was only natural that I should be impatient to tell my news and so to change the general estimate from a heedless contempt to an admiration.

"Mother," I said, pressing to her side and tugging her hand so as to draw down attention to myself, "Mother, d'you know I've earned that two-and-sixpence you promised anyone at Christmas who kept up to three hundred at battledore and shuttlecock. And I've kept up to six hundred and two!"

She looked puzzled. Grown-up people forget things so extra-

ordinarily quickly, but in that moment's pause the criticism of my deed, which I had just contrived to avoid in my own thoughts during all that long afternoon, asserted itself unmercifully. I had known the offer was forgotten, I had realised that the idea in leaving me at home was not that I should have plenty of time for doing anything I liked, but that I should suffer in some way for my naughtiness, and yet I had been hardened enough to set to work to turn my punishment into a pleasure, my disgrace into a triumph! It was distinctly "not quite nice" of me, but half-a-crown would have been a huge sum to give up just because it had not been quite nicely gained. Nevertheless, if then I could have taken back my demand, if I could have had the glory of that immense score without the money, I would gladly have foregone the reward.

But I could not choose. Nobody was the least interested in my success. The flower show was far too prominent even in Lettie's thoughts for her to do more than accept the information. My mother, tired with the afternoon's exertions, told me I could "remind her about it to-morrow."

If it had depended upon my doing that, I should have gone without it. But the next day she called me to her writing-table, and counted out to me a florin and six coppers. She made no comment. I had the money and no praise. Never before or since has gain seemed so profitless and so despicable.

Sir Marmaduke Stratton's grounds remained unknown and mysterious, and it was years before I ventured even to speak of them. It might have provoked someone to say, "Don't you remember we saw that the year the flower show was held there?"

Since then it has all been turned into a public park, and anyone can go into it at any time. I have a feeling, though, that the gate-keepers would turn *me* back were I to attempt an entrance. They would surely know that I had forfeited my rights for ever.

Isabel Fry.

## THE COW

WE associate the cow with all things mildly Arcadian: with green meadows, dogroses and daisies; with the scent of pink hawthorn, and the more obvious virtues. The cow is a restful, dignified feature of the rural landscape,—a large-eyed, gentle fraud with horns as ready and as effectual as any bull of the Spanish arena. Yet as she stands knee-deep in grass and meadowsweet, luxuriously switching a dreamy tail in the dappled shade of an oak, she looks ruminative and benign, the very type of Repose. The sunshine spangling her coat of crushed strawberry or warm Hereford red or delicate Alderney dun, gives lustre to her homely beauty, and irradiates those great calm eyes that look so contemplative and so reminiscently resigned. I detect a vague shadow of regret in their lustrous depths. In England, the cow is always a little sad. Here we do not appreciate her disinterestedly. Her arts of cream, milk, and butter we are ever ready to approve, but she herself is nothing to us; it is the creative artist we admire, not the beast. Whereas, east of Suez—how many leagues of azure sea?—she is a goddess, a white velvety goddess, with kohl-darkened eyes and strings of holy cowrie shells or heavy wreaths of jasmine and marigold hung on her smooth neck as votive offerings. There she is second to none: temples are set apart in her honour, and whosoever touches her is sanctified; dark priests worship her; she eats what she pleases, and content shines in her face. I have often been struck by the diversity of respective expressions to be seen in the eyes of English and Indian cows. The Indian cow is the true ox-eyed Juno of imperial repose. Her influence is soothing and productive of calm. I have felt it. Wandering down an avenue of palms in some palpitating Indian sunset,

when the sky radiates colour, living gold and glowing, burning rose, in chromatic gradations of heightening intensity, suddenly I have met the lordly, level gaze of a holy cow, attended by a devout Brahmin, and straightway the aching fever in my colour sense has been cooled and stilled; the moonlight radiance of the cow's white hide, luminous as some waxen exotic flower, has withdrawn my eyes from the passionate heavens; and I have renounced the impossible feat of trying to put colour into words, thanks to the timely wet blanket of the cow's gaze of wisdom. Truly, the cow is the incarnation of godlike placidity. She has Buddha's large, gentle contempt for the things that matter; when she chews her cud, she is foretasting Nirvana; she has attained Buddha's peace, without any of his self-mortification. Hers is the serene rapture of the ascetic, without any of the unpleasant renunciations that are commonly accounted the current coin with which heavenly peace is bought. In sanctity she serves no apprenticeship, for she has a genius for deity.

It is good to possess a cow—not merely for the carnal delights of cream, though these are not to be despised, but for a certain Pantheistic reason, the maintenance of a private fetish on the premises. I can enter into and sympathise perfectly with the Hindu's adoration of the cow. The obtuse West has been indeed slow to recognise this divinity of the cow, which the mystic East has apprehended for centuries. We reverence the cow's attributes when we see them elsewhere, but we are woefully blind to their originator, and we do not credit her with even her own qualities. The cow is pensive, patient, dull, and obvious with the deep obviousness of Nature. The most elemental of the beasts, sometimes she seems almost a vegetable; her vitality scarce exceeds that of the living flowers that gem the rocks undersea. It is this immobility of hers which commands the Oriental's worship: he adores her impassiveness. She seems to him eternal as any of those marble temples and tombs that exist for ever in the clear, dry air of India. She is the mortal symbol of immortality. And she supplies him with ghee. Thus she appeals alike to his carnal and to his spiritual instincts. Small wonder that he renders her such whole-hearted homage.

The cow may well live for ever, since she is a beast without

nerves, and thus the very antithesis of the horse, and of everything modern. Her character was formed in the Stone Age, and has not altered in the most infinitesimal degree since then. It is subject to no modifications; it is triumphantly adamant as the Eternal Feminine, of which the cow is a type, in spite of her contradictory repose. I know many women of cow-like nature; for I have ever tendered my adoration to the ox-eyed among women, as I find they have something of the cow's grand, unfeminine calm, and a soothing, majestic stupidity, wherein I find rest unto my soul. The cow looks out from the Venus of Milo's sightless eyeballs.

The theme of the cow is subject to much variation, for her out-lying relations are many. The bull, which first occurs, is a dull, savage creature with a strange dislike to red; he is useful only for brutal Southern sport,—in this, his picturesque value is immense,—and for beef. The bullock is more interesting, since he is a kind of meek, decorative understudy of the horse. Think how nice the pale Italian bullocks look, slowly drawing rough country-carts past crimson clover-patches, through green-grey olive yards and avenues of cypress and ilex. Or in the south of France, yoked with a woman or an ass to the plough, how pleasantly the solitary bullock adorns the brilliant landscape. Remember, too, the black Himalayan bullocks that you meet, dragging strange wooden carts up the white mountain roads between the tree-ferns and the deodars; they plod their way in leisurely fashion amid the most stupendous scenery in the world, quite as unconcerned as their Mongol drivers, who wear the sacred lotus, turn their prayer wheels devoutly, and have no eyes for the dazzling snows that pierce the clouds in mid-heaven.

The buffalo is a spirited variation of the cow theme; for the buffalo has a distinct and arrestive personality of its own, without any of the nebulous languor of the cow. It is a matter-of-fact beast, with but little of the natural bovine tendency to mysticism. I have studied it a good deal, in India. When riding through a jungle, I have sometimes come suddenly upon a herd of straying buffaloes, watched by an inanimate brown urchin stretched luxuriously at full length upon the back of a stolid beast,—which regards me with unconcealed disappointment. I have never



seen anything so contemptuous as the buffalo. It has a way of considering you with wide-eyed disgust, and then sighing ineffably. There is something peculiarly withering about a buffalo's scorn; it is so whole-hearted, so inevitable; it is an instinctive contempt wholly apart from criticism; the buffalo makes you feel at once that you are beneath criticism. Still, the strange beast despises us all impartially, so vanity is salved. If Orpheus won all other beasts by his inimitable playing, I am quite sure that the buffalo's scorn was proof against his magic. One hurries past the buffaloes, pursued by contemptuous snorts or, if the errant fancy of a wilful calf should chance to be caught by the bright beauty of one's chestnut steed, an enraged cow. The youthful buffalo is an engaging soft-eyed little beast, a callow cynic without bitterness; his heart will harden with his horns. I have always taken a deep interest in the buffalo; for it holds all things in divine contempt, and it works only under protest.

Having gone East, we should now go West, and consider the North American bison; but I feel this subject is too fatiguing to enter upon. It trends suspiciously in the direction of the Red Indian of our misguided childhood. So we will return to the primal cow, as she is the roof and crown of things bovine. We will contemplate the calm-eyed majesty of the cow, and marvel at the soulless fallacy of the Salic Law, till life fades into obscurity, and we grasp at last the beauty of eternity in her, its great lucid symbol.

Israfel.



## THE SYMBOLISM OF POETRY

"SYMBOLISM, as seen in the writers of our day, would have no value if it were not seen also, under one disguise or another, in every great imaginative writer," writes Mr. Arthur Symons in that subtle book,<sup>1</sup> which I cannot praise as I would, because it has been dedicated to me; and he goes on to show how many profound writers have in the last few years sought for a philosophy of poetry in the doctrine of symbolism, and how even in countries where it is almost scandalous to seek for any philosophy of poetry, new writers are following them in their search. We do not know what the writers of ancient times talked of among themselves, and one bull is all that remains of Shakespeare's talk, who was on the edge of modern times; and the journalist is convinced, it seems, that they talked of wine and women and politics, but never about their art, or never quite seriously about their art. He is certain that no one, who had a philosophy of his art or a theory of how he should write, has ever made a work of art, that people have no imagination, who do not write without forethought and afterthought as he writes his own articles. He says this with enthusiasm, because he has heard it at so many comfortable dinner tables, where someone had mentioned through carelessness, or foolish zeal, a book whose difficulty had offended indolence, or a man who had not forgotten that beauty is an accusation. Those formulas and generalisations, in which a hidden sergeant has drilled the ideas of journalists and through them the ideas of all but all the modern world, have created in their turn a forgetfulness like that of soldiers in battle, so that journalists and their readers have forgotten, among many like events, that Wagner spent seven years arranging and explaining his ideas before he began his most characteristic music; that opera, and with it modern

<sup>1</sup> "The Symbolist Movement in Literature," London, Heinemann, 1900.

music, arose from certain talks at the house of one Giovanni Bardi of Florence; and that the Pliade began the foundation of modern French literature with a pamphlet. Goethe has said, "a poet needs all philosophy, but he must keep it out of his work," though that is not always necessary; and certainly he cannot know too much, whether about his own work, or about the procreant waters of the soul where the breath first moved, or about the waters under the earth that are the life of passing things; and almost certainly no great art, outside England, where journalists are more powerful and ideas less plentiful than elsewhere, has arisen without a great criticism, for its herald or its interpreter and protector, and it is perhaps for this reason that great art, now that vulgarity has armed itself and multiplied itself, is perhaps dead in England. All writers, all artists of any kind, in so far as they have had any philosophical or critical power, perhaps just in so far as they have been deliberate artists at all, have had some philosophy, some criticism of their art; and it has often been this philosophy, or this criticism, that has evoked their most startling inspiration, calling into outer life some portion of the divine life, of the buried reality, which could alone extinguish in the emotions what their philosophy or their criticism would extinguish in the intellect. They have sought for no new thing, it may be, but only to understand and to copy the pure inspiration of early times, but because the divine life wars upon our outer life, and must needs change its weapons and its movements as we change ours, inspiration has come to them in beautiful startling shapes. The scientific movement brought with it a literature, which was always tending to lose itself in externalities of all kinds, in opinion, in declamation, in picturesque writing, in word painting, or in what Mr. Symons has called an attempt "to build in brick and mortar inside the covers of a book"; and now writers have begun to dwell upon the element of evocation, of suggestion, upon what we call the symbolism in great writers.

## II

In my introduction to Mr. Horton's drawings<sup>1</sup> I tried to

<sup>1</sup> "A Book of Images." Drawn by W. T. Horton, introduced by W. B. Yeats. London, The Unicorn Press, 1898.

describe the element of symbolism that is in pictures and sculpture, and described a little the symbolism in poetry, but did not describe at all the continuous indefinable symbolism, which is the substance of all style.

There are no lines with more melancholy beauty than these by Burns—

“The white moon is setting behind the white wave,  
And Time is setting with me, O!”

and these lines are perfectly symbolical. Take from them the whiteness of the moon and of the wave, whose relation to the setting of time is too subtle for the intellect, and you take from them their beauty. But, when all are together, moon and wave and whiteness and setting time and the last melancholy cry, they evoke an emotion which cannot be evoked by any other arrangement of colours and sounds and forms. We may call this metaphorical writing, but it is better to call it symbolical writing, because metaphors are not profound enough to be moving, when they are not symbols, and when they are symbols they are the most perfect, because the most subtle, outside of pure sound, and through them one can the best find out what symbols are. If one begins the reverie, with any beautiful lines that one can remember, one finds they are all like those by Burns. Begin with this line by Blake—

“The gay fishes on the wave when the moon sucks up the dew;”

or these lines by Nash—

“Brightness falls from the air,  
Queens have died young and fair,  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;”

or these lines by Shakespeare—

“Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Who once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover;”

or take some line, that is quite simple, that gets its beauty from its place in a story, and see how it flickers with the light of the many symbols that have given the story its beauty, as a sword blade may flicker with the light of burning towers.

All sounds, all colours, all forms, either because of their pre-ordained energies or because of long association, evoke indefinable and yet precise emotions, or, as I prefer to think, call down among us certain disembodied powers, whose footsteps over our hearts we call emotions; and when sound, and colour, and form are in a musical relation, a beautiful relation to one another, they become as it were one sound, one colour, one form, and evoke an emotion that is made out of their distinct evocations and yet is one emotion. The same relation exists between all portions of every work of art, whether it be an epic or a song, and the more perfect it is, and the more various and numerous the elements that have flowed into its perfection, the more powerful will be the emotion, the power, the god it calls among us. Because an emotion does not exist, or does not become perceptible and active among us, till it has found its expression, in colour or in sound or in form, or in all of these, and because no two modulations or arrangements of these evoke the same emotion, poets and painters and musicians, and in a less degree because their effects are momentary, day and night and cloud and shadow, are continually making and unmaking mankind. It is indeed only those things which seem useless or very feeble that have any power, and all those things that seem useful or strong, armies, moving wheels, modes of architecture, modes of government, speculations of the reason, would have been a little different if some mind long ago had not given itself to some emotion, as a woman gives herself to her lover; and shaped sounds or colours or forms, or all of these into a musical relation, that their emotion might live in other minds. A little lyric evokes an emotion, and this emotion gathers others about it and melts into their being in the making by some great epic; and at last, needing an always less delicate body, or symbol, as it grows more powerful, it flows out, with all it has gathered among the blind instincts of daily life, where it moves a power within powers, as one sees ring within ring in the stem of an old tree. This is maybe what Arthur O'Shaughnessy meant when he made his poets say they had built Nineveh with their sighing; and I am certainly never certain, when I hear of some war, or of some religious excitement, or of some new manufacture, or of anything else that fills the ear of the world, that it has not all happened because of something that a boy piped in

Thessaly. I remember once asking a seer to ask one among the gods who, as she believed, were standing about her in their symbolic bodies, what would come of a charming but seeming trivial labour of a friend, and the form answering "the devastation of peoples and the overwhelming of cities." I doubt indeed if the crude circumstance of the world, which seems to create all our emotions, does more than reflect, as in multiplying mirrors, the emotions that have come to solitary men in moments of poetical contemplation; or that love itself would be more than an animal hunger but for the poet and his shadow the priest, for unless we believe that outer things are the reality, we must believe that the gross is the shadow of the subtle, that things are wise before they become foolish, and secret before they cry out in the market-place. Solitary men in moments of contemplation receive, as I think, the creative impulse from the lowest of the Nine Hierarchies, and so make and unmake mankind, and even the world itself, for does not "the eye altering alter all."

"Our towns are copied fragments from our breast;  
And all man's Babylons strive but to impart  
The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart."

### III

The purpose of rhythm, it has always seemed to me, is to prolong the moment of contemplation, the moment when we are both asleep and awake, which is the one moment of creation, by hushing us with an alluring monotony, while it holds us waking by variety, to keep us in that state of perhaps real trance, in which the mind liberated from the pressure of the will is unfolded in symbols. If certain sensitive persons listen persistently to the ticking of a watch, or gaze persistently on the monotonous flashing of a light, they fall into the hypnotic trance; and rhythm is but the ticking of a watch made softer, that one must needs listen, and various that one may not be swept beyond memory or grow weary of listening; while the patterns of the artist are but the monotonous flash woven to take the eyes in a subtler enchantment. I have heard in meditation voices that were forgotten the moment they had spoken; and I have been swept, when in more profound meditation, beyond all memory but of those things that came from beyond the thresh-



hold of waking life. I was writing once at a very symbolical and abstract poem, when my pen fell on the ground; and as I stooped to pick it up, I remembered some fantastic adventure that yet did not seem fantastic, and then another like adventure, and when I asked myself when these things had happened, I found that I was remembering my dreams for many nights. I tried to remember what I had done the day before, and then what I had done that morning; but all my waking life had perished from me, and it was only after a struggle that I came to remember it again, and as I did so that more powerful and startling life perished in its turn. Had my pen not fallen on the ground and so made me turn from the images that I was weaving into verse, I would never have known that meditation had become trance, for I would have been like one who does not know that he is passing through a wood because his eyes are on the pathway. So I think that in the making and in the understanding of a work of art, and the more easily if it is full of patterns and symbols and music, we are lured to the threshold of sleep, and it may be far beyond it, without knowing that we have ever set our feet upon the steps of horn or of ivory.

## IV

Besides emotional symbols, symbols that evoke emotions alone,—and in this sense all alluring or hateful things are symbols, although their relations with one another are too subtle to delight us fully, away from rhythm and pattern,—there are intellectual symbols, symbols that evoke ideas alone, or ideas mingled with emotions; and outside the very definite traditions of mysticism and the less definite criticism of certain modern poets, these alone are called symbols. Most things belong to one or another kind, according to the way we speak of them and the companions we give them, for symbols, associated with ideas that are more than fragments of the shadows thrown upon the intellect by the emotions they evoke, are the playthings of the allegorist or the pedant, and soon pass away. If I say “white” or “purple” in an ordinary line of poetry, they evoke emotions so exclusively that I cannot say why they move me; but if I say them in the same mood, in the same breath with such obvious intellectual symbols as a cross or a crown



of thorns, I think of purity and sovranty ; while innumerable other meanings, which are held to one another by the bondage of subtle suggestion, and alike in the emotions and in the intellect, move visibly through my mind, and move invisibly beyond the threshold of sleep, casting lights and shadows of an indefinable wisdom on what had seemed before, it may be, but sterility and noisy violence. It is the intellect that decides where the reader shall ponder over the procession of the symbols, and if the symbols are merely emotional, he gazes from amid the accidents and destinies of the world ; but if the symbols are intellectual too, he becomes himself a part of pure intellect, and he is himself mingled with the procession. If I watch a rushy pool in the moonlight, my emotion at its beauty is mixed with memories of the man that I have seen ploughing by its margin, or of the lovers I saw there a night ago ; but if I look at the moon herself and remember any of her ancient names and meanings, I move among divine people, and things that have shaken off our mortality, the tower of ivory, the queen of waters, the shining stag among enchanted woods, the white hare sitting upon the hill-top, the fool of faery with his shining cup full of dreams, and it may be "make a friend of one of these images of wonder," and "meet the Lord in the air." So, too, if one is moved by Shakespeare, who is content with emotional symbols that he may come the nearer to our sympathy, one is mixed with the whole spectacle of the world ; while if one is moved by Dante, or by the myth of Demeter, one is mixed into the shadow of god or of a goddess. So too one is furthest from symbols when one is busy doing this or that, but the soul moves among symbols and unfolds in symbols when trance, or madness, or deep meditation has withdrawn it from every impulse but its own. "I then saw," wrote *Gérald De Nerval* of his madness, "vaguely drifting into form, plastic images of antiquity, which outlined themselves, became definite, and seemed to represent symbols of which I only seized the idea with difficulty." In an earlier time he would have been of that multitude, whose souls austerity withdrew, even more perfectly than madness could withdraw his soul, from hope and memory, from desire and regret, that they might reveal those processions of symbols that men bow to before altars, and woo with incense and offerings. But being of our time, he has been like *Maeterlinck*, like *Villiers De L'isle Adam* in *Axel*, like all who are pre-

occupied with intellectual symbols in our time, a foreshadower of the new sacred book, of which all the arts, as somebody has said, are begging to dream, and because, as I think, they cannot overcome the slow dying of men's hearts that we call the progress of the world, and lay their hands upon men's heart-strings again, without becoming the garment of religion as in old times.

## V.

If people were to accept the theory that poetry moves us because of its symbolism, what change should one look for in the manner of our poetry? A return to the way of our fathers, a casting out of descriptions of nature for the sake of nature, of the moral law for the sake of the moral law, a casting out of all anecdotes and of that brooding over scientific opinion that so often extinguished the central flame Tennyson, and of that vehemence that would make us do or not do certain things; or, in other words, we should come to understand that the beryl stone was enchanted by our fathers that it might unfold the pictures in its heart, and not to mirror our own excited faces, or the boughs waving outside the window. With this change of substance, this return to imagination, this understanding that the laws of art, which are the hidden laws of the world, can alone bind the imagination, would come a change of style, and we would cast out of serious poetry those energetic rhythms, as of a man running, which are the invention of the will with its eyes always on something to be done or undone; and we would seek out those wavering, meditative, organic rhythms, which are the embodiment of the imagination, that neither desires nor hates, because it has done with time, and only wishes to gaze upon some reality, some beauty; nor would it be any longer possible, for anybody to deny the importance of form, in all its kinds, for although you can expound an opinion, or describe a thing when your words are not quite well chosen, you cannot give a body to something that moves beyond the senses, unless your words are as subtle, as complex, as full of mysterious life, as the body of a flower or of a woman. The form of sincere poetry, unlike the form of the popular poetry, may indeed be sometimes obscure, or ungrammatical as in some of the

best of the Songs of Innocence and Experience, but it must have the perfections that escape analysis, the subtleties that have a new meaning every day, and it must have all this whether it be but a little song made out of a moment of dreamy indolence, or some great epic made out of the dreams of one poet and of a hundred generations whose hands were never weary of the sword.

W. B. Yeats.

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## ERRATUM

*In some copies the Drawings on pages 45 and 47 are erroneously ascribed to ALICE MUNSELL instead of to ELINOR MONSELL, as in the above Table of Contents.*



